THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For lin

Volume 198, Number 22

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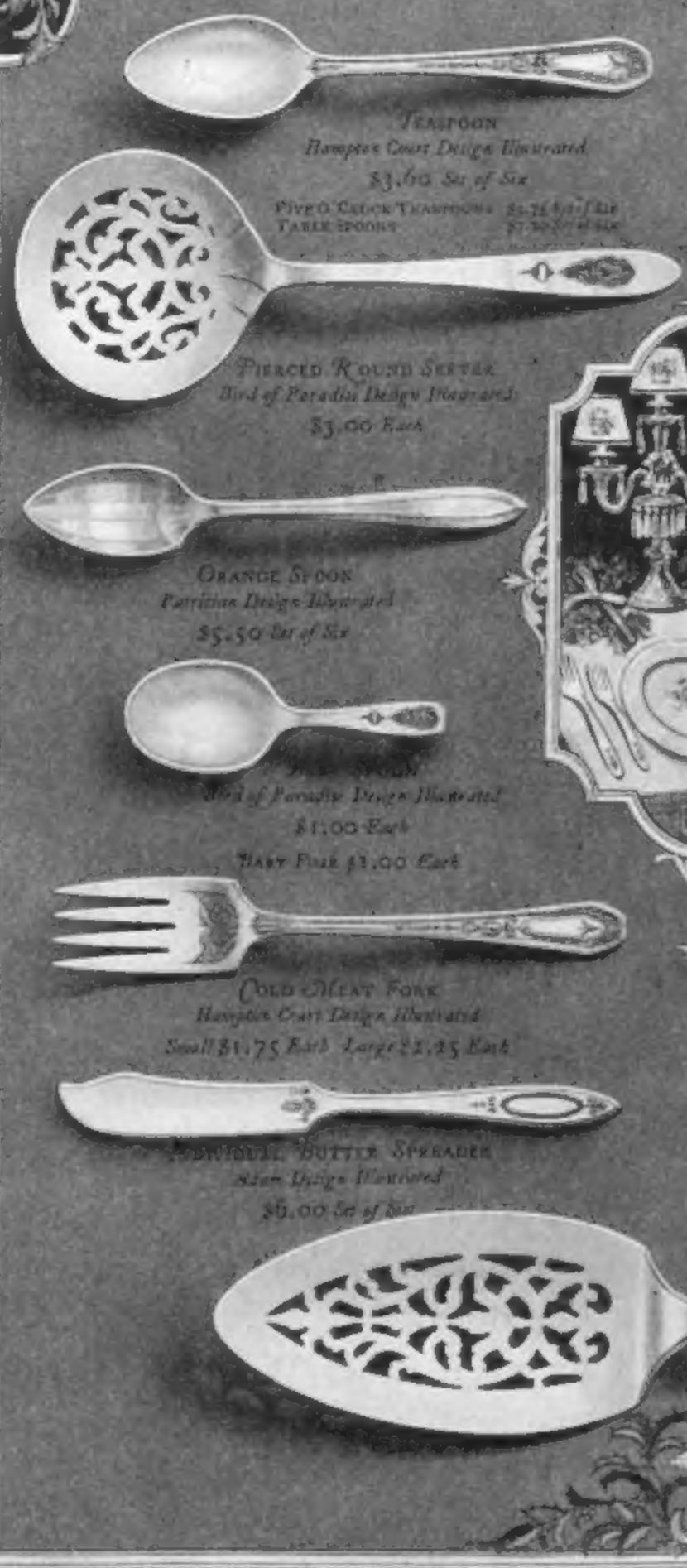

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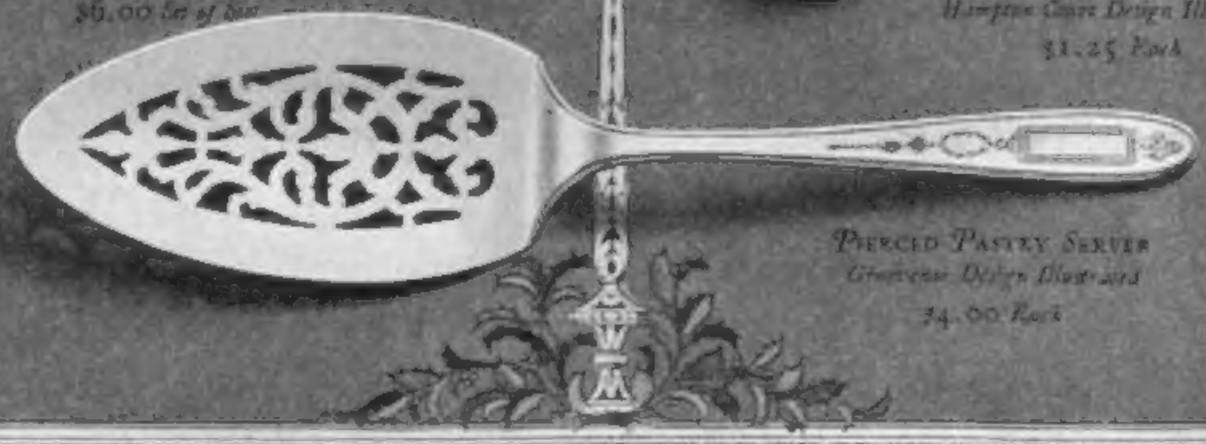

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Reform of the Senate Rules

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Vice President Dawes Broadcasting His Speech Before the Men of the First Battalion of the 114th Infantry, New Jersey National Guard, at Elizabeth, New Jersey, October 19, 1925

By Charles G. Dawes

Vice President of the United States

SUPPOSE a body of men were gathered to discuss and act upon any matter of importance, either public or private, and one of them should rise and make the following statement: "Before we start I propose that in this meeting any one of us may talk as long as he pleases, whether relevant to the subject which we are considering or not. If anyone desires he may use up all the time we have at our disposal, even if he has the purpose of depriving us as a body of the right to act."

Of course such a statement would be regarded at first as an ill-timed joke, but when it was realized that the speaker was in earnest it would be greeted with scorn and derision as well as just resentment.

It is such a proposal which obtains in the Senate of the United States—alone of all the great deliberative bodies of the world. I maintain that the people of the United States, who favor and have established majority rule under constitutional limitations, understand and deeply resent this absurd situation; but in my judgment they do not visualize fully the great extent of its evil influence on both legislation passed and legislation defeated in this country.

All great parliamentary bodies of the world except the Senate, when, after discussion they desire to act, can close debate by a majority vote. This right thus to close debate is called majority cloture. Provision for this right, so guarded that every senator shall have the opportunity to be heard fully upon any question, but shall not be permitted frivolously or uselessly to prolong his speechmaking for the purpose of preventing action by the Senate pursuant to its constitutional duty, is the reform which is sought by the advocates of a change in the Senate rules.

Deferring for the moment explanatory and corroborating comment, I will state the principal objections to the Senate rules as they stand:

1. Under these rules individuals or minorities can at times block the majority in its constitutional duty and right of legislation. They are therefore enabled to demand from the majority modifications in legislation as the price which the majority must pay in order to proceed to the fulfillment of its constitutional duty.

The right of filibuster does not affect simply legislation defeated but, in much greater degree, legislation passed, continually weaving into our laws, which should be framed in the public interest alone, modifications dictated by personal and sectional interest as distinguished from the public interest.

2. The Senate is not and cannot be a properly deliberative body, giving due consideration to the passage of all laws, unless it allots its time for work according to the relative importance of its duties, as do all other great parliamentary bodies. It has, however, through the right of unlimited debate, surrendered to the whim and personal purposes of individuals and minorities its right to allot its own time. Only the establishment of majority cloture will enable the Senate to make itself a properly deliberative body. This is impossible when it must sit idly by and see time needed for deliberation frittered away in frivolous and irrelevant talk, indulged in by individuals and minorities for ulterior purposes.

3. The rules subject the people of the United States to a governmental power in the hands of individuals and minorities never intended by the Constitution and subversive of majority rule under constitutional limitation. In the words of Senator Pepper, of Pennsylvania:

"The Senate, by sanctioning unlimited debate and by requiring a two-thirds vote to limit it, has in effect so amended the Constitution as to make it possible for a 33 per cent minority to block legislation."

4. The present rules put into the hands of individuals and minorities at times a power greater than the veto power given by the Constitution to the President of the United States, and enabled them to compel the President to call an extra session of Congress in order to keep the machinery of Government itself in functioning activity. The reserved power of the states in the Constitution does not include the power of one of the states to elect a senator who shall at times control a majority or even all the other states.

5. Multiplicity of laws is one of the admitted evils from which this country is suffering today. The present rules create multiplicity of laws.

6. The present rules are not only a departure from the principles of our constitutional government but from the rules of conduct consistent therewith which governed the United States Senate for the first seventeen years of its existence and which provided for majority cloture.

Because of the present size of the Senate, the immense population and diversified interests of our country, with the consequent enormous increase in the work of the Senate, its business cannot be properly transacted without a return to the majority cloture provided in its original rules.

7. As long as the right of unlimited, irrelevant and frivolous speechmaking exists, indulged in purposely to consume and waste the time of the Senate, that body never can be a dignified body. The men of ability in the Senate, who speak to the point to forward both elucidation and decision, as did senators of the past before the days of filibustering, are drowned out in the public mind by the interminable and irrelevant din raised by the obstructionists, who cannot be held either in time or to the point. The latter are giving the Senate its public character—not its most able, earnest and conscientious members. The public disfavor into which the Senate has fallen is not because of any lack of able men in its membership, but because of the encouragement given by its rules to abuse and perversion of the ordinary rights of debate in parliamentary bodies.

Let us now consider these objections more in detail.

The power of filibustering and of debate without limit of time, made possible under the present defective rules of the Senate, has produced such continuous and such serious obstructions to legislation that since May 12, 1910, in sixty-six instances the majority and minority leaders of the two parties have been compelled to arrange for unanimous-consent agreements to enable the consideration of important legislation. This means that they must go like suppliants to every individual member of the Senate to get his consent that the majority shall act on important legislation, and consider the conditions in regard to other legislation which the individual senator may desire to impose as the price of his agreement.

The Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.

Obstruction

IT WAS the great public resentment which was aroused by filibustering in the Sixty-third Congress, during 1914, in an effort of the minority to prevent legislation by the majority which, in my judgment, led to the only serious consideration of reform in these rules which the Senate has given in recent years. In that Sixty-third Congress the River and Harbor Bill had been debated for thirty-two days; the Panama Canal Bill for thirty days; the Federal Trade Commission Bill for thirty days; the Clayton Amendments to the Sherman Act for twenty-one days, and the Conference Report on the Clayton Act for nine days.

Accordingly, in the early days of the Sixty-fourth Congress, because of this pressure of public sentiment aroused by the intolerable legislative situation in the Senate, a provision to close debate by a two-thirds vote was reported by the Senate Rules Committee, and during the special session of the Sixty-fifth Congress, in 1917, after a conference of the Republican and Democratic leaders, the present rule enabling a two-thirds majority to bring a matter to a vote was adopted. But this change in the rules did not cure the evil, and in that very Congress, with this rule in force, six major appropriation bills were defeated by the filibuster, to say nothing of eight other measures favored by the Administration. An extra session of Congress was called as result. Filibustering, or the use of it as a threat, proceeded in the usual course in the Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Congresses, despite the alleged rule reform.

Nowhere has the evil of these rules been more keenly appreciated than on the floor of the Senate itself. Nowhere else have been made more bitter indictments of the system than by those officially in close contact with the rules, who are, therefore, in the best position, when once they are resolved to give up personal prerogative for the common good, to judge of the effects of these rules upon the national interest.

The issue presented in the movement for reform in the present rules of the Senate of the United States is nonpartisan, nonsectional and patriotic. An improvement in these rules to expedite the conduct of business is as impersonal and nonpartisan a question as was that of the adoption of the budget system improving the conduct of routine governmental business.

The advocates of this reform recognize it as nonpartisan. It cannot be accomplished unless it is accepted in the hearts and consciences of all citizens as nonpartisan and patriotic—a reform demanded by the people in the interest of all the people.

Therefore, as I am a Vice President who happens to be a Republican, I first quote in connection with this power of obstruction by individuals and minorities, and its evil effects, two men who have highly distinguished themselves in the Senate on the Democratic side, winning the respect of the American people without regard to partisanship—Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, and ex-Senator Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado.

Of Senator Underwood, the late Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, said, "In breadth and clearness of mind, and in the statesmanlike quality, Senator Underwood would have been conspicuous in any Senate in our history." His remark well applies also to ex-Senator Thomas.

In an address at Birmingham, Senator Underwood, speaking to his constituency, said:

"I had served with your permission for twenty years in the House of Representatives. I had been the leader of that body; I was responsible for the legislative conduct of a great party; and I have gone to the conference table with Senate amendments on my bill, and convinced a conference—the representatives of the Senate in conference—that their amendments were wrong, and then they would calmly tell me they would not yield because a Senator So-and-So would talk the bill to death if I did not accept his amendment; and with great governmental issues at stake, I have been compelled to accept minor amendments to great bills that I will not say were graft, but they were put there for the purpose of magnifying the importance of one man with his own constituency, at the point of jeopardizing good legislation in America."

I quote ex-Senator Charles S. Thomas from a statement prepared by him, as follows:

"The fundamental vice of the right of unlimited debate is the power with which it clothes every member of the Senate, a power that will inevitably be exercised and generally on critical occasions. The member who can prevent ultimate action in matters of legislation may dictate the terms if he pleases whereby he will abstain from doing so. And if that member's constituency is aware—as all of them are—that he has such power, he will be required to assert it for local benefits and private legislation which never could command favorable action on their merits. The practice necessarily grows by what it feeds on. Hence the countless amendments providing for special appropriations for persons and communities which disfigure practically all the general appropriation bills and which swell into the millions at every session. Hence the subordination of matters of national and even of international importance to those of domestic and sometimes of local or regional concern. It is by no means intended to convey the inference that all senators do this, but a considerable number of them do so largely because they do not care to offend powerful influences by refusing to emphasize the outstanding fact. This evil more than counterbalances all the virtues that can be imagined of such a code, and fully explains why it is retained with such tenacity and defended with such vigor.

"Multiplicity of Federal statutes is largely the result of favorable committee action upon needless or questionable bills, and committee action is in turn largely influenced by senatorial courtesy, which is a polite name for individual senatorial power."

Retaliation

"THIS power is, of course, derived from the rules, whose practical effect is to require unanimous consent for the enactment and sometimes for the consideration of measures and especially those of importance. A member introducing a bill which is referred to the appropriate committee will be on that or if not on two or three other committees which in turn will have custody of other bills, in which members of the committee in charge of his bill may be interested.

"The rejection of his bill may provoke retaliation which will readily manifest itself on the floor when the measures of members of the committee pigeonholing other bills are taken or attempted to be taken from the calendar. I have known such instances to occur on more than one occasion. They are sufficiently frequent to warn senators that favorable reports on many bills backed by strong personal interests may be essential to the enactment of others of greater and more general importance.

"This condition congests the calendar and powerfully promotes the cause of private legislation. It is within bounds to assert that more than half the bills reported to the Senate calendar during the past decade are private or specific in their character, and the number is constantly increasing."

The corroborative evidence to be gathered from the record of Congress itself as to the truth of the contentions made by these able and experienced men that the right of obstruction by minorities in the Senate, made possible by the rules, not only impresses personal interests upon public legislation but contributes to multiplicity of laws is

(Continued on Page 64)

TOMORROW'S GASOLINE

An Outpost of American Pioneering Effort: A Steel Derrick and Drilling Boilers in a Clearing Made for Them in an Almost Inaccessible Part of Venezuela

By W. C. TEAGLE

IF WE consider the relative benefits we receive from the elements which enter into our enjoyment of life, and still remain, as it were, in the borderland between luxury and necessity, we shall probably place the motor car first. Statistics of the extent to which we use modern inventions designed for our business and pleasure would in all probability confirm this view, and a canvass of public opinion would find it almost unanimously accepted. Though the motor car in our time has become an indispensable factor in the life of all nations, its universal use by all classes is peculiarly American. It is one of the astonishing facts of our national development that for every seven persons in the United States today there is a motor car of varying type and capacity—from the little roadster to the Pullmanlike motor bus. Literally, we are, as a distinguished visitor said, "a nation on wheels," which means that all of us ride in motor cars once in a while, and many of us most of the time.

Our people now see America first from the deck of the family flivver, on highways which are spreading out year by year to the remote regions of the country. These highways came into being at the irresistible demand of the motoring public. We have made the motor car part of our lives—as much a part of the domestic furniture as the kitchen stove—and this not alone because we, as a nation, have had the means to do so, or because motoring makes a peculiar and potent appeal to the American temperament. Undoubtedly these have been contributing causes, and we, as a people, have instinctively taken to the general use of the motor car because of the sense of independence it gives.

Fuels

THE power to go where and when we will appeals to that love of change and action which are among our distinguishing national characteristics. But the real reason why we go incessantly rolling about on business or pleasure while most of the rest of the world is walking is because special circumstances have made it easy for us to do so. We have had first call not only on the motor itself but upon the motor fuel which made it possible. Both have come to us so easily and unexpectedly that only a very limited number of our people take time to consider how they came to be, or what they mean to all of us, except perhaps when there arise momentary forebodings that the supply of motor fuel may not last forever.

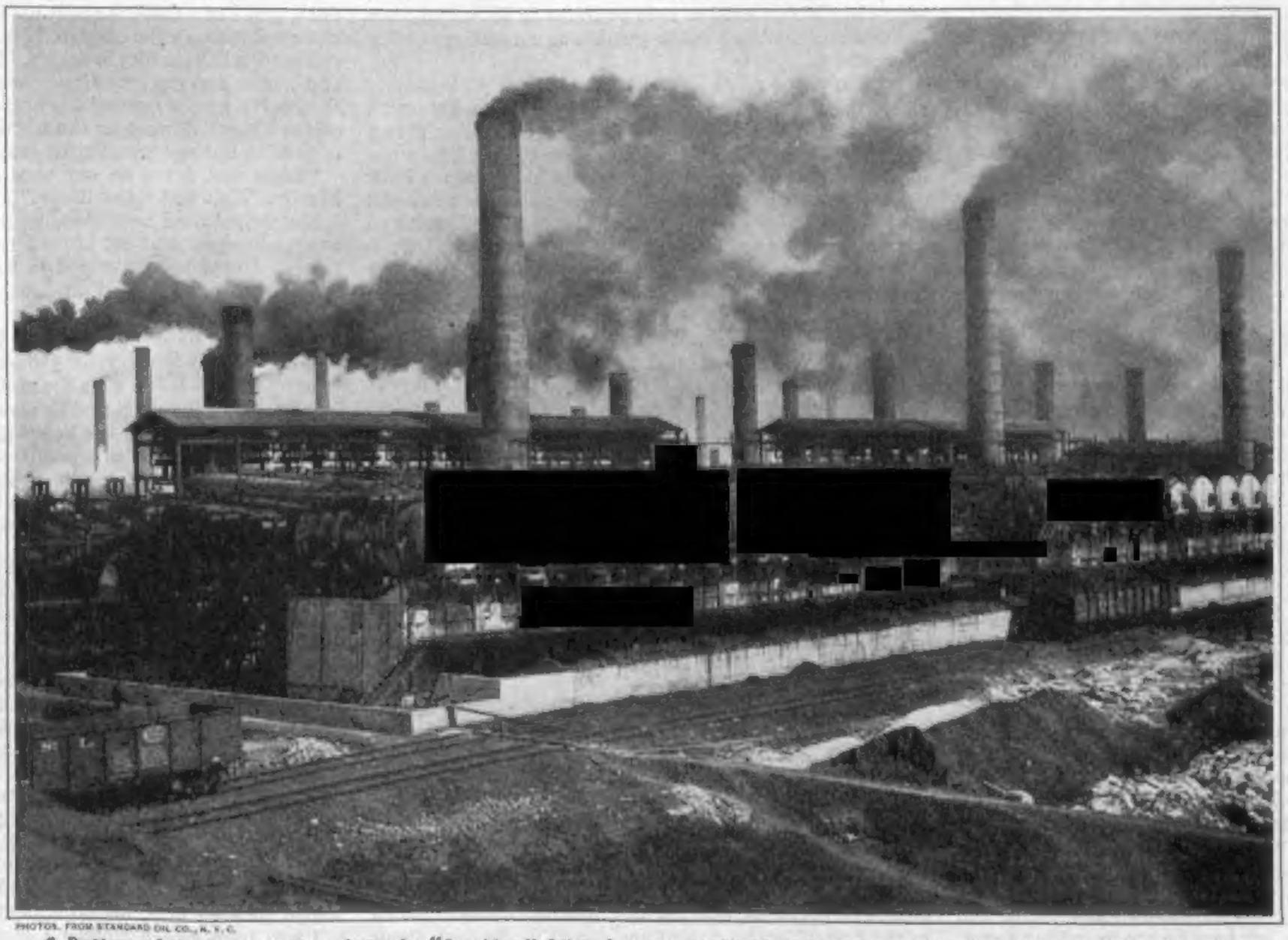
It was no accident, but a combination of fortunate circumstances, which caused the gift of an abundant supply of cheap motor fuel to drop into the lap of the American people. It was this gift, antedating the invention of motor vehicles, which today makes us a nation on wheels. The entry of crude petroleum into the arena of commerce synchronized with an era of great commercial expansion in the United States. The first oil fields were discovered among an adventurous pioneering people, many of them newcomers to America, eager for some new source of wealth to exploit. The gamble of drilling for oil was one that captivated the spirit of men in whom the instinct for taking chances was inherent, and who were, as later events showed, endowed with remarkable aptitude for this new and highly specialized pursuit.

The initiative of these pioneers brought into being an industry the growth of which was facilitated by the rapid development of wide and profitable markets for petroleum products. A temperate climate and economical and constantly extending transportation systems were additional contributories to the ease of development. These favorable factors were responsible for attracting to the new industry some of the most enterprising men of the day, as well as a healthy volume of capital. In the course of a little more than half a century this combination produced the widely ramified and highly competitive conditions which now prevail. Oil operators, corporate and individual, multiplied so rapidly that no major pool or oil field in the United States has ever been under the control of a single entity, but has been participated in by many interests.

When No One Wanted Gasoline

THE natural result of this rivalry has been rapid exploitation and an ever-increasing supply of petroleum products, not the least important of which has been motor fuel. Twenty years ago crude oil was refined primarily to produce kerosene oil, which was then practically the only commodity which gave the crude commercial value. It is hard to believe that such a short time ago gasoline was an unwelcome by-product, the disposal of which was the bane of the refiners' existence. Within two decades we have seen kerosene almost universally replaced as an illuminant by electricity, and in the same period the development of the automotive engine has made gasoline the most prized of all the derivatives of petroleum. Thus the typical modern American mode of transportation has made possible a unique and typically American industry. In any consideration of the future of motor transportation an understanding of the conditions

(Continued on Page 154)



PHOTOS. FROM STANDARD OIL CO., N. Y. C.

A Battery of the Pressure-Type Stills for "Cracking" Oil to Increase its Yield of Gasoline, the Process That Saved the Day When There Threatened to be an Insufficient Supply of Crude Oil for the Country's Motor-Car Needs

TRODDEN DUST

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

I Held the Team a Few Rods in the Rear, Breathing Dust and Dourly Regretting That, for All the Profit We Should Make of Them, Daunt Had Changed His Mind and Let Us Have His Flock

FROM the high seat of the democrat wagon, when my grandfather let the team draw breath after the climb from our upland glen, I could see straight across the deeper valley to the checkerboard of fenced fields that spread clear to the top of the opposite hill. I remember that I saw the sun, little more than risen at our backs, glint from a window in the very house to which we were bound, three miles away, maybe, as a crow would travel, but to us a long day's plodding journey through a fog of dust, with the horses either straining back against the neck yoke or toiling upward with the wagon fairly hanging by the tugs. There would be a mile or so of level going, in the valley, but for the rest the road fell away steeply at our feet, twisting down past the railroad to the flats and, beyond the clustered roofs and spires of the town, climbing so straightly up the westward hill that to me it seemed to stand on end.

Behind us and on either hand were the tall white pines of my grandfather's woods, left standing when the farther hillside had been stripped for the saws. They threw cool shadow on us and their breath was faintly sweet and wet. My grandfather believed that we owed them our escape from the killing droughts that parched the farmlands on the naked hillside to the west; he held that they shielded the moisture in the thin soil with their shade and their net of roots, storing the fierce downwash of melting snows in spring so that our level plowlands in the bottom of the hilltop cup were watered through the summer by the flow of streams that trickled slowly underground from hidden reservoirs below the pines.

Pasture we had in plenty on the gentler slopes, but I had heard men jeer at my grandfather—when his back was turned—because a good half of his holdings, instead of grazing sheep and cattle, lay profitless and idle under trees for which, now that the mills were gone and the cities looked to Michigan and Pennsylvania for their lumber, there was but an indifferent local sale.

There had been times when I was tempted to agree with those who wagged their heads and clicked their tongues at this stubborn folly of Andrew MacNaughten's. We wanted for nothing, but we worked hard for our food and firewood and for whatever bit of money was left, when the year's accounts were made, to lend out on mortgage or to lie at interest in the village bank. So whenever I saw Enoch Radley's light buckboard whirl past our homely democrat behind his team of blooded Morgans it was sore work, sometimes, to heed the Tenth Commandment. I would feel the callous places on my hands and look down at my thick cowhide boots and envy Enoch Radley his ease and pleasures and possessions the more hungrily for the knowledge that, had my grandfather sold his timber, like Radley's father, we would be better off than Enoch.

But this morning, I remember, looking out over the scorched and thirsty hillside, I was glad that Andrew MacNaughten had not turned his pine trees into dollars. Even in the valley the fields were brown and yellow and the channel of the creek, left bare by the dwindling water, showed a great ugly gash in the plowlands, with dry gravel shoals and sandbanks shining hotly in the early sun. There was a sense of desert desolation in the prospect, a threat of thirst and famine that made me think of our tiny glen as an oasis and of the tall pines that stirred and whispered overhead as of wise and gentle friends.

Our team was slow and heavy and gaited for the plow, for my grandfather would have only work horses on his land. They let their weight down the harsh slope with great clumsy surges of wide haunches, the grate of the brake shoe rasping shrilly above the clack of the axle boxes. Below us a locomotive whistled and the great beasts paused and lifted their heads in a terror that always shamed me, as if their backwoods ignorance was but a reflection of grandfather's and of mine. I was glad that the train had passed before we reached the station crossing, much as I longed to see it from close by. Milt Humber, whose bus horses were as used to trains as he, would have laughed and whistled at the ponderous curvettings of our Clydesdales.

With a vague relief I saw the yellow bus go bounding down the slope before us, the mail bags jouncing on its railed roof. Behind it, plodding in the expanding plume of dust, some traveler too poor or mean to pay Milt's bus fare, went down afoot, and the sight of him gave me back a measure of my self-content. Our homely democrat and the awkward plow horses served, at least, to distinguish us from a man who walked.

We were abreast of him and my grandfather had drawn rein to halt the team before I recognized the fellow, standing thigh deep in the dusty weeds to let us pass, his hat brim drawn low to throw a mask of shadow across his face, his glance, sidelong and unfriendly, twisted up at us like a distrustful homeless dog's. The sun had burned his throat and jaws to an angry red, but in the shadow of the hat brim the skin had the unwholesome pallor of a toad's belly; he squinted against the sunlight and the contraction of the skin at the corners of his eyes bared his strong teeth, so that again I thought of a dog. I knew the man now, for all the change in him since I had seen him last; he was Martin Slater, home from his two years in Stillburn prison.

My grandfather greeted him in the slow, grave speech that was his habit, and cramped the front wheels in the invitation that, in those days and places, was but a matter of course. I moved inward on the wide seat to make room, but Slater shook his head.

"I'll walk," he said. It seemed to me that his voice had a sound of rust. My grandfather gestured with his head.

"Get in, Mart. We're going your way."

There was in his speech that quality that had vaguely puzzled me whenever I heard him deal with restless horses or unwilling men. They obeyed him, I think, because his mild, unhurried voice took their obedience so tranquilly for granted. Mart Slater seemed now to yield against his wish. He clambered to the seat and slouched forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes narrowed and turned sullenly to the horses' heads, a deep line scored in the flesh about his mouth.

I listened with bewilderment to my grandfather's slow talk as the wagon lurched and jolted over the shale outcrops that thrust through the dust. Always we were shorthanded on our farm because of his strange whimsy that his hired men should be as sober and decent as their master, and yet be stout and willing at their work. Even in those days there were not many who could please him, and often, in the hay and harvest, five or six of us must do the task of ten. Yet, to this sulking thief, with the prison bleach still on him and his shaved scalp showing nakedly between his ears, he not only offered work at standard wages, but, against the fellow's sour refusals, stooped to argue and persuade.

"There's a good house standing empty," he added. "Best think it over, Martin."

Slater mumbled something about other things to be done, and I saw the line about his mouth bite deeper. We clattered through the scattered houses at the town's edge and stopped at Gandry's smithy, for each of the team had cast a shoe and my grandfather would never drive an unshod horse a pace beyond the nearest blacksmith. Slater swung himself down over the wheel and muttered a word of thanks, but my grandfather stopped him.

"Luke and I are on our way up Pokey Moonshine, Martin. Wait and ride with us."

Slater hesitated and then, as my grandfather turned away, shrugged and set himself to help me unhitch the traces. Grandfather stopped in the doorway for a word with Gandry and moved on down the street toward the brick bank at the corner.

Slater hung back uneasily when I led the team into the shop, but Simon Gandry, his good-humored face glistening with sweat and black with the stubble of his beard, gave him a friendly greeting, and he slouched in to lean against the wall while I swung the horsetail fly switch and Simon rasped away at old Ben's monstrous hoof. Gandry had just finished shaping the new shoe to his liking and dropped it, cooling to a deceptive blue, on the clay floor beside the anvil, when Enoch Radley came to the doorway.

I remember the queer start I felt at the sight of him, big and vigorous in the long linen dust coat, his red face broadened by that mirthless grin, the strength of him just softening to the fat of idleness, but still carried lightly on his huge frame. I saw Slater's lips draw back from his teeth before I realized that it had been on Enoch Radley's charge that he had gone to Stillburn. There was a little silence, with Gandry standing beside his anvil, staring, and those others eying each other like dogs before they spring. Radley laughed thickly.

"Well, so the jailbird's come home to roost! They don't feed horse thieves fat in Stillburn, by the way you look."

I remembered that Slater had taken one of Radley's colts and tried to sell it, in settlement, he claimed, of wages that Radley refused to pay. His shoulders drew together and leaned forward now, his arms bent at the elbow so that if I had been Enoch Radley I should have been a little frightened at the look of him.

But Radley seemed to see no danger. He jingled coins in his pocket and fetched out a handful of gold pieces.

"Claim I owed you money, don't you?" He chuckled. "Well, maybe I do—now." He gave the word a queer emphasis and there was a dancing devil in his eyes. "Here, Slater—let's call it twenty dollars, eh?"

Slater made no move toward the money on the broad palm. It seemed to me that he rocked a little on his heels and shook his head as a man does to clear his brain after a jarring blow. Radley dropped the coins back into his pocket.

"No? Well, I'm not one to crowd good money down a man's throat. Come up to Pokey Moonshine after it, if you want it. You'll see it different, maybe, after you've been there."

I could not understand why the words, mocking as they were, should send Slater into that sudden fury. He sprang at Radley, his fists flailing crazily, the wild swings falling two inches short of Radley's laughing face. There was no question of a fight; Radley had half again the strength and weight of Slater; his great arms held him effortlessly away and, when they had tired of the sport, flung him back, so that he stumbled, clawing at the air, until the anvil stopped him.

I smelled burning leather and saw a thin wisp of smoke from Slater's heavy shoe. He had set it squarely on the new horseshoe and before he felt the heat and lifted it the iron had charred a deep curving score in the heavy sole. Radley laughed.

"Branded, eh? First-rate idea for a jailbird." He turned away just as my grandfather reached the doorway. I saw Slater's hand flash out to take Gandry's hammer; it whirled up murderously before my grandfather's long fingers closed about the wrist.

"I'll take it, Martin," he said in that strange, gentle voice.

Slater's words came between his teeth.

"I'll kill him!"

"I'll just take that hammer," said my grandfather again, and Slater gave it up, mechanically, as if he moved in sleep. Radley swung away with a laugh and my grandfather took Slater by the sleeve and led him through the back door of the shop. I heard their voices while Simon Gandry finished shoeing the horses, but they were too far for me to distinguish words. Afterward, when Martin Slater helped me hitch up, he had lapsed into tight-lipped silence, but when my grandfather had settled with Gandry he climbed up beside me without more urging and slouched forward, elbows on knees, as we skirted the village and crossed the flats toward that upstanding yellow stripe of road that led to Pokey Moonshine.

Even here in the valley the corn stood not above a tall man's thigh and the long leaves drooped, dry and yellow. As we toiled up the hill, where on the steeper grades my grandfather and Martin Slater walked to spare the horses, the dust cloud kept pace with us; the grasslands, eaten to the very roots, showed bare and barren, with here and there the great pale spikes of mullein lifting high above the dead brown turf; the wheat fields were more often left unreaped than cut, too poor to pay for harvesting.

We stopped to eat our dinner in a patch of shade where a brook had withered in its gully to a few scattered pools where water spiders darted. The horses drank disdainfully, sniffing between reluctant sips. Admonished by grandfather's eyes I ate no more than he, so that there was plenty of our cold roast chicken left for Slater. He ate, I thought, against his will, but ravenously, his nostrils twitching, his head jerking forward at the food that his hands lifted reluctantly, as if they fought against his hunger.

Afterward we drove on, halting often to let the horses breathe, walking up the steeper places to lessen their burden a little. Sometimes, while we rested, my grandfather would talk in his slow, gentle fashion, mostly of the drought and the dying crops, but now and then of the things that his eye found written in the dust—the track of a loaded wagon, with one chained wheel that left a burned scar in the yellow powder, the narrow grooves of Enoch Radley's buggy wheels, the footprints of squirrels and birds and chipmunks, as plain to the eye as if they had been left in a feathery snow. Martin Slater said nothing and I thought he did not even listen, but as we climbed a change came over him. His shoulders squared and his chin lifted and, when we rested, he seemed impatient, moving his boots and gazing upward with a kind of hunger in his bitter face. This puzzled me; I knew that he had lived awhile on Enoch Radley's place, but it seemed impossible that he could think of it as home and sicken for the sight of it. Yet there was homesickness in that straining look and in the eagerness with which, after each halt, he resumed the climb.

The sun had overpassed us on the way and burned down in our faces as we neared the summit, a droughty sun that glowed across the dust haze like iron at a cherry heat. It was near its setting when we came to Enoch Radley's lands, no longer tilled and already showing the beginnings of young woods above the mat of tall weeds and berry thickets that had overrun the neglected fields. I could feel Slater stiffen on the seat beside me as we passed the house and barns, bright with new paint and standing in a space of kempt lawn and garden, with old apple trees and a windbreak of close-planted pines behind it to the north.

It seemed strange to me that Radley should choose to live here, so far from the company and pleasures that he loved, and as we drove past the shuttered windows I voiced my thought.

My grandfather turned in the seat and swept out his arm in a wide gesture toward the great cleft of the valley and the panorama of our own hill, where our glen, surrounded by its timber, showed like a wrinkle in a great bearded face. A tiny freight train like a child's toy crept along the long scar in the fields; I saw the sun wink on some bit of polished metal and a puff of white told me that it whistled for the crossing. Without words I had my answer; these hills were in Radley's blood as they were in my own. I felt a kind of pity for him, not knowing why.

We left the house behind us and drove on between rotting fences overgrown with weeds and blackberry tangles that, for all the drought, had ripened fruit. I caught the sharp smell of it through the dust. One of our horses flung

(Continued on Page 85)

There Was a Smear of Soot on Daunt's Sleeve When He Stretched His Arm to Feel for a Pulse in the Big, Hairy Wrist

THE FOOTSTEP

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"They Say a Russian Woman is Equal to Three Ordinary Females"

THE orders are absolute," said Stetson, the impresario of this gorgeous vault of jewels—a magnificent person who spent two hours over his toilet every morning. His handsome face had the impassivity of an idol's, but behind it his curiosity was examining the woman in detail. He was thinking that he should know who she was, and it irritated him to find that he did not. "Orders are absolute," he repeated, essaying a smile. He indicated a slightly raised dais in one corner, where a company of slender chairs stood waiting by a rare table. "Unless he is seated at his desk, no one may approach him." He lowered his voice discreetly; he was sure he was addressing a personage—a personage at the point of fading into the dusk of age, but still retaining that ineffable elegance of those who are born to be great.

Stetson noted these things while he suavely assured her, "His moments of abstraction grow on him. He is old, old. His memories occupy him."

Ludwig Telfen—for it was the old lapidary they were talking of as they stood in the midst of his spendthrift atelier which had come to be known, curiously, as the Whispering Gallery for its trick echoes—was plainly visible to the naked eye, but utterly, so it seemed, unattainable. He was in his celebrated cage under the skylight, mooning over something. It was said that he kept a gem or two back there that he prayed to.

The woman looked wistfully at the old lapidary. And she was frankly bewildered that she should be denied. A queer little smile touched her lips.

"But if the place should be robbed—or a fire—would he still be unapproachable?" she said.

Stetson shrugged, smiling; such remote contingencies had been insured against before the sumptuous monolith that was Ludwig Telfen was off the drafting board.

"Might I not stand so he could catch a glimpse of me through the bars?" she pleaded. There was color in her cheeks; there was a little sense of pleasurable excitement about her.

Stetson was adamant.

"If he could hear my voice he would lift his head!" she exclaimed, and she raised her voice slightly; it was so full and rich that it filled the vaulted chamber and roused resonant echoes in ghostly responses. Stetson thought that he surely must know who she was. But the identity persistently evaded him. He made a point of knowing personages. It was his whole career. But she came to his rescue providentially in her distress.

"If he knew that Velma Ilseng had come to see him!" she implored.

"Velma Ilseng!" ejaculated Stetson. He started back. "But ——"

He could have bitten off his tongue for that "but." He would have sworn she was dead. Velma Ilseng was only a legend now, like Patti and Jenny Lind! Stetson, with a supreme effort, regained his mask of impassivity. But his curiosity still peered out through his slits of eyes.

"Come!" he cried impulsively. "We will break the rules—for Velma Ilseng!" He bowed low. "Or at least," he amended, "chip off a piece of one corner." He laughed silently. He led her to the dais, indicated an inlaid chair; she disposed herself exquisitely. She was aglow with the acknowledgment. "You can be seated, waiting for him," he whispered. "He usually comes here about eleven." He glanced at the clock; it lacked a few minutes of the hour.

There were a number of curious things on this table, for Telfen always retained his youthful enthusiasm for surprising his clientele with storied trifles. Her fingers idly explored them while her eyes watched the bent figure of the old man behind the bars, vaguely wondering what held him there within sight of the world, yet a thousand miles distant in space. The clock softly intoned the hour; and the old man, shaking himself free from some thought, arose, unlocked the gate of his cage and, turning the key in it again with smiling precaution, wended his slippered way to his desk. Velma Ilseng, savoring the meeting, arranged herself with some deft little touches of vanity that women carry with them to the very grave. Stetson, satisfied of her preoccupation, lost himself among the tall vases and marbles in the diagonal corner where, unseen, he mounted a little winding flight of bronze stairs hidden behind a screen; it took him into a tiny cubicle of lattice and grille on the mezzanine. There was a red-haired woman sitting there doing nothing, and when she started in surprise at the apparition of his head in the stair well, he cautioned her with a slight gesture.

"Velma Ilseng," he whispered. He was forming the syllables with his lips. She stared at him. She peered down through the ornamental metal work at the posterlike picture of the woman in silks on the slender chair by the table. She turned, bewildered. He nodded and sat down beside her. The pair of them watched, heads together, too close for a good-looking girl and an impassive idol. She took up her stenographer's notebook and pencil, held the pencil poised—but her eyes still drank in the woman who should have been dead a generation gone by. With a businesslike air, she looked at the clock—11:02. She set down the time at the head of the page; the date, September fifteenth; the name, Velma Ilseng.

"I recollect now," she said below her breath. "She married again recently. Some boy. Half her age."

"Reginald Baker," immediately supplied the card-index Stetson. He needed only this word to supply the missing page out of the Blue Book. As a rule, pages of the latest edition of these *archives de la haute noblesse* were indelibly photographed on the retina of his memory. That was his calling. Stetson had frequently picked up titbits of vast value to, at least, his enormous curiosity in this cubby-hole. It was an asset in his business, just as his two hours of toilet was. This was the home of the trick echo.

There was a little accidental parabola in the dome just above that table which picked up the slightest breath, a pin drop, and conveyed it undiminished to the little mezzanine alcove. It was the task of the red-headed girl to make pothooks of every syllable wafted up from that table. Telfen himself had so ordered, because he was getting old and a typewritten transcript sometimes came in handy, especially as his clientele spoke in terms of five, six or even seven figures.

The scene opened rather tamely to the eavesdroppers. But great scenes between great actors rarely read well. Old Telfen took Velma Ilseng's hand and retained it, covering it with a cage of trembling fingers lest it escape. He gazed up at her as he was wont to gaze at the few gems to which he was addicted, though not so humbly, for this was a happy moment. Here was Velma Ilseng in the flesh again. He thought of her as Manon, because it was as Manon she had appeared to him last, years ago at the Paris Opera. He had sung a small part. Few people knew that the savant had been an aspirant for operatic honors.

"You and I," she said in a soft, luscious voice, "wander like ghosts among our tomorrows."

The red-headed girl, taking this down in prosaic pothooks, arched an eyebrow.

"God," said the old lapidary, "has given us this easy condition," which the red-headed girl thought she had heard before, but she didn't know just where. The two lovers—they seemed almost that, from their rapturous regard of each other — prolonged their moment in a silence stirred no doubt by the most cherished of recollections.

"You have married again," said Telfen.

"Yes," she shrugged.

"A fine fellow," said he, wagging his head. "But I have now and then found time to pity him; he has seemed always so irrevocably doomed to

"The Talisman?" He Cried. "The Unrivaled Velma Would Part With Her Talisman?"

success," said the old man whimsically.

"Whatever he touches turns to money," she said. Her lips parted in a sigh, as if deploring the material side of her last hour of romance. "I came to him rich. He has doubled my fortune in the two years. I don't know where it will end." This with a captivating lowering of the eyelids. "He is just now engaged in breaking up my fortune for my children, Roger and Eva. Most young husbands engage themselves in breaking up fortunes for themselves," she put in with a bright smile. "He thinks I should have the happiness of seeing them in good estate while they still have me. We will reserve a morsel for ourselves," she added with a gay little laugh. "That is what brings me here." She paused on the thought, sighing. "Do you remember, twenty-five years ago you sealed up the collection of jewels which are my artistic rosary?"

The Niche Was Empty. The Safe Was Gone. It Might Never Have Been There, So Completely Were All Traces of Its Going Erased

He nodded dreamily, naming them not as gems but as rôles—Marguerite, Manon, Lucia.

"Not pearls, rubies, diamonds, but triumphs—the tears of achievement," he murmured

"Together we buried them," she said. "I have never reopened the casket." She dabbed at her eyes. "The time has come when I have determined to part with them." As the old man started forward with protesting hands she exclaimed, "As souvenirs? Never! They are the dead ashes of the past. They, with their secrets, will pass into the possession of strangers. I will sell them all."

"Ah!" exclaimed Telfen, his eye glistening with a counter thought. There were several pieces—he dropped his lids upon the fire of eagerness. "The uncut ruby? Ah, it has been my prayer I might again touch it with my eyes!"

"Yes," said Velma Ilseng stoically.

"The black pearl?"

"Yes. All! They are nothing."

His tones tremulous in spite of himself, "The Talisman?" he cried. "The unrivaled Velma would part with her Talisman?"

"Yes," said Velma Ilseng. "The Talisman was the touch of the scepter!" she cried, the flame of romance burning bright, visioning the imperial donor, the great Alexander of Russia. "The prince of patrons! An emperor—and yet a man!" she sighed. "So," she laughed, shaking off the mood, "I arouse even you to cupidity. Well, my friend, you shall feast your eyes once more. It is you, and you only, who shall break the seals you placed upon my trophies."

The pothooks on the stenographer's pad in the mezzanine moved scrawlingly to the final apostrophe; the pencil paused, poised. The red-headed woman and the impassive idol exchanged covert smiles.

"You will sell them?" asked the lapidary.

"If I have the courage," she said.

"Not courage"— he shook his head—"but perspicacity in choosing the buyers. Only those worthy shall assume their care. I maintain my own Index Expurgatorius," he added slyly.

The amazing Velma Ilseng had literally declined to be a memory. When she had stepped from the stage she had condemned these gems, souvenirs of high moments, to be exiles in outer darkness. She had been cruel. She had locked them in a cold vault, denied them the light that was their life. It was like banishing friends from one's heart who had erred only in dearness.

"They played their part exactly as I played mine. Together we disappeared," she said to the old lapidary. "Why live in sentimentalities?"

"If one can forget, yes," said Telfen, wagging his head. He was thinking how great a pity for a mortal to move from one existence to another without drinking of the waters of Lethe. But here was no ordinary mortal. Her glorious past must always overwhelm her.

"The market is at the top," Velma Ilseng was reminding herself. "I am supposed to be a shrewd business woman; and it is good business to capitalize my fame while I am still alive. I am having the collection moved to Manhasset, where we usually spend our summers, you know. But," she said, with a hopeless reversion to her mood, "I could only pray that they be turned to dust when I break the seals. So come, Telfen, and lend me courage to confront them."

She outlined the preparations. Reginald Baker, her husband, methodical and exact to the nth degree, had specified she was to speak of it to no one. In these lawless postwar days one does not cry aloud when a quarter of a million is moved in a hand bag, and there must be some proper receptacle for them. So Baker, departing on a prolonged tour of the West—on his eternal business—had sent down a great elephant of a modern safe, a thing swathed in cotton batting like an incubator baby. It was too big for any doors or windows fashioned on earth; and it had been necessary to broach a hole in the south wall to bring it into the boudoir. Masons had been pothering for a week, opening the gap and closing it again. There had been a pretty penny to pay for caution, and in the end it appeared it might have been cheaper to set the thing down in a field and build a new house around it, as one does with an old fireplace chimney he cherishes. The diva laughed merrily. In a few days the packets were to be removed from town. She was going away for a week to screw up her courage for the confronting. Would he come to her this afternoon, two weeks? She bowed her head, and he saw to his surprise that she was crying.

"Have I been foolishly sentimental, Ludwig?" she asked, drying her eyes.

"You shall see for yourself," he replied, and like a magician Telfen said to some third person, who apparently occupied the empty air about them, "Let me have a transcript at once, Miss Pastor."

Velma Ilseng looked her bewilderment. No one was about. The old man smiled. He loved his little tricks, and never went to the trouble of explaining them. In a few minutes the red-headed amanuensis came down with some fluttering sheets of typewriting; and Telfen, solemnly folding them, handed the sheaf to the diva.

"Here is your confession," he said.

That day two weeks the old man went down to Manhasset, somewhat excited at the prospect of this audience with regal gems which were to be brought up from long exile. Only addicts in the lore of historic stones knew of the few famous gems that had been lying all these years in Velma Ilseng's dungeon. She drove in from Lakeville, with a maid as her sole companion, an hour late. Roger, her son, and his two fine children were there to meet her, had been there awaiting her for several days; and Eva Sarien, her daughter, the oratorio singer, had come down. Only her husband was absent, and he would be home in the morning.

Her spoken wish that the contents of those precious packets might be turned to dust in exile when she broke the seals was not to be realized. It was much simpler than that.

Velma Ilseng, pausing in her sitting room amid the gusts of welcome from her children, had said with a little start, "Marie, where did you put my emeralds this morning?" And Marie, the maid, laughingly had turned back the laces of her lady's throat to disclose the gorgeous string nesting there. There was a merry laugh, the diva joining in at her own expense as she gave the string to the maid to put away. Then, suddenly, the household was electrified by the maid's wild shriek; the members of the family, rushing into the dressing room, found the girl cowering, emeralds clutched against her breast with one hand, and a shaking finger pointing at the niche in the wall where the safe had been installed with the aid of so many skilled artisans. The niche was empty. The safe was gone. It might never have been there, so completely were all traces of its going erased.

It was beyond the talents of the local police. The mere mention of the sum, a quarter of a million dollars, precluded them. Wells Martin, of the Martin and Martin Agency, went down and looked over the ground with a coldly professional eye. He shook his head, with a curious smile.

"It is not the type of case we care to handle," he answered. Something in his tone roused the ire of Roger Ilseng.

"What exactly do you mean by that?" he demanded with heat. *(Continued on Page 162)*

He Leaned Closer, Pinioning the Man With His Stare. "I am of the Police," He Said in a Low Tone, His Lips Scarcely Moving

THE PITCHER AND THE WELL

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

One of His Steers Was Making a Break to Get Back to His Home Range and Lars Rode Away to Head Him Off

AS TIP YOAKUM, the Hat Creek granger, observed to Sam Stegg, his neighbor, the melancholy days had come, the saddest in the year, from the viewpoint of the bibulously inclined, it being, as Tip cleverly put it, "a little too hot for whisky and a little too cold for beer." In spite of the sunshine and the cloudless blue of the high-arched sky, there was a decided chill in the air and the wheels of Tip's wagon had crunched wafer ice at the Cheyenne River crossing as he came to take his crony to town.

"But it's going to be colder or warmer by the time we get to Blueblanket," Yoakum predicted optimistically, as the old bullwhacker climbed to the spring seat beside him and drew the buffalo robe over his knees. "We'll find something appropr'ate to strike the right spot, don't'you worry."

It had grown colder, which was why Henry Albien, the Blueblanket storekeeper, had fire in his big Franklin stove; it was also one of the reasons why Inez Crewdson was wearing her new tan jacket and the fluffy white wool fascinator that framed her rosy cheeks and set off her remarkable black eyes to admiration. Those eyes of Inez's were notoriously of the devastating and havoc-creating type, and their effect on the loungers in the store was quite noticeable.

Henry Albien himself, a man of a serious mind and sober countenance, positively simpered as he handed her the butter she had asked for; Rod Tunney, his long-legged, tow-headed clerk, was so disturbed by her look and smile that he carefully poured a scoopful of coffee on the counter instead of into the paper bag that was gaping at him; Wayne Harmon, another youth, colored and swallowed nothing three times in quick succession, as he caught her sidelong glance; and even the rakehelly veteran, Bert Trimmer, printer and reporter for the Star, who had worked in Omaha and Sioux City—even Bert showed embarrassment when his turn came for recognition. For the girl neglected nobody in sight.

The distinguished and dandified Deadwood lawyer, Colonel Irons, who was democratically discussing politics with the old bullwhacker, had his share of the young woman's regard—as well he might—and was not above preening his heavy fast-black mustache and satisfying himself by the sense of touch that his necktie was in place. Tip Yoakum, dangling his legs from the counter, not only grinned in response to her smile, but fumbled the limp brim of his hat. But after all, it was Mr. Stegg who was most highly favored, for Inez stopped before him on her way out and gave him what seemed to be the best she had.

"Why, Mr. Stegg!"

"Not before folks, Inez, my dear," the old bullwhacker cautioned, in a stage whisper.

"You needn't be a-skeered," she giggled. "I would, though, if I wanted to."

"You mean to say you don't want to?" demanded the hoary Lothario.

"Not before folks," she answered coquettishly. "But maybe, if you come up to the house sometime —— Well, we'll see."

At the door, she blew him a kiss, to which he responded in kind and then turned to Colonel Irons.

"A charming young lady," commented the colonel.

From the dark corner by the soap and bluing shelves came the harsh, dissentient voice of Old Man Somarindyk, who had been overlooked:

"Charming young hussy! I'd charm her if she was a gal of mine!"

"Aw, what's eating you?" growled Rod Tunney in his recently acquired deep bass, indignation overcoming his respect for age.

"She's not so old but I'd take and wear out a shingle on her if she was my gal," pursued the moralist. "I'd learn her to go around the town a-rolling her eyes at ever'thing that wears pants. Yes, sir!"

"Tut-tut!" remonstrated Colonel Irons. "You're too severe. If we followed your suggestion with every handsome woman who rolled her eyes, there would be an alarming shortage of roofing material throughout this broad land of ours."

"I'd take a shingle to her," persisted Mr. Somarindyk doggedly. "I'd lay her acrost — "

A chivalrous clamor of protest drowned the rest of his conditional threat. It was unanimously agreed that it was just Miss Crewdson's little way, and that she didn't mean anything by it, and was a little daisy and entitled to scatter the sunshine of her glances wherever and whenever she dog-gone well pleased.

If you didn't roll your eyes at her, you wouldn't never know that she rolled hers at you, and sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

"If I got spanked every time I looked at a girl, I wouldn't be a-setting here," said Bert Trimmer. "Nor anywheres else," he added, as an afterthought. "I'm built that way."

"You're a heap like Casimir Dunwoody, I reckon," remarked the old bullwhacker. "One of these here butterflies, a-fluttering from flower to flower. Cas was thataway. He'd light on a honeysuckle and leave that for a clover bloom, and then try a rosebud and flit from that to a hollyhock, after which he'd sample a begonia or a peony and pass on to a geranium or a tulip. Finally, one fine, bright day, he seen one of these here Venus fly traps that he thought might be interesting, after which he quit being a butterfly."

There appearing to be a general demand for particulars, Mr. Stegg gave them as follows:

Cas had a claim out about ten miles from Sturgis, with a good story-and-a-half hewed log house and barn on it, to say nothing of sheds and corrals and forty acres under fence, twenty of it in alfalfa. He had a nice little bunch of cattle and a few horses and a few hogs and chickens, and being a rustler, he most generally had money in the bank. He wasn't more'n twenty-eight, nor yet hump-backed nor squint-eyed, and his legs wasn't bowed no more'n was natural for a man that had rode ever since he was big enough to have his legs hang a little over the sides of a horse; consequently you might have thought he'd have got married. But no. Besides a hired man that he kept steady, he had a big Scandahoovian, name of Lars Claussen, working for him, and Lars, being married himself and on tol'able good terms with his wife, had her with him and got an extry twenty out of Cas in consideration of her doing the cooking and housework and splitting the most of the stove wood. Being fixed thataway, Cas didn't have to get married unless he wanted to, and he didn't want to, seemed like.

It wasn't that he had anything in particular against women, nor yet in general, as such. No, sir, it was plumb the other way with him. I've heard him say that women was like the feller said about whisky. There wasn't no bad women, he claimed—outside of their morals—but some women was better than others; with better color and flavor, or aged more than others, or else fresh and new from the still and apt to burn quite a while after. Some brands, Cas allowed, was mighty sudden in their effect and others you could dally with quite a spell and then reehze, unexpected, that they had gone to your head and made you talk foolish.

"What I claim," Cas says, "is that whisky is whisky and women is women, and such being so, and me being partial to both in a broad sense, where, I ask you, Sam, would be the advantage of me confining myself to any one brand exclusive? Granting I like rye, would I shoot the lip of scorn at Bourbon if available? No, sir! Would I stand up with a bottle of Old Crow in my hand and solemnly swear to love and cherish and cleave to Old Crow only, forsaking

all others, until death parted us? You know that wouldn't be reason and it wouldn't be sense. Why, I can call to mind one right pleasant evening I spent with a passle of Hinglish dukes who was a-rawnching it, don't ye know, in the Warbonnet country, and Scotch was the only bev'ridge used. Ever taste it? Well, sir, after you've had three-four drinks of it you'd enjoy hearing the bagpipes. Enjoy it? Say, I never got loftier nor more noble feelings of charity towards all and peace and good will and good luck out of any rye that Pat Lynch ever passed out to me than I did out of that Scotch. Me and them dukes was like brothers.

"Mind you," says Cas, "I can drink, or I can let it alone. I'm no tank. I found out long ago that if a man wants to prosper he's got to keep his head clear and rustle, and he can't do that and sop up all the budge in sight. I've gone to town the many's the time and come home dead sober. Similar with women. I ——"

I held up my hand and stopped him.

"Don't you blacken your soul by telling me that you can let the girls alone," I says, "because if you do I'll slap the L I E brand on the statement and bear down hard on the iron."

"Well," he says, grinning, "I don't mean to say that I run away from 'em. If they come at me—and, bless 'em! they will do it—I stand my ground and don't give back an inch. I admit that, Sam."

No, he didn't run from them. Come any doings, basket social, lyceum, singing school, church services, picnic, dance or circus, and there was Cas, all rigged up with a red necktie and a close shave, butterflying around. And he never went nor come away alone. He had a side-bar buggy with a red trim that it was a wonder he could keep so slick and shiny, the use he gave it, and the horse he drove was as slick and shiny as the rig. Selim was that horse's name. He was part Morgan, and Cas sure had him trained to a hair.

Take it when Cas had him in town or out on a road with plenty of travel on it, in broad daylight, and Selim would hit a 2:40 gait that took nobody's dust and keep the lines tight as fiddle strings; but whenever he come to a stretch where there wasn't nothing in sight he'd slow down, and unless Cas told him different, he'd poke along as if he was follering remains to the graveyard, pausing once in a while to lunch on anything growing by the roadside that appealed to his taste and fancy, but never leaving the track. Them times, Cas could wrap the lines around the whipstock and leave it all to Selim, and I reckon it tickled Selim to death to have that much confidence reposed in him. Moonlight nights was when he was the slowest; and when there was a full moon, he'd stop now and then and take a little snooze. It goes to show what you can do with a horse by patience and kindness.

One time and another, I reckon every good-looking girl in Pennington and part of Lawrence and Custer Counties took a ride or two or more in that rig of Casimir's. He'd meet a girl for the first time—say, on Monday, and on Tuesday he'd have her out riding; Wednesday, he'd beau her to whatever festivities there was on the docket; and Thursday he'd call at her house and set up with her until maybe ten o'clock; Friday he'd come early enough to eat supper and give the old folks something to talk about hours after they was a-bed; Saturday he'd be like one of the family, and Sunday he'd take the girl to church, where he'd see another girl two pews ahead with wheat ears and daisies in her hat, and Monday he'd be chasing Wheat-Ears-and-Daisies with blood in his eye.

The cur'ous thing about it was that he didn't get into no real trouble with his fickle-mindedness, and even the girls didn't seem to hold it against him. Maybe they had their fingers crossed, knowing what they had to expect. I reckon they didn't take him serious, or else they let on they didn't. They'd laugh and say that they'd have kept it up a few days longer if they could have stood it, or something like that, charitable and kind, account of him not being able to help making a zany of himself. As for the boys who might otherwise have got hostile and mangled Mr. Dunwoody up a few, they didn't skassly have time to get suspicious before Cas wasn't giving them no reason whatever to have any suspicions.

Be that as it may, as the feller says, Cas never had no difficulty a-finding a fresh one ready and a-waiting to hear what he had to say when the conversation sort of flagged with the last old one. Leastaways, he didn't have, as far as I know; but then I'd moved out of Pennington and didn't see nothing of him for maybe a couple of years. Then one day I made a trip to Custer and stopped for my nooning at Dave Ransome's—it's where Richie Benedict is living now—and while there I had the honor and pleasure of meeting up with Miss Olivia Ransome, who had come up from Dallas to join her daddy. She was as fine, strapping, handsome a girl as you'd want to look at, with a Fourth-of-July combination of red, white and blue in her cheeks, teeth and eyes and lips and skin. Not the slow, dreamy kind of a blonde, but with a quick-stepping, wide-awake and no-monkeying-please way about her, which ain't so common. Me and her took to each other right away.

"What I can't figure is how you was let out of Texas," I says to her as we was eating dinner, she standing to one side of me and keeping the flies off my bald spot with tender care and a long-handled paper-strip shooer. "When I was down there," I says, "the boys had established a strick quarantine on all beautiful single ladies between the ages of fifteen and forty, and I ain't never heard that they repealed it."

"She's too dog-gone pernickety," Dave answers for her. "She's been a-wandering through the woods for the last ten years, looking for a stick that was plumb straight; but she'll have to cut something mighty soon, unless she figures on being an old maid. Dog me if I know what she wants!"

"Sh-h-h!" Olivia shushes, with a smiling flash of her white teeth. "As long as I know, that's all that's ness'ry, I reckon. You don't want to scare it off, now that it's here. Or ain't you easy scared, Mr. Stegg?"

"I'd show you, if I was ten years younger," I told her, and that was no lie.

"I wouldn't want no infants," says she. "But that's prob'ly a bluff, just because you don't want to hurt my feelings. Now you've done it, you see, pa!"

Well, there was more pleasant joshing along the same lines and then Dave and me got to professional subjects. I was needing an extry yoke of steers and Dave had a likely pair of three-year-olds that he aimed to turn into cows, only they was already spoke for.

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"And to Remind You of Me," She Says, Not Even Looking at Cas. "And Don't Forget Me After You've Et It Either"

The Passing of the Ranches

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

A CIRCUMSPECT historian is authority for the statement that the open frontier was the most American of all the American forces that have operated on society. In the life of today it seems a chapter out of the past, like the Civil War or even the Revolution. But as Emerson Hough said, "the fascination of the frontier is and ever has been an undying thing."

To an extent not fully appreciated, our present institutions are based upon the acquirement and settlement of great land areas, and colored from the rapid process by which the frontier has been pushed back, the prairies plowed and the resources of the Western spaces utilized.

There are those who believe that the rate of settlement and development has been too rapid. Battles are even now raging anent the theory and practice of conservation. But on one point all parties are forced to agree—namely, that in the future there must be less of haste and more of policy as regards the use of land.

It is true, the open frontier has gone. But only the merest fraction of the desert has been reclaimed. The public domain is even yet of vast extent, and many nations of historic importance could be lost in the national-forest reserves, Indian reservations and national parks. The great spaces of the Far West constitute as much as ever a troublesome, if fascinating, problem, pressing for solution.

Whatever the future may bring, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the dominant industry in the Far West since the Civil War has been stock raising. It has afforded a distinctive frontier, pioneer use of land, has this pursuit of residents on the outskirts of civilization.

How the Cowboy Corners Romance

JUST as shareholders in a corporation have a right to look for future dividends from some of the less developed activities of the concern, so all of us as citizens must face the issue of the future use of the spacious undeveloped areas of the West. Is ranching, or grazing, inherently a transitory, passing industry, certain to give way, as it has farther east, to crop production? In the answer to this question lies much of the future trend of American life. The extent to which the farmer crowds back the cowboy and sheep herder is fundamental in the very scheme of things.

From the scientific and economic standpoint it is a question whether ranching, or grazing, will not continue long to dominate by far the greater portion of the western third of the United States. Sheer physical limitations, topographical and climatic, against which the vain strivings of man are helpless, will determine the uses of this land. Nor does the ranching industry show any signs of political inertia; at this moment it is making a mighty effort to destroy or modify the terms, or at least the circumstances, of the national conservation policy.

It is strange, therefore, and most unfortunate from the viewpoint of a proper understanding and solution of these vital issues of the use of our resources, that in popular thinking it is assumed as a matter of course that the ranches are passing. Even in the Far West itself several residents said to the writer when they learned that this article was in preparation, "It's your last chance at the old cattle barons," or "It's your last opportunity to catch the passing glory of the old ranches."

Somehow, I suppose because of its frontier associations, ranching, or grazing, has long been spoken of in the past

A View of Grazing Country From the San Juan Capistrano Mission, an Early Center of California Cattle Industry. Above—A Mountain Valley in California

tense. One may read, as the writer has, whole books on the American cowboy, all written in a sad, reminiscent vein, as others write of the noble red man of Cooper, or the herds of buffaloes that knocked down the first telegraph poles of the Pacific Railway.

In popular thinking and speech, ranching is treated like a chapter from history, a little rough and rude perhaps, but full of thrills. The Easterner regards it much as he does the exploits of the forty-niners or the hardy engineers who built the first transcontinental railroad. To him it is full of romance, and even of departed glory, but is not a part of the workaday world of today. This attitude is reflected in the movies, where cowboy heroes entertain the world in a fashion which would not be tolerated if the theatergoing public looked upon the cowman and the cowboy in the same light as it looks upon beet-sugar farmers, pants manufacturers and freight brakemen. It is the romance of frontier days, of a supposed fast-dying Homeric era, that appeals, not the plain reality.

When all is said and done, why should the cowboy thrill moviegoers any more than a Wisconsin or Iowa farm hand engaged respectively in attending dairy cows and hogs? All three are workmen employed in helping to produce important commodities adapted to particular regions.

An Iowa hog tender does not smack of romance; presumably there is too much economic reality in his occupation. But the cowboy, or rather the cow-and-sheep raiser who employs him, still utilizes and probably always will utilize the largest part of the West. Whence this false, this grotesquely untrue idea that the ranch is a political and economic back number!

In May, 1921, a prominent New York City newspaper printed a readable, and in most respects accurate, account of a great ranch holding in California, a holding so large that it drops over, as it were, into Oregon and Nevada. The news angle to the article appeared obviously enough in the following sentence:

"Now this vast acreage, larger than the dominion of many a prince or knight, larger in the aggregate than several of the smaller states of the Union, is to be broken up and sold piecemeal to the highest bidders. Thus ends the romance of the last of the cattle barons."

Are the Cattle Barons Doomed?

NOTHING could sound more romantic or conventionally thrilling, and I do not want to anticipate the orderly process of this narrative. But it is more than human nature can resist to remark, at least parenthetically, that exactly four years later, in May, 1925, the present writer, in the course of an interview with an officer of the land company referred to, asked how much land it still owned, and the answer in the most matter-of-fact tone was, "Oh, about 1,000,000 acres"—with the bulk of it still devoted to cattle

In more than one Western state the "last of the cattle barons" has long been riding to his doom. In California, newspaper headlines to the effect that "the last of the old ranches" is about to be subdivided is almost as stereotyped as Real-Estate News or Market Reports or Shipping News. Nor is Texas far behind; its oldest and largest ranches are always being broken up. From Lincoln, Nebraska, comes the dispatch that a cattle holding in that state, familiarly described as "the last of the great cattle ranches of the past," is about to be broken up.

Not only are these prospective subdivisions always made up of the "last of the old ranches," but in most cases they are carefully described as the "largest cattle ranch ever operated under one ownership and management in the United States." All are the largest, just as all women in the news dispatches are young and beautiful.

Even Mr. Fall's New Mexican ranch, concerning the acquisition of which a Senate committee showed such pointed curiosity a few years ago, was described in the papers as "the largest in the Southwest." Such a title as Cattle Kings Pass With the Vivid West always finds a welcome place in almost any newspaper, whether in the East or in the West itself.

It is said that the cattle baron is like the Indian when the white man came. He can no more stop the movement of the American people across their own country than the Indian could stop the white.

It is true, of course, that much cattle range has been and is being crowded out, broken up by the homestead laws, the pressure of population and numerous other factors. The cattle barons of this country no longer cover such

areas as those of Australia, South America or Mexico prior to the revolution.

Twelve years of disturbance in Mexico, however, pretty well ended the baronial stage in our neighbor country; but there is an area 1800 miles in length, along the southern border, and 600 miles in depth, that is a great natural range country. Gen. Luis Terrazas, who died at Chihuahua City two years ago in his ninety-fourth year, had in his time run cattle on some 6,000,000 acres. At one time from 75,000 to 90,000 calves a year were branded on his lands—a record that no outfit north of the border ever approached.

It is in Texas and California that the crowding process seems most obvious at the present time. At least it is in these two states, the largest and second largest respectively in the Union, that the encroachment is most spectacular, although the reasons for the movement are in some respects different.

Twenty years ago the cattleman said that no crops could be raised in portions of Texas where they are now being grown. In the main it is King Cotton that is breaking up the vast Texas ranches. One need not trust to news dispatches; the annual report of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway for 1924 speaks plainly of the process, and new railroad building now going on in the immense reaches of the Lone Star State would hardly be occasioned by its historic industry alone. Even the raw land of the Staked Plains is being planted to cotton, and as the rancher retreats before the farmer, there is an increase in population, more business and more profits.

At first glance California may seem to be less typical of the process than a number of other states. Its civilization has been molded less markedly perhaps by the ranchman than that of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. The mining days of '49, the foreign commerce of San Francisco and the more recent influences of intensive agriculture and tourist travel have all produced their own peculiar and outstanding results.

California, of course, is less exclusively a range country than Arizona or Nevada. Nevertheless, it is here that the passing of the ranches is most marked. It is in California that the contrast is greatest, the yielding of the pastoral and picturesque to the severely prosaic and practical most striking.

Desert Plants, Near Oracle, Arizona

Free Grass

FOR in the early days California had no such system of small farmers as lived in the East and Middle West. There were only the great land grants from the Spanish Crown, and for a long period the isolated Spanish and later the Mexican colony of California knew no industry except a crude, primitive, feudalistic type of careless grazing over wholly unoccupied and remote empires of land.

When population later came to the coast, the older cattlemen complained that they had once been able to run their herds from Arizona to Montana, and the common saying was that one owner knew no bounds but the Mexican border and the Oregon line. Surely nowhere else is there such a marked difference between the oldest and most extensive form of agriculture known and the newest and most intensive.

As population comes in, land tends to rise in price. Roads must be built, schools erected and other improvements made. The resulting increase in taxation forces up land values, which can be sustained only by more intensive use. Crops which yield a higher return to the acre are necessary, and the cattleman is forced back into the hills and on to less desirable land. Just as the expansion of the cattle empire marked the period from the Civil War down to somewhere around the middle 90's, so since then the rancher has been slowly and gradually, but in certain areas surely, retreating before the settler and the plow.

In the earlier days of the industry, in its halcyon period, in the sense that all was expansion, the cattle lived upon a virgin country and roamed at will. The early ranchman took many risks and performed many services, but the fact remains that he was engaged to quite an extent, like miners and lumbermen, in an exploitative occupation. Pig iron or silk-stocking manufacturers must have a factory, and usually they are obliged to pay for it.

The cattleman also has a factory, which converts forage into beef. But at first his factory was a gift of Nature; the range was open and the grass was free.

At one time sheep were actually driven from the Pacific Coast to the Missouri River, taking two years to the journey and feeding at will along the route. The sheep and cattle raiser, in other words, used the whole country as he found it.

The animals themselves were half wild, were turned loose and accounted for only in the most sketchy fashion. Though in many respects the most honest and honorable of men, the very nature of the stockman's occupation gave him standards of ownership and private property somewhat different from those that prevail in more settled communities. It has been cynically remarked that the cause of some of the earlier successes in this industry was a long rope and a fast horse.

No one quite knew to whom the calves belonged that were found in the great spaces; it was easy to put one's brand upon them. Nor was it simple to place the blame if grass was overgrazed and ruinously exploited. It belonged to no one, and if one cowman or sheep grower did not use it another would.

When Cattle Roam at Will

THESE conditions—of half-wild vaguely owned cattle, roaming at will upon a virgin country, and the wasteful abuse of one of the greatest of all resources, animal forage, not so much from willful desire as because of the very circumstances themselves—obviously could not last. When people say that the ranches are passing, what they really mean is that these frontier conditions are passing, in most parts of the country at least, and are absolutely certain to go before long even in those regions where they have remained the longest.

For such conditions to continue in the face of increasing population would have been as preposterous as for the buffalo and marauding Indian to remain. The Indians may not have been treated in the most approved fashion, and it may not have been necessary to kill off so many buffaloes, but on the other hand neither could have continued to roam at will with the incoming of a great white population. It is the same with the old-style cattle industry.

As the railroads and cattlemen moved into the Far West after the Civil War most of the land was still in possession of the Federal Government. In spite of strenuous and often ill-advised efforts to rid itself of land, with all the enormous grants to states, railroads, colleges and settlers, the Government still owns close to 20 per cent of all the land area of this country, exclusive of Alaska. In one of the Western

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Cattle at Geyser Ranch, Nevada

PLEASE, NO PUBLICITY

Copied Out of a Young Girl's Diary—By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"By the Way, I'm Thinking of Cutting Work This A.M. for a Little Constitutional. How Would You Like to be Among Those Present?"

PEARL CITY, MONDAY.

OH, LITTLE DIARY, as I sit here staring at the immensity of the heavens, whilst my eyes are blinded with tears, I would that I could utter the thoughts that arise within me, for the events of this day have left me in such a simply terrible state of excitement that I can hardly express myself.

Yes, I am sorry for Lon. He is a dear boy and he loves me sincerely, and I hope that one day he will find some sweet simple girl of Fort Atkinson—or elsewhere—to share his life. But it will not be me, Little Diary—that is, I mean it will not be I. Miss MacAllister, from whom I learned English composition, used to say, "Why do you make so many mistakes in the pronouns, Dixie?" But it is only recently that I found the one way to avoid these errors, which is to repeat the sentence over to myself, and when it sounds right, then I know it is wrong and make the necessary changes.

It was early this A.M. when I left Fort Atkinson, with Lon taking me to the train. [Oh, Lon, Lon, will you never learn how a gentleman arranges his necktie, and will you never have anything to talk about except baseball and getting married?]

The journey was made without incident except for an individual across the aisle who asked me if I wished to look at his magazine, with a sensuous leer. I thanked him coldly and I think he will remember the lesson and not regard the next woman he meets as a plaything to be flung aside like a broken toy, thus providing another item for the sensational press. It was noon when I arrived here, going at once to Mrs. Wolray's boarding house, where Edna Linton had stayed and where she had written to reserve my room.

"There is a letter waiting for you," said old Mr. Wolray, after he had spent some time showing me how to turn on the electric light. "It is lying on the table beside the wax flowers."

At this simple announcement my heart practically stopped beating, because I had hardly expected that Mr. Smeaton would still be residing in Pearl City, and it was with trembling fingers that I tore open the envelope. I shall copy the letter, Little Diary, I shall copy it:

"*Dear Miss Hodgkinson:* It will give me great pleasure to make your acquaintance, and if convenient I will call this evening and renew pleasant memories and souvenirs of that happy summer in the golden past when I enjoyed so many halcyon hours with Miss Linton.

"Faithfully yours

"H. HOWARD SMEATON."

This letter was particularly interesting, because, having long since learned to read personality by handwriting, I saw at once that Mr. S. was an intense and emotional character much as Edna Linton had described him.

"What is Mr. Smeaton like?" I had asked her.

"Unless he has changed in the last seven years," was the reply, "he is very wopsydoodlish."

Seeing that I did not understand this adjective, she explained farther:

"I mean he is a hundred per cent boy when it comes to getting a strike on some new girl and then flying off the handle and taking it very hard. This is because he would like to be an artist or an actor or an author or something like that, but his self-starter won't work. So he spends his time spilling over and wopsydoodling generally. It is lots of fun playing with him; I never enjoyed myself more in my life. You start by letting him tell his troubles and from that time on he is yours truly."

Little Diary, I have never had the least wish to amuse myself at the expense of a fellow creature, and when I asked Edna to invite him to call on me it was with the thought that I might do him some good in a quiet way, far removed from the blare of trumpets which accompanies my every move in Fort Atkinson.

How sick I am of all this wretched newspaper publicity. In Fort A. I cannot take a long breath without having the event related by an item in the press: "Miss Dixie Hodgkinson, daughter of J. O. Hodgkinson, entertained a few friends at tea yesterday. Refreshments were also served." Or, "Among those contributing to the success of the social was Miss Dixie Hodgkinson, daughter of J. O. Hodgkinson." Or, "Yesterday Mr. J. O. Hodgkinson drove with his daughter, Miss Dixie Hodgkinson, to Beaver Dam and return." And I might remark that after my father's name there is generally added the fact that he is the genial proprietor of Hodgkinson's Élite Cutlery Store, with the address added. Oh, Little Diary, how glad I am to be here all alone in Pearl City, where nobody knows me and where I will never under any circumstances be noticed by the newspapers, and I will look at them every morning and evening to make sure.

And yet can a young girl ever be free from unwelcome attentions? Hardly had I settled myself in my room when I was forced to open the door, to overhear the following personal remarks made by two young men on the stairway.

"She is a peach."

"She most certainly is."

"One lollypopoleroosis."

"All that and then some."

"And that shape! I'll say she can step!"

"She looks a little too fast to me."

"Not when you know how to handle her."

It was only later, Little Diary, when the conversation turned to disk wheels and spark control that I discovered they were referring not to me but to a new automobile. But the principle is the same, Little Diary, the principle is the same.

A strange occurrence took place after the noonday meal. Whilst lunching, I had observed a middle-aged business gentleman of about thirty years of age regarding me. His dark handsome face, which showed traces of dissipation, was lit with a sensuous leer. Hardly had I returned to my room when a knock sounded at the door. The gentleman in question was standing outside.

"What do you wish?" I inquired coldly.

"Pardon me," he answered, "but didn't you forget this?" And with these words and a look full of low cunning, he handed me my little bead bag and purse, which I had left behind on the table.

Why did he take the trouble to return these objects personally? Why did he not send them by Lottie, the dining-room waitress?

Echo has no reply.

His name, at least so he said, is Mr. Cherry, and he is the representative of some electrical company or something, and during our conversation he suggested in a crafty way that he was not married. He wishes me to go with him Wednesday night to Lunette Park. Suppose he should be married, and suppose his wife should find us together and shoot him on the spot, thus getting my name in all the papers all over the country. I should die of mortification, Little Diary. That is why in response to his invitation I came out frankly with an evasive answer which was neither yes nor no, and which I hope put him in his place.

The afternoon passed like a dream in Nature's wilds. I spent it in the Palm Garden of Ye Olde-Fashioned Sweete Shoppe right across from Horticulture Park, and if I ever return to Fort Atkinson I shall try to introduce the healthful and recreative beverage which is called Raspberryo and which includes a delicious combination of melted fudge and ripe olives. The dinner at the boarding house passed without incident, though Mr. Cherry bowed a sensuous salute, which I returned with an assumption of warmth which I was far from feeling.

It was at eight o'clock precisely that a light knock resounded on my chamber door.

"A gent below, Miss Hodgkinson," said Lottie, the dining-room waitress.

"Whom is it?" I inquired with well-stimulated surprise, though my heart beat furiously, for intuition had already informed me of the caller's identity. Indeed, I had purposely donned my cerise gown.

"He didn't give no name," was the ungrammatical response.

With a last hasty revision of my toilet, I descended to the parlor. It was Mr. H. Howard Smeaton.

He was exactly as I had pictured him. He had a high pale forehead like Edgar Allan Poe as in the picture in American Masterpieces. A lock of black hair hung across his forehead, while his whole face revealed the dark and desperate expression of one misunderstood. He also had a black mustache.

As I entered he grew visibly paler, and grasping my hand convulsively remarked, "Miss Hodgkinson, this is indeed a pleasure."

I shall not try to recount all our conversation, Little Diary. I will merely state that I sympathetically allowed him to tell me all his troubles. It was a long sad story and I am glad to say my attitude was not that of Edna Linton. And when, with a voice wherein emotion quivered, he explained how he had been forced to become an agent for a secret preparation to make automobiles look like new because our machine-made civilization had destroyed his profession, which was making hand-painted place cards for dinner parties, I was so moved that I allowed him to grasp my hand.

He remained grasping it for some moments, and when I finally attempted to put an end to the situation he said in an intense voice, "Do not repulse me, Miss Hodgkinson, do not repulse me!"

I must admit, Little Diary, that I had not the heart to repulse him, and I even let him come much closer, so that at times it almost seemed as though his head was leaning upon my shoulder. It was only after a considerable period had passed that I remarked, with an assumption of hauteur I was far from feeling, "Mr. Smeaton, I hardly know you."

"Do not say that," he said. "I feel as if we had known each other always."

And when, finally, I told him I must retire, he stated that he would come and see me tomorrow evening at the same hour.

"How do you know I will be here?" I asked playfully.

"If you are not," he said hoarsely, "or if ever anything happens to interfere with our beautiful friendship, you will never see me again." Then he added, after a pause, "Nor will anyone else—at least not in this life." And by the expression on his face one could see that these were not mere idle words.

Oh, Little Diary, I feel as if I were walking over the crater of a volcano. Suppose something should happen; suppose, for instance, I should not be able to keep that date tomorrow evening—what possible influence could keep him from committing the rash act which he seems to have in mind? Probably he would leave a letter in his pocket naming me as the cause of all, and my name would be telegraphed to the sensational press as the heartless person responsible. I should never be able to endure the publicity. And later in life, when some good and worthy man should ask for my heart, I would have to say with a sad sweet smile, "You would not wish me to be your wife if you knew my story."

Mr. Smeaton is so different from Lon. When I was at the station this morning I said to Lon, "Lon, what would you do if I should never come back to Fort A.?"

"Oh, I guess you will come back all right," was the reply.

"Yes," I persisted, "but suppose I shouldn't. Suppose you should never see me again."

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I would certainly feel bad about it, and I guess I would go up North and hunt a couple of weeks until I got over it."

That is Lon all over, Little Diary, and I can only add that there is an unbroachable gulf between he and I.

It is night, resplendent with all the gorgeous galaxy of stars. I looked carefully through the Pearl City papers this eve and was well pleased to find nothing in any of them about my arrival in this city. What a relief! I hope there will be nothing in tomorrow's papers either. I will look. Poor Mr. Smeaton! Little Diary, how sad it is to think that we are all merely ships that pass in the night and then silence reigns again in the forest primeval. I wonder if Mr. Smeaton would write a farewell letter by hand and then plunge a dagger into his throbbing heart or employ a typewriter and revolver. I am afraid I am very old-fashioned, Little Diary.

PEARL CITY, TUESDAY.

Today has been the most eventful and simply terrible of my life, and never will I forget a single one of its startling events.

It all began at the breakfast table, when, with a sensuous leer, Mr. Cherry said, "Good morning, Miss Hodgkinson."

I answered with deceptive good nature because I wished to see just how far he would go. He said little more, however, and I was allowed to finish the meal in peace. But in supposing that he would continue his insulting advances I found all too soon I had not been mistaken.

He chose the moment which followed the noonday luncheon. I had been told that ordinarily he did not return for this meal, but evidently circumstances made him change his mind, and when I left the dining room to seat myself on the front porch he followed.

"Miss Hodgkinson——" he began.

"Whom is it?" I said, looking around with well-stimulated surprise. "Oh, it is you, Mr. Cherry."

"No, just his chauffeur," he answered coarsely, seating himself on the porch railing.

"It is a pleasant day," I observed coldly. "How merrily the little birdies are singing."

"You said it," was the ungrammatical response as he turned his dark and handsome face toward the trees which as usual showed traces of dissipation. Then with a sensuous leer he resumed: "Miss Hodgkinson, have you been thinking over that little piece I repeated yesterday? Let's see, this is the way it goes: How would you like to trail along with me to Lunette Park and see the fireworks?"

As he said this I observed he glanced at his left hand, where his wedding ring should have been, but where, needless to say, he had nothing at all.

At first I thought of crushing him with a simple negative, and then I decided to lead him on just to see to what lengths he would go. So I remarked, "I am sorry, Mr. Cherry, but you are a stranger to me and I do not know you."

"Well," he said, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, "then why not get acquainted?"

"We have never been introduced," I said, appalled by this growing audacity.

"That's all right," he returned, his sinister intent overlaid by an apparently genial good nature. "I'll bet a cookie Mrs. Wolray will introduce us. Shall we say eight o'clock tomorrow night? Yes, we shall, and many happy returns of the day. I'm going out of town this afternoon, but I'll be back for the big event. And don't forget that out at Lunette Park they've got the man that invented the ice-cream soda. So leave a little vacancy." With these words and a last sensuous leer he left me

I was so confused that I did not give him the rebuke he merited, but, believe me, Little Diary, he will get it good and plenty tomorrow night when he has the audacity to call for me, or if I do go it will be merely for the purpose of giving him a stern lesson that he will remember as long as he lives. I have no wish to be written up in the newspapers, as they would certainly write it up if Mrs. Cherry should find out about the case and sue him for divorce in a sensational suit; but at the same time I believe us women should stand together, and doubtless her life would be much happier if she knew once and for all the character of the wretch to whom she is united in matrimony's bonds.

Being spared the distress of having to dine that evening with Mr. Cherry, I ate hurriedly, and going to my room, began to prepare to receive poor Mr. Smeaton. I chose again the cerise frock, and as I had my hair washed during the afternoon it fluffed nicely. Then, because I seemed not quite myself, I knew not why, I added a little color to the cheeks and lips. At eight o'clock, when Lottie announced Mr. Smeaton, I descended the stairway and entered the parlor. He rose at my entrance and grew visibly paler. Then, hurrying across the room made an effort to embrace me.

"Mr. Smeaton!" I said in a severe voice.

He seemed quite humbled, and reseating himself, began the narration of his business misfortunes of the day, winding up with the announcement that he was utterly wretched because no one in Pearl City really understood him.

"I understand you, Mr. Smeaton," I replied softly, "and you may be sure that in me you have a real friend." And I reached out both hands toward him.

"Do You Intend to Commit Your Rash Act Here and in My Presence? Think, Mr. Smeaton—It Will Get Into All the Papers"

(Continued on Page 106)

WHAT KIND O' LUCK?

By Harvey Wickham

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

So We Stopped Playin' Solitaire and Got Up to Where They Was Horses on Both Sides of Us

I'M NOT strong for fortune tellers, but sometimes before a real big meet I just drop around to one for a second opinion on what I've got to expect. And at Tia Juana they's a stargazer what ought to be good, havin' Indian, she says, in her veins.

"You got a lot o' luck comin' to you," says this marvel, after a stony glance I'd let her take at the cards. "Look out for a red-headed girl."

"What kind o' luck?" says I. "And do you mean I'm to look out as I would for a accident, or something different?"

"The cards don't say," says she, "but I think a thorough readin' would."

"Thorough readin' what of?"

"Your palms," says she. "And that'll be five dollars, horoscope included."

"In that case," says I, "we'll leave it go at six bits worth. If I see a fire I guess I'll know what to do."

"You're goin' to marry her, in that case," hisses the futurity bird, vindictive.

With which I leaves.

Now I'm not one of these eggs who think they're born immune from matrimony, no matter what the exposure. We all got to die sometime. But that's no reason why a man should be immature about committing suicide. So I decides to keep my eyes open—and right there's where I makes my mistake, if that's what it was. They's times when a blind man has got a insurance policy if he only knew it.

The big race ain't till the next day, when I'm scheduled to demonstrate the superiority of Skinner's Bientot, by Kingdom Come out of Firefly, against a stallion named Right of Way and a considerable field. But this afternoon after I penetrates the veils of the beyond I has a leg up on Razor Blade, by Shaver out of Soapy. And as we're fox-trottin' for the start what do I see all of a sudden but a Jane with red hair standin' close to the rail right across from the judges.

She was a little object, without any hat on, and the sun was shinin' so I couldn't be sure for a second whether her hair was really red or only golden. Then a cloud cast a shadow and I saw it was red right enough, and beauty-parlored up to the roots, or maybe just naturally fluffy. Not painful to the eyesight at all, she wasn't, though ordinarily I'd have passed even better at such a moment without ever knowin' I'd been flagged. But when you've been told, though it's only by a fortune teller, that a certain sort of filly is going to throw you, and then a entry answering all the descriptions shows up, your attention is sort of attracted.

Razor Blade and me was both facing her, taking in the specifications, and I was wonderin' how a party could stand out so conspicuous from a crowd just by havin' a simple blue dress on, and no lipstick to speak of, and a pair of nice eyes that needed closer inspection to get their exact shade and a couple of thoroughbred legs, and a general air that made it seem a shame that any barber could have been found to rob such innocence of its curls, when the barrier was sprung. By the time I got Razor Blade wheeled around and pointing in the right direction, the bunch is at what they call an astronomical distance, and to such an extent that I lose my head and begin usin' the whip.

Now they is only one way to ride Razor Blade, to call it ridin', and that is to let him dribble along for the first half mile, and then unlimber his sprint as he's pulling into the stretch. He's only got one Parvo Nurmi in him, and the instant he senses punishment he lets it loose. I got him into the competition, but there he was, his spring liquidated and just enough left to keep him goin' the rest of the way so that folks would know he was runnin' in this race and not the next—provided I handled him careful and no accidents happened. And that's what I done.

In the paddock after the bad news was posted, I see this copperhead again. And thinking as how a man who's already served his sentence might as well go out and commit the crime as charged, I breezes up to her.

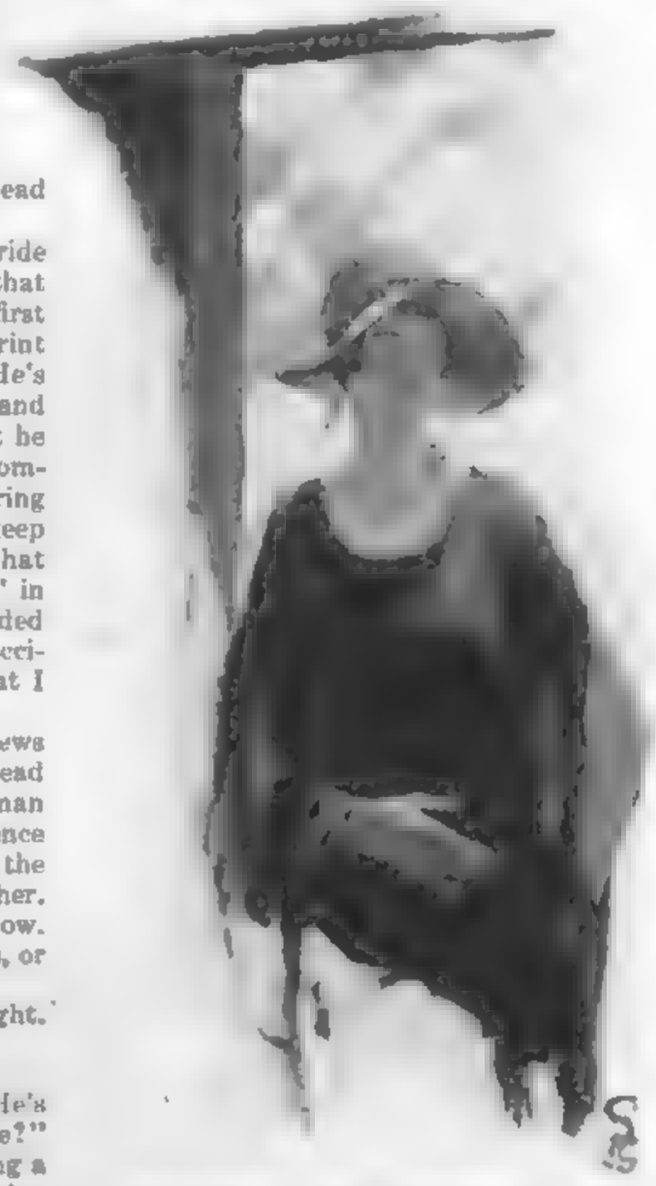
"It's a fine day," I lets her know. "Are you here watching the races, or am I doin' you a wrong?"

"No," says she, "you're quite right. I even had a leg up."

"You did which?"

"I bet on Cotton Batting. He's the one who beat just now, isn't he?"

"He is," I admits. "But having a leg up means ridin' a horse, not betting on the winner."



Music Had No Sooner Come Into Our Minds Than There She Stood Before Us

"Oh, thank you for telling me. But you're a jockey, aren't you?"

"That's because my appointment as judge of the Supreme Court hasn't come yet," I flashes back.

"Then maybe you can tell me something I've always wanted to know. Why do they have jockeys? I should think the horses could go much faster if they let them run alone without having to carry folks on their backs."

Up to now I'd been exercisin' considerable caution, not wanting to get tangled up with no race track specialist of whatever sex, especially on the eve of an event where a whole lot of money was likely to change hands and nobody scrupling much about the means to ends. But a snake in the grass is one thing, and a rosebud with the dew still on it is another. So I permits the conversation to take a more natural turn, and says:

"Reforms is slow in their comin', baby," says I. "We've got to wait. Meanwhile all this talk ain't payin' me what you owe me," I says

"When did I ever set you back any, Stevie?" she says. "Or isn't that your name?"

"It is from now on," I assures her. "Anyway, I guess nobody's goin' to insist on calling me Tod Sloan after that last contest. Don't you know that Razor Blade had it in his pocket till I caught sight of you?"

"What happened then?" she wants to know.

"Couldn't exactly say, miss," says I. "It's something that's never happened before—not to me. I'm wonderin' if I didn't get sort of dazzled."

The explanation didn't seem to give offense, for she reaches out a hand not much bigger than a kitten's forefoot and just as soft, and says:

"I think that's perfectly sweet of you!" she says. "Where do we go from here?"

We went to a place where they's an orchestra and potted palms—but this of course was after we'd more or less spent the afternoon together. And say! She was so ignorant of horses that when it comes time to push out I didn't quite know if I ought to go. It was some little manger we was bound for, and though I ain't as particular a feeder as some, I'm wise to the fact that they's things you got to eat with your knife and others not, and I didn't want any frail that I was coachin' to bawl herself out by not knowing which was which.

But Mazie—for that was her name, I'd discovered long before this—played safe from the start by handling everything either with her fork or her spoon, which is the best system if you're not up on the finer points of etiquette. I even begun to see that in her own sphere she hadn't been so badly broke. Envious glances was cast in my direction, which is a good sign if you know enough to take it as a warning and not to dance, and one guy even goes so far as to chisel his way over to where we sat.

"Well, little one, who wins tomorrow?" he says, his face lighting up like one who's found a pocketbook.

"I really couldn't say," says Mazie. "But I can tell you who loses tonight."

And her glance was so cold that I was positively proud to be settin' alongside of it, though it must have been terrible out in front.

"Now what led that gentleman to think he'd been introduced?" she says to me, when the human cipher had disappeared. "You don't suppose I hurt his feelings, do you?"

"Never mind," says I. "Anybody that'd take you for a sellin'-plater deserved the consequences. Why, with a little more training in fast company you'll be a positive alarm."

"Why did you tell me?" she sort of moans. "If you're fast I won't dare go out with you again, and I was just beginning to think you were nice."

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "You got away with that champagne without actin' as though you was carryin' unaccustomed weight."

"Was that champagne?" she asks. "I thought it was against the law."

"You're south of the border," I explains. "And if you want my opinion I think you're about the only nonpoisonous substance that is."

When I'd said this, her eyes—they were blue I'd about decided, notwithstanding some greenish glints—sort of filled up with tears.

"I think you're just sweet!" she says. "But what's the matter?"

"This drink of mine tastes funny," I answers. "I believe that masher of yours dropped a coffin nail in it."

I was for going home, for though it ain't no part of a jockey's duty to sleep with the horses, I've often found that it saves a heap of anxiety if he does. But Mazie says she's afraid to be left alone even at her hotel, and suggests we go to Indian Sal's.

"What do you know about Indian Sal's?" says I, jolted half out of my gait.

"Nothing," says she, "only I heard a man talking about it this morning."

"Don't you ever let yourself hear him talking about anything again," says I.

"I won't," says she, "if you don't want me to. But I think maybe I ought to see the place now while I'm with you, so I'll know how to avoid it if the time should ever come when I'm not."

There seemed to be philosophy in this, so we went and got a booth. Indian Sal's is only a Mexican eating place, after all, and they's nothing to prevent folks from behaving themselves there if they want to be peculiar.

Nothing happened much at first except a fight on the other side of the room while Mazie and I was tryin' a one-step to a mean sort of tune that a sort of native was teasing out of a banjo, and an empty bottle that was flung at somebody else missed and just grazed me on the bean.

"Well, I'm glad that was a accident," says I.

But Mazie went right over to the fighters and I saw that she was goin' to be a great protection, for when she told them I was in tomorrow's races and that they might have hurt me they all looked as sheepish as anything. Some of them even came to me and apologized and said it was their turn to treat. It was not my intention, however, to start cultivatin' new acquaintances at that hour, so I excused ourselves, and Mazie and me went back to our stall.

"And All With the Help of Nothing But a Simple One-Piece Gown," I Says Out Loud

When I'd been in Sal's before I'd always taken hot tamales and beer and not much of them, for though I've a natural tendency to run to head rather than stomach, I'm past the age when I can face the scales without taking care to keep the good old emaciation bracketed as a winner against the food entries. But Mazie wanted to study foreign customs, and see what all those dishes with hot pepper sauce on them tasted like, and to get the burn out of my mouth I had to order moisture. Beer wouldn't do, she told me, on account of everything having to be genuine Mexican or spoil the picture. So we had some murky stuff that tasted in a way that's not fit to print, and a clear, watery-looking liquid which the waiter said had cactus in it.

I don't believe the guy was lying at that, though the only part of the cactus used, I guess, was the prickles. Still, it wasn't so bad after you got acclimated to it, and soon I was beginning to see what it was about the girl which had made me lose that morning. Beauty alone I'm hardened to, but here was a sort of magnetism, if you know what I mean.

"And all with the help of nothing but a simple one-piece gown," I says out loud.

"Latest Paris model," says Mazie.

"What do you mean, Paris model?" says I.

"I mean I made it after one of those pictures you see in the paper," says she. "And I'm glad you like it—for a wife who makes her own clothes is certainly a great help."

"Whose wife?" says I.

"Stevie, dear!" she retorts. "Is that what they mean by being a fast worker?"

"I didn't intend it that way," says I, "but since we've got this bedtime story on the loud speaker they's something I want to tell you. I just hate to think of your being out in this wild and wicked world alone. It ain't right."

"Nobody said it was," says she, leaning over and snuggling up against me. "But as I'm not alone any more, I don't see the use of worrying about it."

Of course I wasn't going to follow up this line of talk, especially with a girl who probably didn't know what it meant. Live and let live is my motto, without taking unfair advantage of anybody. So I began tellin' her about some of the responsibilities of a jockey's life, and how he can't take up with outside burdens the way other men can.

"Even his weight," says I, "might be considered a handicap except in the profession where it makes him eminent."

"You mean in case there were children," says she, "and I think you're perfectly right. A child ought always to be able to look up to its father if any," says she. "But you'll probably begin to grow as soon as you quit starving yourself. Anyway, I'm willing to take a chance. They say Napoleon was a little man."

Now if they is anything that embarrasses me it's the innocent prattle of children when they happen to get on the serious subjects of life. So I delicately suggests that if I begun to take on weight I'd soon be out of a job.

"What difference does that make?" she laughs cheerfully. "You're right there near the betting ring every day, and sometimes, so I've heard, you can get as much as twenty or thirty dollars for every one you put up."

"Sometimes you can," I admits without argument, "and then again all you can do is to put up the dollar, or dollars, as the case may be."

"There's no law to prevent you from picking the winners, is there?"

"None but this survival of the fittest they talk about in Dayton."

"Well, then," says she, "if I can tell which is the best horse the very first time I'm on a race track, certainly you ought to be able to when you're there constantly."

It did sound reasonable, put that way, and I began to think about what the fortune teller had told me, and to wonder if they could be more in the star reading and associated industries than at first meets the eye.

But what surprised me most was Mazie's refusal to enthuse over Bientot, even when I assures her that the other entries, includin' Right of Way, is to be there only for the purpose of makin' the scenery.

"I don't like her looks," says she. "I had her pointed out to me."

"Did someone give you a tip?" says I, interested.

"No, but I didn't like the color of her feet."

"We might buy her a couple pairs of white cotton spats," says I, relieved. "If you think that will help any," says I.

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PATHFINDERS OF TRADE

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

SOME years ago two American oil geologists were sent to explore certain remote parts of Venezuela. It was not only a difficult but a dangerous task, since they were utterly unacquainted with the country and would have neither lines of communication nor base of supplies. The problem of food received much consideration; also water. Upon these depended success or failure, not to mention life or death. One of the first decisions they reached was that their chance for success would probably increase in proportion to the number of boiled dinners they consumed. Therefore, when the commissary bags were finally packed they contained quite a large quantity of oatmeal. Here was a food that not only could be boiled but ought to be boiled.

These two men spent many months wandering through jungles, following likely-looking ridges, picking up bits of rock and making maps. During the course of their travels they employed scores of natives in various capacities and to the extent of their ability conversed with them. The natives looked with interest at the clothes worn by the travelers, but frankly stated that they would not have traded a day's wages for a whole wardrobe of such attire. Watches and scientific instruments did not even stir curiosity. As for the purpose of the expedition, that left them utterly cold.

"Wherever Americans Go They Immediately Launch a Spirited Campaign for Butter, Baseball and Ice Water"

A Famous Oatmeal Expedition

ONLY one item among the strangers' numerous possessions aroused cupidity. That was the oatmeal. Its flavor pleased the natives and they discussed among themselves other qualities of this exotic food that suggested its more general use in that territory. For instance, its light weight, a matter of importance in a country without roads. One man could carry on his back an enormous number of potential breakfasts. Packed as it was in air-tight cartons, the oatmeal would keep. One bowl of it, they found, would fortify a man against many hours of heavy toil. Then, too, there was the price. They not only could afford to buy it but would actually save money in doing so. Consequently they took the matter up with the merchants through whom they usually purchased supplies and in due time American oatmeal found a new trade territory. Today it is a staple food for thousands of people in that remote part of Venezuela. However, they do not call it oatmeal. Their name for it is the trade name on the packages. Consequently oatmeal in bulk, or even another brand, wouldn't do at all. The American goods hold the market unchallenged because they have been demonstrated.

The accidental—or at least unforeseen—results of foreign expeditions such as that undertaken by the two American oil geologists are often more important from a national point of view than the original enterprise. Certainly that was the result in the case in question, for the two geologists did not discover any new oil fields. Oil was found later in Venezuela, but not in the territory they traversed. The net outcome of their expedition couldn't have been farther from their original purpose. They went after petroleum and they sold oatmeal.

Many years ago a German trader settled in Guatemala, and shortly thereafter discovered, to his amazement, disgust and chagrin, that although the country was well supplied with barrooms, not one of them sold beer. From his point of view it became imperatively necessary to import a few cases without delay. When these arrived he introduced the beverage among his business associates and they liked it. Meditating over the enthusiastic reception accorded his beer, he decided that this matter was important, and at his earliest convenience discussed the matter with other Germans.

The result was the first Guatemalan brewery. Expectations with regard to this enterprise ran high. Indeed, it seemed possible that beer might become the national beverage. But it didn't. Trade increased steadily up to a certain point and then met high resistance. Guatemala would consume just so much beer and no more; all the original drinks, both native and imported, retained their popularity. The little German colony based on the brewing industry began to look about for something more promising and eventually became interested in coffee plantations. Guatemala produces certain distinctive grades of coffee that find favor in the market, and at that time the demand for coffee was growing much more rapidly than the acreage. A number of Germans abandoned the brewing of beer and went in for coffee production. Presently they and others who followed were receiving shipments of machinery, tools, electrical equipment and other supplies, all from Germany. These articles stirred widespread interest. Eventually Guatemala became almost as distinctly a German market for German electrical supplies as Berlin.

When the coffee crops were harvested and exported to Europe the German planters were entirely willing to accept in payment credits with German banks. A few lines written by a cashier in Bremen were just as satisfactory as the gold itself. This facilitated trade and stimulated the demand for coffee grown on German-owned plantations. As the business developed, these German planters would, from time to time, buy land from one another. Usually the transactions were negotiated in marks, and payments were made in bills drawn against accounts in German financial institutions. Becoming accustomed to such buying and selling, the Guatemalans also accepted credits in marks. Some of their banks began to carry balances in Germany, and if occasion arose negotiated loans there. By 1914 Guatemala was economically a German colony. But the brewery business from which these developments evolved was not much larger than it had been several decades earlier. Then came the World War.

The fact that Guatemala, following the lead of the United States, declared war against Germany did not greatly influence the course of events on European battlefields, but it brought dramatic changes in Guatemala. German-owned property was seized and presently the German colony was much smaller. In the course of a few years the American colony was relatively more numerous and consequently exerting greater influence. American goods, tools and electrical equipment were now being demonstrated by men accustomed to them from youth. Dollar credits in American banks acquired familiarity, which is scarcely less important than good reputation. Not long ago an American who has business with Guatemala returned from a long trip through the interior of that country and summarized the changed conditions in one sentence. He said, "I was able for the first time to get American mineral waters in every city, hamlet and town."

Foreign Trade to the Rescue

AMERICANS who reside in foreign countries because of their business interests bitterly resent being called expatriates. Their idea of an expatriate is a person who made his money in the United States and then of his own free will, with the whole world to choose from, decided to live elsewhere. Comparatively few Americans do that. The vast majority of those who reside in other countries are actively engaged in business, and one end of the business is almost invariably the United States. Nearly all these people are proudly conscious of rendering service to their country quite aside from the specific enterprises in which they are engaged. They see all about them impressive evidences of the value of their little colony and they wonder why the folks at home regard them almost as aliens. The explanation, of course, is that there are very few American products that depend primarily upon foreign markets. Consider automobiles, for instance. They are shipped from the United States to every continent on the globe and even to the most remote of the islands. This trade has brought in hundreds of millions of dollars, but matched against the domestic market it is relatively quite small.

In this connection there is an interesting story about furniture which was told to me by a man who was formerly connected with a large American department store in the city of Mexico.

"At first," he said, "we handled very little American furniture. In the better-furnished homes French styles ruled because the French had once set the pace in society. But as the American colony grew there was an increasing demand for American-made articles. Our furniture never did sweep the country or anything like that; still, we sold many a trainload of it. I remember a period of depression when my orders alone saved an American factory from bankruptcy. That was really surprising to me, because that factory numbered among its customers a great many retail stores in the United States whose annual sales were much larger than ours.

"We are all prone to forget that business doesn't have to decline 50 per cent to be bad. A widespread decline of 15 per cent constitutes what is ordinarily termed a panic. Similarly, if business in many lines is 10 per cent above the reasonably expected average, the country is enjoying roaring good times. Foreign trade contributes an appreciable share to those narrow margins in spite of its seeming unimportance when compared with domestic sales.

"In the matter of introducing American goods in a foreign country there has never been, so far as I know, a more striking example of the influence of a foreign colony than ours in Mexico afforded. At one time it was, I believe, our largest colony in a foreign country. In 1910 there were about 75,000 Americans in Mexico. They were engaged in a great many different industries and businesses. Previous to the period when this colony had attained sufficient size to exert much influence, Mexico purchased a large proportion of her imports from Europe. These came in principally through German, English, French, Spanish and Italian agencies, each representing numerous manufacturing firms in its home country. For instance, the same house might take orders for drugs, machinery and dry goods. They were trading companies and for the most part staffed by highly skilled men. However, keen as they were at discovering demand, they could not do very much toward creating it. Right there lies the fundamental difference between salesmen and a colony.

"I remember a time when very little American hardware was sold in Mexico; later, scarcely any other kind was used. The change came about because Americans had been going over the country demonstrating our goods by using them. In the same way they created a large demand for our locks and safes. American white linen collars also came into demand simply because they were seen and approved. The best grades of canned goods, preserves, pickles and all sorts of fine groceries won a market in the same way. There are hundreds of articles that can't be introduced at all without the aid of people from the country in which the articles originated.

"Clothing may be cited as an example. Salesmen alone can make very little progress in a foreign country with such goods. But a foreign colony will often popularize certain articles. The Mexicans, for example, liked American shoes and American white linen collars. On many other items they continued to prefer either Spanish or French styles adopted years before. Consequently, if sales campaigns had been undertaken for every item of male attire, the losses on ten items might have been larger than the profits on the few that won approval. Nevertheless, these odds and ends that no one came there to sell amounted in the aggregate to a very large trade. A department store is a particularly good place in which to discover that fact."

The Commercial Value of Colonies

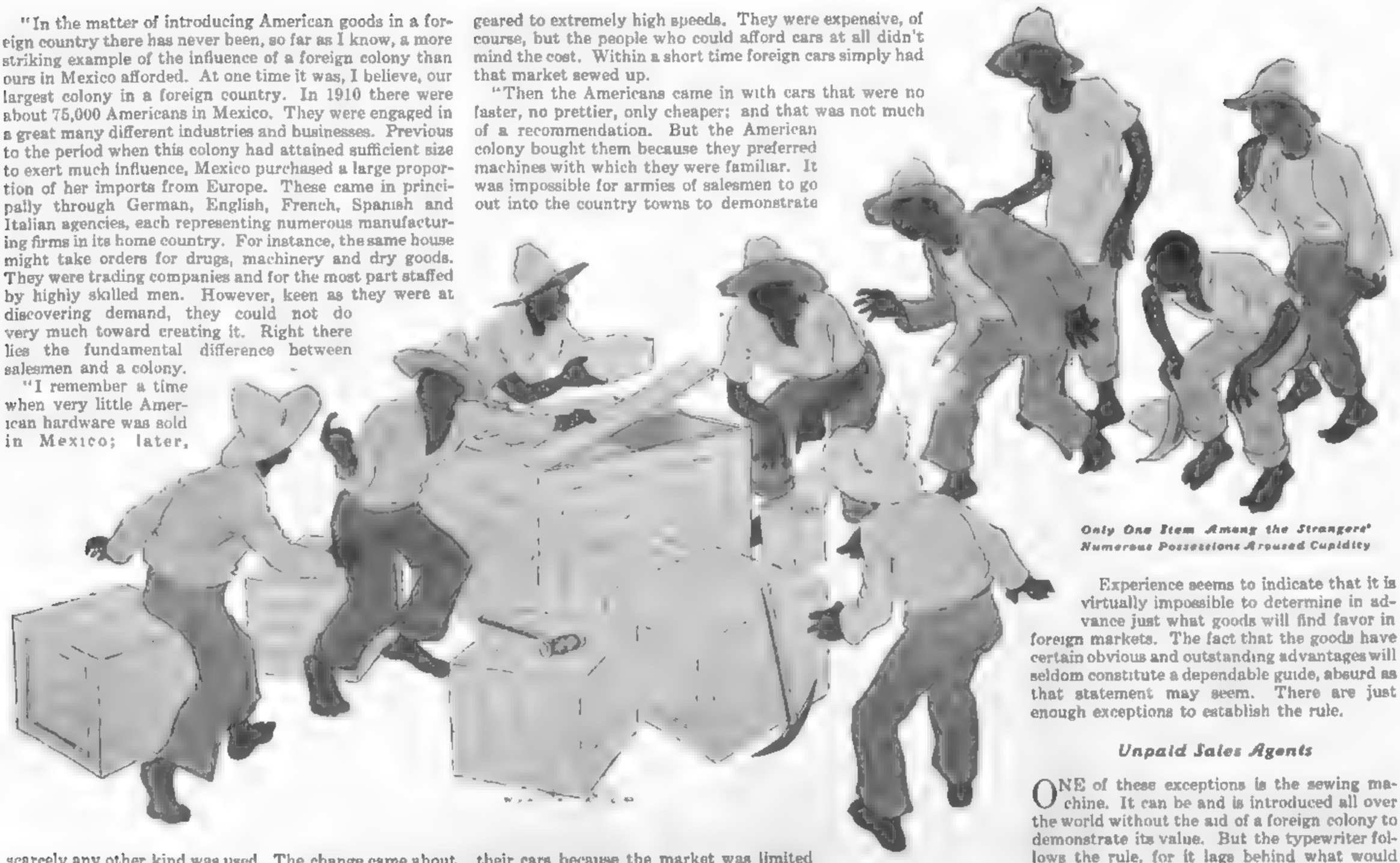
"BY THE way, I forgot to mention cameras. They were introduced by American tourists and became popular all over the country. Another interesting development was that several of the largest Mexican newspapers became members of the Associated Press. They read its news reports in American papers published in Mexico and liked the service well enough to undertake translation of it into Spanish. Let us suppose that the representatives of American business in Mexico had asked them to do that, or that the American ambassador had suggested it. The effect would have been very bad. It was wholesome and valuable for this American news service to win approval by local demonstration of its value. That could not have come about without the American colony and its newspapers.

"One of the most interesting demonstrations of the purely commercial value of a colony came in connection with automobiles. French motors held the dominant position in Mexico before American manufacturers became aggressive in foreign fields. In fact, I don't believe any American agencies existed in Mexico at the time. Moreover, conditions there were ideal for foreign cars. Around the capital were some hundreds of miles of excellent roads, while the city itself was marvelously well paved. Traffic regulations barely existed and the highways were not congested. One could drive eighty miles an hour and live to tell the tale. These foreign cars were luxuriously furnished and geared to extremely high speeds. They were expensive, of course, but the people who could afford cars at all didn't mind the cost. Within a short time foreign cars simply had that market sewed up.

"Then the Americans came in with cars that were no faster, no prettier, only cheaper; and that was not much of a recommendation. But the American colony bought them because they preferred machines with which they were familiar. It was impossible for armies of salesmen to go out into the country towns to demonstrate their cars because the market was limited and the expense would have been prohibitive. Altogether the outlook for American motors in Mexico was gloomy. Scarcely any progress was made at all until the owners of American cars began touring far and wide. They introduced an entirely new idea—utility.

"Up to that time a motor car was a rich man's toy; something to play with on a perfect road. But the Americans bumped over all kinds of trails. They went out to the mines and ranches, traveled from town to town; in short, used their cars instead of just playing with them along the boulevards. This was not only a demonstration of the machines but in thousands of instances it was also the first introduction of automobiles.

"Today American cars dominate the market in Mexico to such an extent that some of the foreign agencies have actually closed. I do not believe that such a change could possibly have been brought about even by the greatest salesmen imaginable. The credit for that change goes largely to the American colony. I do not overlook the fact that the war in Europe put the European agencies at a heavy disadvantage, but the result might just as well have been a cessation of the automobile business. If American motors had not been demonstrated far and wide they wouldn't have sold even then, because that market had been sewed up."



Only One Item Among the Strangers' Numerous Possessions Aroused Cupidity

Experience seems to indicate that it is virtually impossible to determine in advance just what goods will find favor in foreign markets. The fact that the goods have certain obvious and outstanding advantages will seldom constitute a dependable guide, absurd as that statement may seem. There are just enough exceptions to establish the rule.

Unpaid Sales Agents

ONE of these exceptions is the sewing machine. It can be and is introduced all over the world without the aid of a foreign colony to demonstrate its value. But the typewriter follows the rule, for it lags behind what would seem to be its potential market. One can prove the economy of the typewriter without very involved mathematics; but proof or no proof, the machines meet high sales resistance.

Operating in foreign countries, the Germans have won considerable prestige as salesmen, and they also manufacture typewriters; but their testimony on this subject is not different from that of Americans. Neither Germans nor Americans expect to stir up sprightly demand among savages, but they would be much obliged to anyone who can explain just why it is that they and everyone else often fail to sell these implements to intelligent, prosperous people who obviously need them—that is, of course, from the point of view of people from countries where typewriters are in general use.

Apparently the surest way to find out what goods can be sold abroad is to have colonies scattered far and wide, because they inevitably act as unpaid sales agents. Recently I tested this statement by uttering it in the presence of the head of the foreign-sales department of a corporation with headquarters in New York City.

"No doubt about it," he said. "Practically all foreign trade grows out of some accidental small beginning. A man in Nebraska can't sit down and figure out what the

(Continued on Page 80)

American White Linen Collars Also Came Into Demand Simply Because They Were Seen and Approved

A HEAP OF HUMAN NATURE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

From This Opulence McWhinney Alighted and Awaited the Slower Appearance of His Companion; But When He Came He Was Worth Looking At

"HOW'D you go today?" Mr. McWhinney asked anxiously of Peter White, as that eminently personable young man emerged from the shower of the Appletree Golf Club with a towel tastefully tied about him.

"Not so good," said Peter shortly, which surprised and grieved McWhinney—surprised him because, of all the young men who frequented the club, Peter was reputed to bear himself most worthily toward his elders, without that cockiness which sometimes makes a youthful golfer a pest. It grieved him because, at this season, an admission from Peter that his game was not up to the mark bade fair to blast a certain hope held by the pillars of the organization that Peter would bring home to grace its trophy room the cup awarded to the winner of the Metropolitan Amateur Championship.

"What'd you shoot?" Mr. McWhinney persisted, in face of what was almost a rebuff.

"Eighty-five," said Peter as shortly as before, and moved off toward his locker with the bearing of one who finds no pleasure in his companion.

McWhinney glanced at Weevil, who elevated his brows. Mr. Wills, third of the trio, puckered his eyes and peered after Peter as one who is greatly perplexed.

"Now what ails the boy?" McWhinney said. "Somethin's eatin' him. Never knew him to take a day of bad golf this way before."

"He's a good loser," said Wills.

"And I never knew him to be discourteous to one of us old boys in my life. Mac, sick 'em! Go nose it out. You're some kind of a godfather or something fancy, aren't you?"

"I'm a Dutch uncle," McWhinney said, "and I know the responsibilities of the job without having a pair of weather-bitten gorillas tell it to me. Go sit and chew up pipestems till I report."

Young Peter was slowly, doggedly pulling on a sock when McWhinney sat down on the bench beside him. Peter didn't look up. He wasn't exactly morose, but he offered a substitute which could with difficulty be distinguished from the original.

"Off on your drive?" Mac asked presently.

"No."

"Um—puttin' touch?"

Peter turned on him.

"You fellows out here," he said harshly, "think nothing in the world can ail a fellow but something gumming his golf."

"Well," Mac said, rearing back amazedly, "what else does count?"

"Maybe not with you men who've got yours," said Peter.

"Um"—Mac grunted again and puffed out his leathery cheeks—"say, what's eatin' you anyhow? Who's doin' better at your age, eh? Who's got a better start? Trouble with you boys is you want to start in where us old fellows end."

"It's not that," said Peter. "I was satisfied—last week."

"Go on from there."

"Why"—the young man scowled at his shoe—"next week I may have nothing left to be satisfied with."

"Eh?"

"And me fixing to get married in September!"

"She—Dora hasn't given you the mitten, has she?" Mac asked, becoming archaic in his apprehension.

"No. But Dora's got her health. I want her to keep it. She'd lose weight on no meals a day, and she wasn't brought up to sleep under a tree."

"Doodle bug!" exclaimed McWhinney. "You can't pull that whizzer on me. Remember, your income tax was published."

"Last year's," said Peter dolefully.

"You haven't acted like you had to pinch pennies this year."

"And I haven't. It's been a good year."

"Then why the wailing?"

"Because," said Peter, "it looks like the end of it. Fineesh! Oh, you'll have it out of me, so I might as well lay my head on your shoulder and moan my moan."

"You might," said McWhinney.

"For five years," said Peter, "I've been manufacturing parts for Hiram Clute. Had a little contract at first, then more and more. A year ago I practically turned over the factory to do his work, bought new machinery and equipment and all that. Special and darned expensive stuff."

"Yes."

"The contract under which I'm working expires in November. You know Clute was a friend of dad's. He's been satisfied, and still is, so far as I know."

"Refuse to renew?" asked McWhinney.

"Worse than that. It looks as if he and John Vance were going to combine."

"What of it?"

Peter shrugged.

"Nothing of it except that it puts me out of business. Vance is equipped to make everything. If they combine they'll have the world by the collar; biggest thing of the kind in the country—and I'll be dropping through the nice, cold, wintry air. My plant will be worthless. I might sell the equipment to the combine for a nickel on the dollar—and I've put back into it every cent I've made."

"Um—Vance and Clute in a combine. Thought they had a feud."

"Dollars are great peacemakers," said Peter sententiously. "Some genius got the idea, and has it pretty well worked out. The old fellows haven't signed on the dotted line yet, but it's just stubbornness. The thing's as good as done."

"They'll never get along," said McWhinney. "Cantankerous old birds."

"I hope," said Peter fervently, "they gnaw each other's wishbones."

"But the deal hasn't gone through?"

"Not yet. It's going. Nothing can stop it. And then I start with a pick and shovel to dig up the surface again."

"Dora know it?"

"I haven't had the heart to tell her."

"Bet you she never turns a hair. I've seen her come from behind too many times to worry about her."

"Oh, she'd be game. But I can be game too. I'd be a sweet sport to ask her to pack a tin dinner pail for me, wouldn't I? Nothing doing, Mr. Mac."

McWhinney continued to dig for details, and as they emerged so that the situation was unfolded before him he saw the blackness of it. He saw that Peter, dependent upon the good faith of a man who had been his father's friend, had erred in placing all his eggs in a single basket. He saw that years of work and thought, of planning and economizing, were in danger of being tossed overboard a dead loss, and there was apparently no redress. To sympathize was futile; it was the one thing Peter White needed least and would not tolerate.

Presently McWhinney got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "we'll hope for the best. Nothing's happened yet."

"I can recite the rest of it," said Peter bitterly. "Stick to the ship! It's darkest before dawn—and such bunk."

"Anyhow," said McWhinney, "the smash won't come till after the Metropolitan. Keep your mind off your troubles and your eye on the ball. We're depending on you."

Peter glared; then he grinned in spite of himself. . . . Mr. Mac was a good old scout even if he was a golf maniac.

McWhinney went to the men's lounge, where he knew Weevil and Wills would be waiting for him.

"Boys," he said, "the stuff's off."

"Huh?"

"No Metropolitan for ours. The boy's so worried he doesn't know a mashie pitch from a putt, and he doesn't care. Shot an eighty-five today, and he'll be worse."

"What's matter of him?"

"Business—worried about business."

"Sweet cat! Can't he put off his dog-gone business worries till after the tournament."

McWhinney snorted.

"You know as well as I do you have to concentrate to play golf. There's two kinds of good golfers—the ones who have brains and can concentrate on the game, and the finest golfers of all, who have no brains and don't have anything to concentrate with. An intelligent man plays golf by will power, and he's never a good bet. Give me a dumb-bell every time—the fellow you can teach a mechanical swing to, and it never occurs to him to monkey with it."

"Interesting lecture, but how does it avail Peter?"

"It don't avail—it eliminates. We can forget him. He'll be trying to break a hundred in a week at this rate. . . . Says his business is going flooey."

"He might turn pro," said Wills hopefully. "He's good enough. . . . But tell the tale."

McWhinney told it and a doleful silence followed. They were all fond of Peter; but they were golfers and enthusiastic for their club, so the knowing will not be astonished at their seeming callousness to his misfortune and a somewhat distorted view they took of the matter. They saw Peter's debacle, not as a thing personal to him and disastrous to his happiness but as a sort of extra-special sand pit on the golf course. It was an unexpected hazard into which Peter had shot his ball, and where he would use up enough strokes to lose for his club the Metropolitan Cup.

"Can't anything be done about it?" Wills asked.

"If those two old galumpuses want to combine their plants, we can't get out an injunction," said Weevil.

"I know Vance," Wills said. "He plays golf a lot. Maybe I could talk to him and show him what this means to us. See? He ought to be that much of a sport."

"I know Clute," said McWhinney, "and he wouldn't be any kind of a sport."

"But they haven't signed up yet?" Weevil asked.

"No."

"Both golfers?"

"Yes."

"Both cantankerous?"

"Such," said McWhinney, "as never were tabulated before."

"Um"—little Weevil screwed up his sunburned nose and shoved out the most villainous pair of golf shoes in the club—"Um ——"

"What—um?" demanded Wills.

"Partners," said Weevil.

"What partners?"

"Why, Clute and Vance—they'll be partners, won't they? Close associates. Drink out of the same bowl and cuss the same office boy?"

"Naturally."

"Gents," said Weevil, "I saw Evans use a brassy out of a sand trap once. Lord knows it wasn't orthodox, but he had to do something. I've seen a man putt with a niblick and take a divot out of a green when he was stymied."

"Why the reminiscences? Hush, no history. Here comes Old Man Arkwright and we'll be hearing about his hole in one if you don't put back spin on your conversation."

"Anyhow," said Weevil, "we want that cup, don't we?"

"We do."

"And Peter's the only boy who can fetch it home?"

"He is."

"Then," said Weevil, "we better get out our niblick for a putt."

"Let's hunt privacy," said McWhinney. "Weevil's got an idea. He shoots that hole in par."

II

IT WAS some seventy-two hours later when McWhinney drove to the door of the locker house of the Appletree Golf Club in a limousine which did not resemble in any respect the antiquated equipage in which he was accustomed to make his arrivals. There was nothing retiring or modest about this car; its lines were unique and its color scheme one which would fill a comic-opera star with amazement and chagrin. There was nothing about it that reminded one of economy, and the chauffeur's livery probably was made by a *couturier* on the Rue de la Paix. From this opulence McWhinney alighted and awaited the slower appearance of his companion; but when he came he was worth looking at. The assistant professional peered around a corner, and his hat blew off.

"Tony," he said in a hoarse whisper to the caddie master, "give a look to what McWhinney's got his claws into. Boy, I bet that's pickin's!"

The other occupant of the limousine was an elderly gentleman whose hair had turned little from its original yellow. True, it had become slightly moth-eaten on top, but it still was a very creditable crop. There was a plaid cap on top of it. The elderly gentleman's face was smooth-shaven and pink, rather long and thin, with a nose which nobody could mistake for anything else, and blue eyes which moved about with little flicks. It was the face of a man who loved conversation for its own sweet sake. The rest of the gentleman's equipment lived up to the promise of his cap. He was natty. He was meticulous. You could see he read his theater programs faithfully and believed them.

McWhinney went to the caddie master and signed a guest ticket for Mr. Hiram Clute.

"Other men here? Other men here?" Mr. Clute said, repeating his question according to custom and then waiting for no answer. "Hope they're not late. I hate to wait for anybody. . . . What made you folks build your locker house here? Why didn't you put it on that knoll?"

Mr. Clute, as will be observed, was one of those old gentlemen who would have everything a little different from what it is and never withheld criticism of other folks' actions and possessions.

"Hope you haven't any blind holes," said Mr. Clute. "Don't like 'em. Like to see what I'm shooting at. Get me a caddie who can judge distance. Did you say the other men were here? What's their names again? See if they're here."

They entered the locker house, and almost upon their heels arrived a second limousine containing Mr. Weevil with another elderly gentleman who was not at all natty. You could tell at a glance he never had read a line about what the well-dressed gentleman wears or spent a penny of his substance upon valets. He was not ponderous, but he was solid, close to the ground, grizzled, belligerent. His cheeks were of that veined, vivid red which one associates with irascibility, and he suffered from hay fever. The guest ticket which Weevil made out was in the name of Mr. John Vance.

McWhinney, with Hiram Clute, occupied the bench between the last two tiers of lockers, and thus the two were invisible to Weevil and Mr. Vance, who were several rows away. The locker boy called McWhinney to the telephone, and as he passed he nodded to Weevil as to a passing acquaintance. Bad news awaited him, with which he returned to his guest.

"Dog-gone," he said, "we're out of luck. My friends broke down on the way from the city and can't get here for another hour. Shall we play a twosome."

"Don't like 'em. Not sociable. I never play twosomes. To my mind it ain't golf. No, sir. If I play, it'll be a foursome."

McWhinney scratched his head.

"Um," he said reflectively, "there's a man I know over there with a guest. Maybe we can work 'em in. Fellow by the name of Weevil. Don't know who the guest is. Shall I try?"

"Try anything," directed Mr. Clute graciously. "I didn't come out here to waste an afternoon."

Whereupon McWhinney lifted up his voice.

"Hey, Weevil, got a foursome, or just two of you?'

"Only two, so far "

"Want to crash in with my guest and me?"

Weevil turned to Mr. Vance.

"How about it?" he asked. "McWhinney's a fair golfer. Think you'd enjoy playing with him."

"Willin' to bet?" asked Mr. Vance.

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The Finger Trembled. He Shook it Again, Because, for the Time—Though He Opened and Shut His Mouth—No Words Would Come

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

VI

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"AS I KNEW!" wailed Georgina.

"Peach!" said Mrs. Robinwood. "Is that my little daughter?"

"Present!" answered Peach, lifting her hand.

"Peach!" said Mrs. Robinwood.

"Yes, mother," answered Peach expectantly.

Mrs. Robinwood paused. Lawyer Goodman broke into the silence, at his mellowest.

He declared: "I like to hear your daughter speak like that, Robinwood. It does me good. She means she will handle and spend her own money in the interests of herself and her husband. Where those interests lie and how best to serve them are matters for discussion on which our young heiress will no doubt be glad to take experienced advice. That is what she means."

"I do not," said Peach.

Lawyer Goodman looked deeply grieved.

"Peach!" warned her father.

Peach turned toward him, awaiting his further remarks. Mr. Robinwood sought for them in the recesses of his mind

"Peach is a young girl," began Harry.

"Yes, Harry, I am," said Peach encouragingly.

"Peach," said Harry, clearing his throat for a speech of some importance, "is—Peach is—she is a young girl."

"Exactly!" cried all the elders warmly.

"Exactly," added Peach. "Young I am, and I want—oh, I do want a good time!"

"Listen to mother," said Mrs. Robinwood.

"Listen to me," said Peach, now carelessly, incorruptibly brave, as she grew more accustomed to the idea of her new wealth. "A few minutes ago you wanted me to leave home; you wanted to turn me out to work. I had either to get married at once or go. That was that. Very well, people. I won't get married at once. I'll go. But I'll go on my money, and I'll go to Europe, and marry a European aristocrat."

Harry leaped up

"Not while I live!"

"Well spoken!" said Lawyer Goodman.

"I can't help your premature death, Harry," replied Peach.

"Heartless!" said Georgina. "She always was!"

"No!" cried Peach, tears in her eyes. "I am not heartless. I am not hard. I have a heart, only it is different from yours. I have a heart for beautiful things, joy and—and fun. I want fun. I want to see the world. I don't want to s-s-settle down in L-l-lenville for the rest of my life, and get dull and do housework all day and have b-b-babies and be miserable like m-m-mother."

"Miserable! I!" cried Mrs. Robinwood. "I am a bright, happy woman"

"You are the m-m-miserablest thing a-a-alive!" choked Peach. "Always grudging and com-complaining and crit-criticizing people and s-s-saying if young girls only knew what l-l-life was they wouldn't be so c-c-carefree and happy. Well, I don't want to know what your kind of life is. I won't have your kind of life. I'll have my own. I want fun."

"Fun?" echoed Harry desperately.

"Fun!" shrieked Peach.

"You Ought Not to Have Done That," She Whispered Back. "If It Had Been Willsher or Anyone Else, You Would Have Been the First to Scold Me"

And suddenly she was gone from among them and they heard her feet fly up the stair and the banging of a door above.

"Well!" said Lawyer Goodman.

Georgina rose.

"I am her sister," she said incontrovertibly.

"Yes, that's it, Georgina. That's it, dear. Go to her," begged Mrs. Robinwood. "A great help and comfort to me—Georgina," she added tearfully, as Georgina left.

"Comfort for what?" said Mr. Robinwood, deeply injured; "comfort for what, mother? What's wrong with your life?"

Mrs. Robinwood preserved an outraged silence.

Lawyer Goodman touched his friend on the arm.

"Let us smoke outside on the porch, Robinwood. Harry can stay in and hear what Georgina says when she comes down."

Mr. Robinwood went slowly with his guest to the porch, and they walked up and down in the frosty air, trying to enjoy their cigars.

"What do you think is the matter with married women, Goodman?" said Mr. Robinwood.

"I could never find out," said Lawyer Goodman. "All I know is that it is chronic, and I leave it alone."

Indoors Harry was saying: "I'm not like you, Mrs. Robinwood; helps and comforts are no good to me. I want Peach. I like 'em difficult. Every man does. I'm just a man, Mrs. Robinwood. You must excuse me. If I could have Peach, I'd never try to train her, so help me! I wouldn't care if she never washed a dish or cooked a potato. What I want is Peach. I'll alter. I swear I will. She needn't keep chickens or get up to breakfast or bring up a family."

"Harry!" said Mrs. Robinwood sternly. "Of course she must wash dishes and cook and keep chickens and get up to breakfast and have a family, like me."

"I don't want anybody like you," said Harry. "You must excuse me. I want Peach. Listen! That's her voice that I hear up above now."

"Georgina is up there, bringing her round," replied Mrs. Robinwood.

Georgina squatted on her bed; but Peach could not squat on hers. She was flying too high in her exaltation to poise for long anywhere. Now and again she would fling herself on her bed, laughing, and then get up to roam the room again; and she talked.

"You're dull as mud as mud—as mud, Georgina! You'd never take a chance if you saw it. You'd be afraid. You don't have thoughts that—that fly, like mine, Georgina. Can't you imagine the world outside Lenville—what it might be like? The express to New York! We've never been to New York in all our born days! A big ship—a liner! Amy has a girl friend who crosses the Atlantic twice a year; she's a buyer for a Chicago milliner. And she says the dancing, and the games, and the orchestra playing all through dinner, and the saloon where you dine is just like a real fashionable restaurant! And the ship's officers all dress for dinner, fairly covered in gold braid and stuff! And she says the women wear their evening frocks every night. She says a big ship is so romantic. She says to be out on deck on a moonlight night with some lovely man is a wonderful experience. She's been engaged twelve times on trips. She says, if only Amy knew—life—is—marvelous!"

"She ought to be ashamed of herself"—from Georgina, mechanically, rocking a little as she squatted cross-legged on her bed, with eyes reluctantly shining.

"Oh, don't spoil everything, like mother. Let your imagination—let it—let it fly, Georgina, if you've got one. Can't you just see it all? Amy's friend says when you travel there's an adventure round every corner."

"She'd be only too glad to change it all for a good husband like Sam Crawford"—from Georgina, mechanically.

"She would not!"

"She would!"

"She would not. I suppose nothing on earth would make you have a fling!"

"Nothing!" answered Georgina on a high note of bravado.

"It's a good thing Papa Lepscheim left me the money instead of you."

"I should put it to better uses."

"What would you do?"

"In your place, I should make a good boy happy."

"Harry? Happy? He doesn't know how to be. Georgina, listen! I've an idea. Make him happy yourself."

"Peach!"

"I mean it. You can have Harry. I leave him for you. I'll leave you all the lingerie as well."

"Peach!"

"I leave you everything but my best suit and hat, that I shall want on the train to New York."

"You are no less than awful, Peach Robinwood," said Georgina solemnly.

"I am not awful. I am just natural. Do you remember that caption in the picture last week, 'She was a child of Nature'? Georgina, that's me. Of course you've got to take Harry, if you can bear him. Someone's got to get married and live in that house. There it is; and the chicken run and garage and everything."

"You talk—you talk, Peach Robinwood!"

"Wait a very little while and see what I do."

VII

WHEN Miss Peach Robinwood entered Lawyer Goodman's office in the rôle of moneyed client rather than prospective daughter-in-law, and asked sweetly how a young lady performed the act of taking possession of a legacy and just how quickly it could be done, Lawyer Goodman endeavored by all his wiles to sidetrack, confuse, copiously consider, delay and hold up the issue. He imaged many confidential consultations with her father, and a final molding of Peach's character into the shape her elders and betters judged best for her—for the girl was young—before the dangerous money should be legally handed over.

"There is inevitably a proper delay in these matters, my dear," said Lawyer Goodman kindly.

But Miss Peach Robinwood, thinking otherwise, departed quite suddenly for New York one evening. At supper she was with the family, at breakfast she was not; and her best suit and hat, and her silver hairbrushes and her grip and what not were missing.

The next day Lawyer Goodman received a letter from Miss Peach Robinwood's solicitors in New York, who seemed to be speedy, brisk, capable gentlemen, and who took charge of Miss Robinwood's affairs and who were arranging the sale of the Lepscheim premises and who were advancing their client the money necessary for her requirements, and so on.

"If she had asked me, I should have been only too pleased to take charge of your daughter's little affairs," said Lawyer Goodman in deep pain, to Mr. Robinwood.

However, the thing was done, and well done, and subtly done; and Peach had been taken out to dinner separately by each of the three partners in the firm of solicitors she had selected, and each had told her things about the world and warned her against every man save himself; and she had bought herself a slender silver frock and a slender silver cloak and shoes so sweet that Cinderella might have worn them at the ball.

And she had bought herself silk stockings and silk stockings, and then again silk stockings. She wore all the fairy stuff when the youngest partner of the firm of solicitors took her out to dinner and to dance.

"Don't mention it to Mr. Farrell and Mr. Levinsky," said the youngest, naming his partners; "as a matter of fact, one isn't supposed, perhaps, to take out lady clients on so short an acquaintance; but ——"

"I understand," said Peach; and so she did.

The youngest partner, in a taxi, driving through Central Park, proposed marriage.

"No," said Peach firmly. "An English lord, no less, for me."

The youngest partner held her hand.

"You are nice," she murmured regretfully. "Once I might have thought you marvelous. But now—no."

There was a telephone call early next morning from the second partner. She raised her drowsy head from the pillow—where it might lie as long as it chose—and cuddling the instrument down into the bedclothes to answer it, she smiled.

"Don't happen to mention our little jaunt to Mr. Ludovici or Mr. Levinsky," said Mr. Farrell, as they sat over a supper table that evening. "They have never understood me, and they would not understand now. I just want to give you all the best advice in the world, little girl; and I don't want you to call at the office and pay us for it, either."

"It is easy being a woman, isn't it?" said Peach; "and I know women, back home in Lenville, who think it's hard"

"Yes, it is easy," said Mr. Farrell, sighing.

She wondered as he drove her home if all men were, indeed, alike, as she had told herself when Harry first embraced her. This was the experimental reason why she sat softly passive under Mr. Farrell's kiss in the taxicab. When it was over and she had repelled a repetition, she thought, "Yes, men are much alike. It's all the same."

There was Mr. Levinsky suggesting, "A little lunch somewhere before you leave us—just you and me?" And at lunch he said that he should take it upon himself to see her off. "Don't mention that I'm coming to Mr. Ludovici or Mr. Farrell, though," he begged hurriedly; "they're younger men than I—bad example for 'em, spending time out of the office."

Peach promised.

And on the very morning that she sailed for Europe—with maid—in a giant ship, she received Harry's telegram:

"This must cease. Am coming to fetch you home today."

But Peach was stepping aboard the enchanted ship, and Mr. Levinsky, Mr. Farrell and Mr. Ludovici were all there to see her off, with permits to come aboard, with offerings of flowers and fruit, much chagrined to see one another, although they pretended amusement.

Peach was happy. She was so happy anticipating her future that she did not know she was the cynosure of all eyes as she stood on deck, young and slim and gallant, her small chin cuddled in furs, her big eyes shining above furs, her gold hair breaking out under her little hat. But Levinsky, Farrell and Ludovici knew—and they smiled.

Someone else knew, too, and smiled just as did Messrs. Levinsky, Farrell and Ludovici, if more sardonically. A tall young man in Scotch tweeds, who looked as if he owned the sea and all the ships upon it, knew. From a distance, he observed Peach; and coming nearer, he observed Peach. While his mouth smiled sardonically, his eyes were

(Continued on Page 56)

The Insufferable Willsher Laughed Throatily. "How Many Dances May I Have Tonight?"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1925

Trees and Men

WITH all the attention given to the farmer and his troubles, only a few people are turning their thoughts to what may well become before long the fundamental problem of crop raising.

The tree crop has never been treated as agricultural; but as population increases, the country will be compelled to focus all its agricultural knowledge upon the growth of forests. Nor will this be enough. To it must be added a forest wisdom that we do not now possess, gathered from chemistry, biology and other basic sciences.

It is not merely that the supply of wood will become scarce if trees are cut much faster than they grow. Cities cannot exist without great supplies of water, and this in turn depends upon huge areas of water-bearing lands, a characteristic factor of which is forest growth of one sort or another. We do not know enough about trees to grow them on the scale which future consumption will require. Trying to feed a great population with wild species of oats and maize would be comparable to the present helplessness in regard to forests.

Compared with this basic problem of human support, the sentimental, esthetic, recreational and even commercial uses of the forest dwindle considerably. But man cannot live by water alone any more than he can by bread. It is fortunate that the demand for an increasing number of park areas and public sentiment in their favor should come along just as we begin to realize the seriousness of the forest problem. For a park, national, state, county or municipal, is usually nearly all forest. Setting aside land for park uses does not teach us how to grow trees, but it does preserve some of those in existence. Much public attention has been devoted to the national parks, nearly all in the Far West. Only a few people yet realize how numerous and varied are the state parks in many states. In respect to these areas conserved for the public good, the Far West has no monopoly. Several of the Atlantic Coast states have made great strides in establishing park systems, with equal activity shown in parts of the Southern and Middle Western areas. Texas has fifty-one state parks, all received by gift; and in Indiana and Iowa, not generally known for rugged scenery, are fine examples of gorge and river-bottom country within the state reservations.

Many states have features of their own, but in nearly all constant progress is being made in the twin movements of forest and park land conservation, the areas often being one and the same. Only a reading of the recent report of a field survey of the country by the National Conference on State Parks will give any idea of the scope of the movement. In many states it is found that by exchanging and assembling scattered sections of school lands, or by the purchase or gift of the shores of lakes the water surfaces of which are already owned by the state, valuable areas can be brought together at little cost.

It does not follow that every tract which has park value should become a park, or that a park should be created wherever a tree is seen to grow. Lumbering and grazing interests have often acquired prior rights which have actual capital value that can be taken from them in justice only by fair purchase. Their legitimate commercial operations must be respected.

Yet each state, each county and each locality must strike a balance. The tourist who visits the park may add more wealth than the sometimes exploitative industries that use up forests or overgraze the forage. That is a cold-blooded business question to be decided by each political subdivision for itself. Certainly if a California county decides that more will be gained by keeping its redwoods for a thousand years or so for all men to look at than by cutting them down, it ill behooves the lumbermen to deride such a policy as sentimental. The rising tide of automobile travel is a sufficient answer to any such view.

But fortunately there are few owners of scenic property who will not accept a fair value for it. Numerous large groves of the superb giant redwoods are to be purchased at prices ranging from twenty-five hundred to thirty thousand dollars. Many of these will be razed in the near future if no such purchase is made. Each is now serene in beauty and grandeur, the pride and glory of some particular community. Each when gone leaves behind only desolation and ugliness, to be seen and felt not only by local residents but by the strangers within their gates.

These groves when purchased are saved for centuries. They become the property of the state, but may be dedicated to someone loved or respected by the donor. They are thus living memorials, more worthy than any monument, yet dedicated to a noble cause as well.

Stolen Apples

DEPREDATIONS by motor vandals in rural and suburban Pennsylvania finally became so intolerable that the legislature of that state recently enacted a statute defining as larceny the stealing of any kind of property whatsoever growing or being on the land of another. Such a law might at first blush seem needless; but after publication of the decision by a learned judge that apples are real estate and hence cannot be stolen, property owners thought it was time to get together and put pressure upon the legislature to pass a law for which there had long been a crying need.

That the new act has teeth in it may be seen from the fact that the penalties provided are fines not exceeding three hundred dollars and imprisonment for not more than three years. These may seem like rather drastic punishments for offenses which may arise from heedlessness rather than from criminal intent; but considering what rural property owners have suffered in the past, and taking into account the hesitancy of the courts to impose extreme penalties except in flagrant and aggravated cases, the law is not too severe.

During the past ten years the operations of these motor vandals have steadily become more brazen. Not content with plucking flowers and stealing fruit and vegetables, they break down ornamental trees and dig up the smaller ones bodily. They tear off great boughs bright with crimson autumn foliage, root up mountain laurel and rhododendrons, denude the pink or white dogwoods of their starry blossoms, and will not call it a day until they have a full motor load and have heaped abuse upon landowners who have come out to order them off.

This sort of thing is going on all over the country, and there is every prospect that it will continue and become more and more unbearable until state legislatures take the matter firmly in hand and give property owners the protection to which they are entitled and for which they pay taxes. In Pennsylvania the state police report that the new act is having a salutary effect and that a marked improvement of conditions has already been observed. Other commonwealths can probably secure similar results by adopting like legislation.

In the midst of a general epidemic of crimes and violence, offenses such as are here described may seem too trivial to merit public attention. It should be remembered, however, that there is a close kinship between most forms of lawbreaking. The young motor vandal who has had some experience in making a quick get-away from irate property owners and country constables has taken a lesson in lawlessness. Disregard for the rights of others and the trampling underfoot of personal obligation are the basis of nearly all our crime.

We have no right to hope that lawlessness will be brought within much narrower limits until we tighten our discipline all along the line. The tightening process must begin in the home and must be continued in the schoolroom. Small offenses must be punished with certainty and with just the right degree of severity. Respect for duly constituted authority must be restored. Submission to law must be made second nature. Not until these things have been done can we look for any radical change for the better.

Saving or Spending

IN FEW branches of advertising and salesmanship is more substantial progress being made than in the merchandising of investment securities, savings accounts and other instruments of thrift.

Until recently the advantages of saving were set forth in cold and abstract terms. To say the least, the sales arguments were not cheerful, nor did the institutions with the savings idea to sell seem to pay much attention to the lessons which could be learned from human nature. Recent changes in methods of appeal are no less welcome if belated. For surely the savings banks and other thrift agencies should have the first call upon the consumer's pocketbook and consequently upon all the arts of sales appeal.

A merchant once complained to a banker that the latter was hurting business by his constant harping upon saving money, and the merchant expressed the wish that the money could be spent, instead of saved, to bring prosperity to the community. But saving is mostly for spending later on. It is spending with plan and purpose instead of in reckless and destructive haste. If all the earnings and savings deposits were spent forthwith, there might be a momentary flush of local prosperity in the neighborhood of such foolish waste, but the following year would be given over in retail circles to bankruptcy proceedings.

Thus a bank in Chicago has conducted a savings campaign described as "Planned Success," which provides savings for Christmas and vacation expenses, taxes, mortgage interest and insurance. Surely there is no inconsistency between saving and spending in the now almost universal Christmas Clubs operated by so many banks. One makes the other possible.

Until a short time ago saving was advocated too often as a virtue in itself. Reasonable self-denial is a virtue, but it is equally true that miserliness is a vice. Saving is primarily economic, not moral, and the man who buys accident, disability and sickness insurance is not putting money aside in premiums as a good example but to enable him to spend for the necessities, comforts and perhaps even the luxuries of life when he is less competent to earn.

There is a close connection between the advanced art of savings and investment appeal and the ever broadening market for commodities of so many descriptions. The salesman for the gas and electric company is wise when he sells the householder an electric washing machine or an electric iron and three shares of the company's preferred stock, instead of the washing machine and the iron. For in the latter case the purchaser may never be able to meet the payments, while with the former arrangement in force the dividends themselves may pay the bill.

Thus does business, little and big, live and learn.

GREAT FOR GENEVA

By Wythe Williams

A BRITISH salesman in a British tailoring shop in Paris asked why the necessity that our fall suitings be ready at once, when better workmanship would be assured if we waited. We explained that we were off to Geneva on the night express, to visit the League of Nations; that we wished to appear natty for the occasion.

"The League of what?" said he.

"The League of Nations." He looked vague.

"Oh! Perhaps you call it the Society of Nations, like the French."

"Society of Nations!" he exclaimed, light breaking finally. "My word, sir, is that still going on?"

We were shocked. Exactly 307 journalists, gathered on the shore of Lake Leman, were sending daily dispatches throughout the world, recording the activities of the sixth assembly of the League of Nations, its avowed purpose to achieve international peace and security—open, just and honorable relations among at least the fifty-five nations comprising its membership. Of these journalists, forty-four came from France, where the tailor lives; twenty-nine came from his native land, and an even dozen from his home town. We left him in his complacent ignorance and caught the train to Geneva.

Switzerland demands no passport visas from American visitors. But at that, the way is diversified by a few bowlders. The night express arrives at the frontier at six A.M. An hour before, we are warned to dress. Crossing from France into either Belgium or Italy, the customs inspectors enter the train, so that the only physical effort is to point out the baggage while lying in the berth. Not so when en route to the League of Nations. We are informed that we must get down from the train in the chilly dawn, with all baggage. We follow the crowd down steps, through a long tunnel, up other steps, and find ourselves at the end of a long line in the bleak *salle des douanes*. In half an hour or so we have had our valises ransacked, the authorities have asked if we are gold smugglers and we have said no. Happily, we still have three minutes left to close valises, gulp breakfast and scramble on the train.

But hurray, we are now in Switzerland! It looks just like the milk-chocolate illustrations—dewy, milkmaidy, uncompromising sun and champagnelike air. The Alps look grand, and we are all pepped up for the League.

Geneva! Porter, just push this luggage into the bus for the Hotel Angleterre. Customs first? Oh, no; we did that an hour ago. But it develops that that was just the French customs. At Geneva we do it all over again for the Swiss. We explain naïvely that we go to the League of Nations, and that perhaps examination may be waived. Our credentials? No; no credentials. We have just dropped in from Paris, visiting, as it were. We gather that had we waited in Paris for official papers, the way might have been smoother. We remember all at once an individual the night before, on the station platform at Paris, a sallow person who might have been from either Portugal or Honduras. His French was as accentish as our own, so we couldn't tell from that. He was excited. A porter had insulted him, he told the conductor—about a tip. He loved France—very much. He told the conductor that too, and any interested passengers. But after all, he was a somebody, and a nobody could not insult him, no matter how much he loved France. We saw him again at Geneva. Yes, he belonged. He had credentials.

Geneva is a beautiful city and the autumn is a delight. Back in 1919 Geneva was worried a bit as to whether the League of Nations would settle there. Brussels had claims, and other places yearned to be permanent host to the august body that evolved from the Peace Conference at Versailles. Brussels afterward charged that President Wilson had diverted the League's *siège social*, as the French call it, away from any place where there were vivid memories of war. Brussels, of course, was full of them, and anyway its climate is bad. Also Geneva has many first-class hotels, facing the beautiful lake, to accommodate the crowd. Geneva is unsullied. Pure air, pure water, the very place for thoughts and endeavors that were to be Alpine in their purity. Geneva became the inspiration—Geneva has the League.

We arrive on Sunday. Our room at the hotel is not ready until an

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WATCH THE BALL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. Leeming's Lawsuit

THIS is the story of Mr. Marcus J. Leeming who had a law suit. Mr. Leeming was in the wholesale hay-and-feed business which has practically nothing to do with this tale. Neither has the fact that he had short red hair, wore glasses and disliked artichokes.

On May 15, 1908, Mr. Leeming loaned his friend, F. Smith, the sum of five dollars. F. Smith was buying a steam yacht and was short of ready cash. On June twenty-eighth, Mr. Leeming wrote F. Smith and asked him to return the five dollars; on July ninteenth, he wrote and asked him please to return the five dollars; on September eleventh, he wrote and asked why the devil he didn't return the five; on October ninth, Mr. Leeming called at the offices of his lawyers, Messrs. Denkowitz, Denkowitz, Denkowitz and Denkowitz.

"I wish to see Mr. Denkowitz," he said to the young lady who was busily manicuring her nails at the telephone desk. Her name was Miss Petherbridge, and she had once been Miss Blankville, Illinois, in the Atlantic City Pageant.

"Mr. W. S. is in a conference," said Miss Petherbridge, daintily trimming the cuticle.

"I always push it with an orange stick," said Mr. Leeming. This broke the ice and they soon became fast friends.

After a lapse of several days or hours, as the case may be, Mr. Leeming was ushered into the office of Mr. W. S. Denkowitz.

"I wish to sue F. Smith who owes me five dollars," said Mr. Leeming.

Mr. Denkowitz rang for his secretary.

"I want to dictate some letters," he said, dictating some letters.

"Now," he said, turning to Mr. Leeming, "the question is whether your action lies in contract or tort. It's a pretty point; a very pretty point."

"I'd like to get my five dollars," said Mr. Leeming.

"Certainly," said W. S. Denkowitz, pulling down a lot of books from the shelves behind him. "We could obtain a writ of *scire facias*, but what would be the use? Absolutely none."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Leeming indignantly, for he had been brought up very religiously.

"I'll charge you two hundred and fifty dollars as a retainer," said Mr. Denkowitz. "We can agree upon a fee later."

Mr. Leeming gave him a check for two hundred and fifty dollars and departed happy. Three months later he dropped into his lawyer's office.

"Smith has filed a counterclaim, charging you with alienating his wife's affections," said Mr. Denkowitz. "He is asking fifty thousand dollars' damages."

"He hasn't any wife," said Mr. Leeming. "He's an orphan."

"So much the worse for us," replied his lawyer. "You'll have to deposit a thousand dollars to cover the costs in this action. And I want a check for fifteen hundred dollars in payment for the work I've done up to date."

Mr. Leeming went to his bank and drew out all the money he had and returned with it to his lawyer.

"Do you think I'll win my case?" he asked anxiously.

"I know," smiled Mr. Denkowitz. "You have the usual layman's attitude. This is an important case, and every important case has handwriting experts. They impress the jury. Now I can get Baff for a thousand and Plaff for the same price. They're the best in the city."

"But I haven't any money ——" said Leeming.

"Now don't be penny-wise and pound-foolish," said the lawyer sternly. "You want to win your case, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then bring me the money tomorrow."

That night Mr. Leeming robbed the First National Bank, was caught and arrested and sentenced to ten years in the state prison.

Several weeks later, as he was engaged in his daily occupation of breaking stones, he received the following letter from his lawyer:

"Mr. Marcus J. Leeming, No. 49,875, State Prison.

"*Dear Sir:* Your case was on the calendar yesterday, the 14th inst. Owing to an unfortunate oversight our clerk who was sent up to answer the case "ready" was delayed. Consequently when the case was called there was nobody in court from our office and the judge dismissed it. Our opponents received a judgment of $50,000 against you by default.

"This, however, is merely a temporary setback. We shall start your action *de novo* and I have every hope of our ultimate success. We shall also appeal from the judgment against you. Will you kindly send us a check for twenty-five hundred dollars to cover preliminary expenses and disbursements?

"If you don't, we can appeal," said W. S. Denkowitz cheerfully.

The following year Mr. Leeming sold his house to pay another installment of his lawyer's fee, and moved into lodgings. His wife took in washing to help out the meager family income. Every Friday afternoon she would take her earnings down to Mr. Denkowitz to pay the costs of another motion that had been made during the current week.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Denkowitz to his client one afternoon, "that we'll have to have handwriting experts, if we expect to win our case."

"Why?" asked Mr. Leeming. "There's no handwriting in this case."

"Hoping you are enjoying your stay up the river, we are

"Sincerely yours,

"Denkowitz, Denkowitz, Denkowitz & Denkowitz.

"Dictated but not read."

The following morning Mr. Leeming was transferred from the state prison to the State Hospital for the Insane.

—*Newman Levy.*

"Oh, You Were So Long, I Sent Around the Corner and Got One From the Delicatessen Shop" DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

In Conference

THE busy men of business, they bear a heavy burden
For they must toil from nine to five—or maybe ten to four,
And quickly dulled were snappy thought did they not have the happy thought
To hold a solemn conference behind a guarded door.
Stenographers and office boys
To deepen its impression
With stern, uncompromising poise
Protect the sacred session.
You want to see the boss? Oh, gee!
It simply can't be done, sir!
For he is in a conference, a conference, a conference,
A most important conference,
And can't see anyone, sir!"

The busy men of business, they are very, very human
And find it most restorative to minister to pride,
And so a locked sanctorum in they hold a daily forum in
A manner hinting grave affairs to everyone outside.
Oh, what a pleasant circumstance
To have the clerks averring,
"You cannot see him—not a chance!
He's busy now conferring.
We wouldn't dare disturb him there
He'd fire us sure as fate, sir.
For he is in a conference, a conference, a conference,
A most important conference
And you will have to wait, sir!"

The busy men of business, they sit at ease debating
And when they've spent a soothing hour in talk of this and that,
Resume their labors pleasantly, and their employer presently
Announces his decision, made before they had their chat.
But going blithely back to work
Each one in proud elation
Imparts to office boy or clerk
This private information:
"All set! At last our trouble's past
And—well, I guess it's my due,
For when we met in conference, in conference, in conference,
In most important conference,
I made 'em see as I do!"

—*Gorton Carruth.*

How Road Signs Should Read in the Winter

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING GOPHERBERG!

IN WHICH there'll be nothing doing until the tourists come back this way in May. The proprietor of the Vanderbilt Hot Dog Stand will return to his official winter job of dog-catcher.

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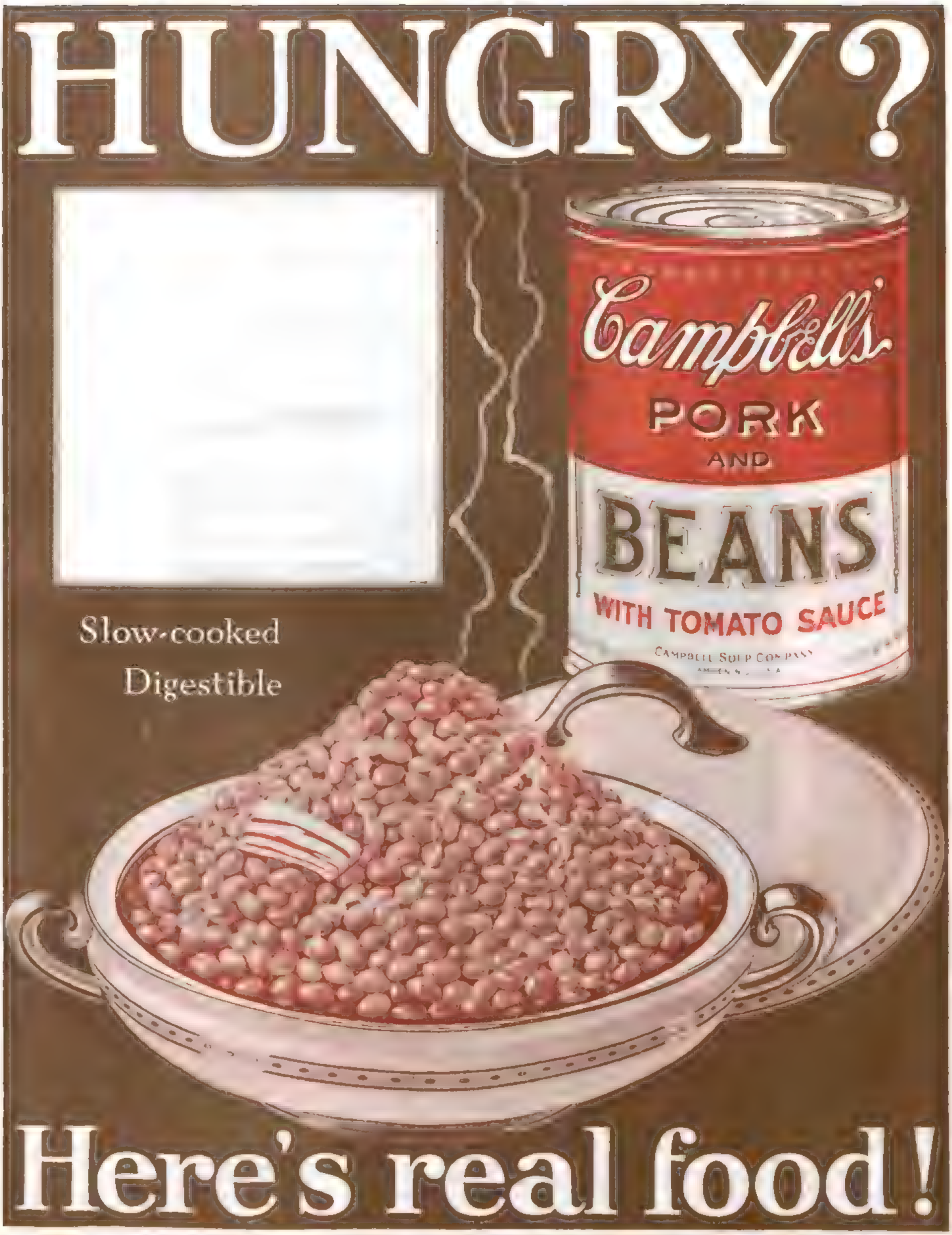
HUNGRY?



Slow-cooked
Digestible

Here's real food!

I WANT TO BE A LADY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

VII

Then anon Sir Launcelot waked and set him up, and bethought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so he heard a voice that said, Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the figtree; therefore go thou hence.

OUT of the confusion of that night's happenings in Pinto and the events that had gone before it, it would be hard to picture the reflections of the man sprawled out on the back of the loping pony when he first came back to his senses. They were mixed, to say the least.

The prairie night was silent and serene, the stillness broken only by the thudding of the pony's feet as it sped along; though it was neither his surroundings nor how he came to find himself on a horse that impressed itself on Farlow. A pang of throbbing pain was his first sensation; and groaning, he put a hand to his head, wondering when his fingers touched something warm and sticky. The same something, too, was oozing down his cheek; and dully, then, he remembered the mob, recalling hazily how it had hooted and catcalled at him and Judy Caswell. All this, however, was vague, only momentary. As brief and vague, too, was the remembrance that the mob had fled, driven to flight by the knot of men on horseback; and though he recalled how two of the men had closed in on him afterward, yanking him from his feet with a lariat one of them had flung over his head and shoulders, he was too dazed yet to dwell on that. What was to him of far more significance was the point of time impressed on him through the long wait that day in Pinto. At eight o'clock, at any rate, the eastbound special was due; he could think only of that. He must catch the train—it was to take him home; and summoning all his strength, he tried to heave himself up in the saddle and shout.

What were they doing? Were they crazy? Why was he being carried off like this? "The train! Take me back!" shouted Farlow.

He might have spared himself the effort.

Only an indistinguishable murmur came from him; and weak and limp, as he fell back in the saddle, from across the prairie came a long, echoing hoot, the whistle of a railroad engine. He needed no one to tell him it was the same train he had meant to take back East, back home. That was not all either. Something else had dawned on him. It was the discovery that he was roped to the saddle, a line trussed about his waist and legs; while at his side cantered another rider, the rider's arm gripping him securely as they forged along.

Who the rider beside him was he neither knew nor thought. Awake but fuddled, he tried to piece together what was taking place. Had that crack-brained relative of his, his uncle, still lived, he would have thought him responsible; but his uncle was dead, besides which it was unbelievable that Harbison could have had any hand in the other happenings, the doings of that girl especially. Then, his other senses clearing, he awoke to still another discovery—the fact that the rider at his side was not his only companion. Others rode along behind; and awakened to the knowledge, he listened momentarily to the murmur of their voices.

Two men were doing the talking. Said one:

"Hit's sixty-four mile thataway round, Hog, 'nd sixteen less if you goes by Wickiup!"

"Wickiup, your gran'ma!" retorted the other. "Truby hisself he tells me t' hit up Dead Cow fust off, then hike right over the ho'sback down to tree line again. Tha's wot Truby hisself sez; 'nd you c'n take hit from him, too, whichever way you goes, it ain't goin' to be like haulin' no lunch basket to no Sunday-school picnic, Doze!"

"Wal," rejoined the other, "don't worry none. She-all 'll settle whichaway me 'nd you goes."

He had just spoken when the rider alongside Farlow slackened gait, at the same time calling to the others.

"Take it easy for a minute," the rider spoke. "I want to have a look." A match flared; a face peered down at Farlow; but he needed no glimpse of the face to know whose it was. He had heard the rider's voice; and not even the thudding of the ponies' feet or the swift rush of the night air as they galloped along could mask its familiar tone. Struggling, he tried again to sit up in the saddle. "Let me up, do you hear!" he swore.

Out of the dark, with a sudden scurry of hoofs, the two other ponies with their riders emerged swiftly. So far Farlow's captor had struggled with him silently, saying nothing, and, when he fought, merely tightening the vise-like grip of the arm wrapped about him. But now she spoke. "Keep off there!" she cried sharply; "you've done damage enough. I can handle him!" No doubt of it. Helpless, the man struggling with her realized it, and he gave in dizzily. As he fell back in the saddle he heard the other reply.

The man's tone was mumbling and apologetic. "I on'y hit him a wipe. He ain't hurted none—not so's to speak, anyhow."

Maybe not; but as she spoke again her words were tart and resentful. "You keep your hands off, just the same! I'll handle him if any handling is needed!"

Dazed, Farlow listened.

So this was it! This was what was happening! Any explanation of what it meant, though, was far from enlightening the man trussed to the pony's back; and he looked up at the figure loping on alongside. "Say," he said thickly, "what's your game, anyway?"

No reply. Touching her pony with a heel, she rode on faster, dragging his horse along with her. Over the rim of a near-by rise a light had sprung into view.

The light was the gleam from some settlement—a ranch, it was evident; though this was of little moment. Darting up the low slope, the horses turned abruptly away from the lighted habitation, and skirting a thicket of buckbrush edged at the back by a line of slender cottonwoods, their round boles gleaming spectrally in the starlight, they plunged down the bank of a stream and went splashing across the shallows. However, the dazed captive knew well enough where he was now. The stream was a stream he knew, the Cayuse; and the lighted ranch house he knew also. Stopping all at once, the rider beside him abruptly raised her voice, shouting a shrill halloo.

From out of the dark downstream the shout was answered, the silence stirred from hill to hill by its echoes. "A-comin'!" boomed back the voice; then, "Ever'thing all set up thur?"

"Hop along, felier; don't you be hinderin' none!" one of the two men behind shouted back; and there came an answering whoop, "On our way, Doze! We'll be thur!"

An uproar of shouts and a wild splashing sounded from down the stream; and his face sullen while he watched, out of the dark Farlow saw a line of ponies emerge, each

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"I Can't Talk When You Keep on Scowling. I Haven't Done Anything to You. It's the Other Way Round, if Anything. Try to Look a Little Pleasant"

THE · STANDARD · OF · THE · WORLD

We would be a little less than human if we were not proud of the status of the new 90-degree Cadillac.

The country's best citizenship frankly proclaims it the car of cars—the very best that human skill can build, or that money can buy.

Putting this preference on its lowest plane—trying to estimate the worth of Cadillac reputation in money—the imagination can not measure its value.

As we would be a little less than human if we did not prize this precious preference

So we would be a little less than sane if we did not protect it.

Every consideration of sense, and business acumen, and sentiment, requires that the Cadillac shall be made better and better in the future, as it has been in the past.

In principle the new 90-degree Cadillac whose excellence the whole world celebrates today—is the same Cadillac as the first of its type, refined and beautified with infinite patience and unremitting zeal.

We promise you that the Cadillac of tomorrow, or a thousand tomorrows hence, will be the same splendid car, progressively improved—Cadillac in quality, Cadillac in high purpose, Cadillac in unsurpassed performance.

Lawrence P. Fisher
President

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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pony laden with a pack, and the packs revealed clearly in the starlight. He was no fool. As well as anyone, however else he might be lacking, he could put two and two together; and it was these horses with their packs that gave Farlow his first surmise. He could not believe it then. Why him? What was the motive too? However, he was left little time to ponder that; for what happened then was hurried, no moments lost in the doing.

Two men were with the pack ponies; hands, no doubt, from the ranch. And after a few words with the two men, Farlow and the figure beside him silent, the ranch hands drew aside and stood there, they and their whinnying mounts outlined in silhouette against the background of the night sky. Farlow could see them stare toward him curiously. He said nothing, though, making no appeal to them; for by now he knew well enough that would do him little good. Then the rider beside him clucked to her mount, and the bridle of his pony still gripped in her hand, she pushed on up the bank. Dumb, he slouched down in the saddle.

The dark loom of Painted Horse lay straight ahead, the trail the pack train took bent toward its shadowy sides and the deep gulches and box cañons beneath it. But beyond Painted Horse was—what? That was the question milling through the mind of the man slumped down in the saddle; and as the ponies picked their way up the rise he had the answer almost instantly.

It came as one of the men left behind raised a parting shout. "Hey thur, Dozey! Regards to th' folks up Clawhammer way!" he yelled, the yell followed by a laugh.

"You bet!" was the laconic response; and another laugh resounded. Farlow heard it with a jolt.

It was the name that had done it. He had heard of the Clawhammer. Back in Pinto, more than once he had listened to men telling of the country back there; and as his horse lunged on, the silence broken only by the creaking of the saddle and the thudding of its hoofs on the stony hillsides, through the long quiet of the darkness he sat plunged in sullen bewilderment, his mind still struggling with what had happened, was happening.

Hours afterward he still was puzzling with it when a faint, wraithlike glow stole in at the edge of the starlit sky.

VIII

DAWN breaks with an austere solemnity all its own back in among the hills. The word "hills," however, would be a scant description for those tumbling heights under whose shadows the pack train threaded its way at daybreak. Behind it now the loom of Painted Horse lay far away; and near at hand was that other country, the Clawhammer, an array of sky-climbing peaks and crags faced with rock slides and the walls of beetling precipices. Capped with snow and marching on into the infinity of the distance, they frowned down on the solitude, their staring silence magnified in the wan light of the coming day.

It was a solitude, too, that otherwise led the onlooker involuntarily to catch and hold his breath. The trail led northward, winding its way through the stony niches of a pass; and mounting steadily, at times the narrowing track crept along the face of some cliff or rock slide, the gulf beneath its edge a sheer drop to the floor of the valley far below. The foot trod hazardously here. A misplaced step or even a mere vibration sent tons of trap rock cascading into space; and in these quick slides one had in lesser form a mimicry of other perils quicker and more deadly. It was spring, for one thing; the slopes still were banked with snow; and once the rising sun warmed the drifts high above, hill and valley would boom with the roar of snowslides, trees, rocks and all else leveled in their course as they carried destruction on before them. Heedless, though, the pack train still pressed on.

All the night it had traveled steadily, a belled horse out in the lead, the faint tinkling of that small signal musical in the stillness of the starlit night. At odd times, when the trail thinned out or grew misleading, a figure on a pony pressed up from the rear, and with low cries and the whistling of a quirt the lead horse was urged on again. Then, as the trail grew clear once more, the figure fell back as before, he and the two others there revealed only by an occasional murmur of their voices, the words barely audible. In the outfit, though, was one figure that never spoke now and seldom moved. Never in his life had Farlow felt so wretched or so sick; and his eyes dull and feverish, he gazed stonily ahead.

The horse he had been set on was a stout-limbed, lithe-legged animal with a reaching stride; and though its rider felt himself dizzy and stupefied, his head throbbing with the welt he'd had, he still had managed to cling to his seat. Sullenly he was waiting; though what he awaited not even he could have suggested. Now, too, the riddle of what was being done to him was augmented by still another puzzle. It was the doings of that girl. Out on the railroad, true, the scene there, though queer, had seemed plausible enough when it happened; but what he had still to get clear in his mind was why all that business had been necessary. If she hadn't meant to go through with what she'd proposed, what had been her motive? Of course what she'd said may have been only a trick to get him back to the town yet this, if so, only made what she'd done afterward seem still more inconclusive.

Why had she wished to get him back? And what was the why for the rest of it? He had left the town, brushed the dust of it from his feet forever, as he'd hoped; yet she had come after him to drag him back. Why? Why, too, once she had him there, had she and those men, her two bullies, run him off like this into the wilds? But though his mind cracked with the effort of trying to solve all this, of one thing was Farlow deadly certain. It was a certainty backed up, too, by a half-forgotten memory—a recollection of the time, that night now long ago, when he'd first laid eyes on her out at the Cayuse ranch.

At all events, Farlow repictured to himself that episode staged there in the corral—the drama of the tall, slim girl, her jaw set and her face fierce and vindictive, riding to a standstill the horse that had killed her father; and the occurrence was significant. Whatever she set out to accomplish she would do; and it would be regardless, too, of the consequences, the result either to herself or whoever stood in the way.

Yes, she'd do that. She and her square, firm chin showed that. It was shown, too, in the glint of her hair—bronze, reddish bronze, flaming in the dawn like metal. There were her eyes as well—gray, steady, unafraid. Brunhild, Fredegunde, Boadicea—they all had hair and eyes like that; and this and the rest of it revolving like a phantasy in his fevered head, Farlow was still debating it when daylight broke, and the peaks and crags surrounding him thrust out their summits in the dawn.

"Wait, Rand!"

It was the sound of her voice calling sharply that roused Farlow from his reflections. Stirring themselves, the two men had headed off the belled horse in the lead; and halted now, both it and the other pack ponies had dropped their heads and were cropping at the frosted herbage. A small park, one of those upland vales lying in among the hills, surrounded them, a mirrorlike tarn set down like a jewel in its center; and cantering toward him, the girl bent over and took Farlow's mount by the bridle. "What do you want?" he demanded thickly.

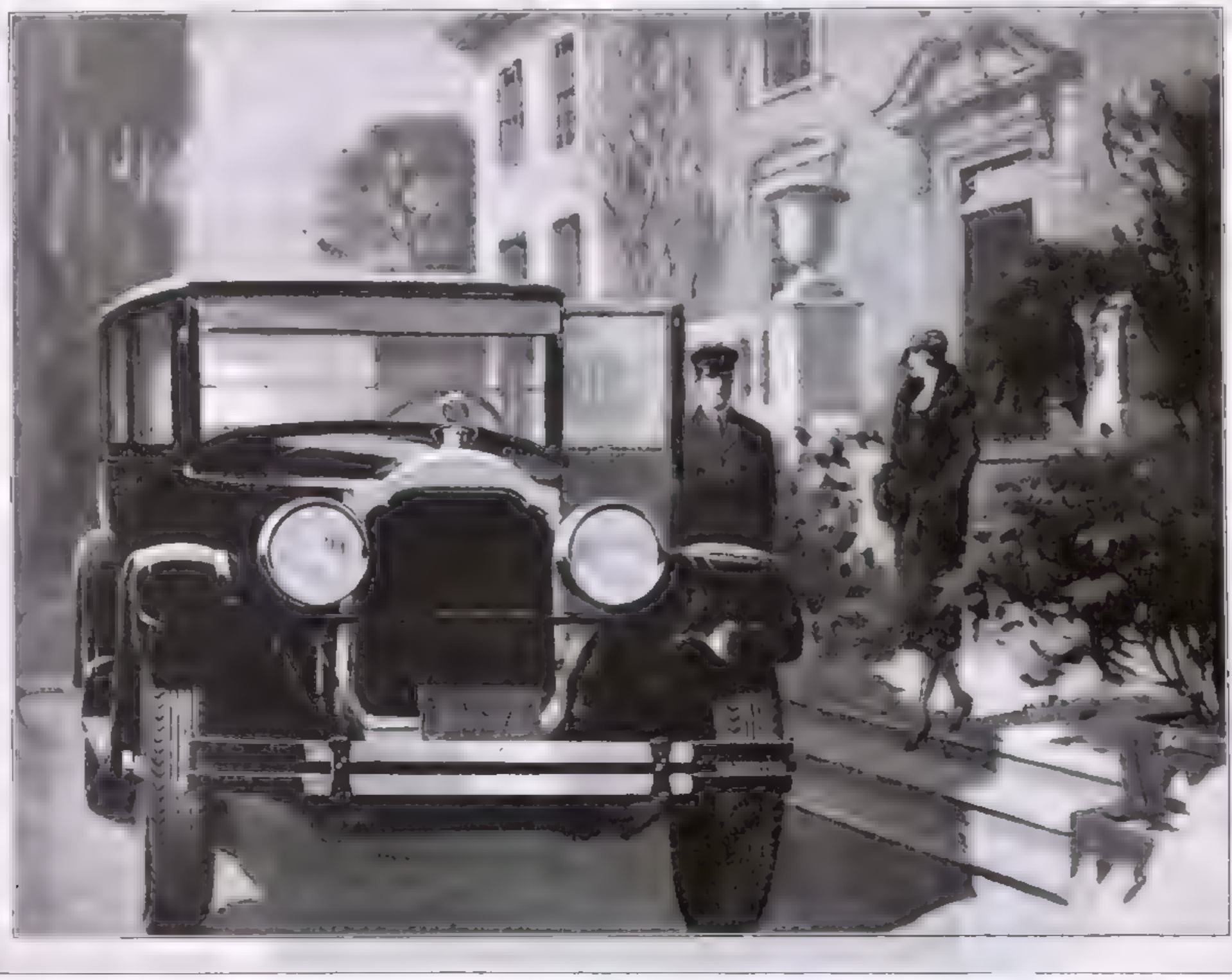
She already was out of the saddle, and unhitching the line that held him to the saddle. "We're stopping for breakfast, that's all," she answered calmly.

Farlow slid stiffly out of the saddle.

Long before this he had felt he could go no farther. His head burned, the blood was matted thickly in his hair; and

(Continued on Page 112)

Never in His Life Had Farlow Felt So Wretched or So Sick and His Eyes Dull and Feverish, He Gazed Stonily Ahead



A New Measure of Fine Car Excellence

THOSE who had owned Packard cars for years were convinced that the Twin Six was the ultimate Packard. They did not believe it was possible to improve upon it.

But now these veteran Packard owners are buying new series Packard Eight cars.

And they say that the Packard Eight has qualities they had never learned to expect in any car.

The new Packard Eight cars give their owners:

Wider, more comfortable and luxurious bodies which retain all of the traditional Packard grace and beauty;

More and still smoother power combined with a new ease of control and freedom from gear-shifting;

An unusual economy of operation;

And, best of all, the new improvements—the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier which double the life of the car. More, they emancipate Packard owners from the drudgery of constant oiling and greasing operations. On the new Packards proper lubrication is almost automatic.

The owners of Packard Eight cars have had to revise their ideas of how good a fine car can be.

The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan Limousine is illustrated—$5100 at Detroit. Packard Eight and Packard Six both are furnished in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard distributers and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa

IT WAS a new sensation to be under private management after twelve years of official life in Washington. During the two tours I made with the Marine Band under the management of David Blakely I met him only a few times, when we started the tour and when we settled up at the close.

Blakely had been manager of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra for several tours and had also managed Gilmore's Band a number of years. He told me that he had gone to Europe after his split with Gilmore to find a conductor to take his place in popularity, but had come back from Europe empty-handed; and by chance happened to be in Chicago when we played our second engagement there. He was very flattering, and he made a deep impression on me. He told me he had been Secretary of State for Wisconsin and editor of The Chicago Post, and had entered the managerial world by organizing and bringing to a successful conclusion a huge musical festival in Minneapolis. He had a splendid nose for news and wrote well, but left the route making and date making of his attractions very largely in the hands of his two assistants, Howard Pew and Frank Christianer. He asked if I had confidence in the success of our enterprise. I assured him that I had.

Then he said, "If you have, why don't you buy some stock in our concern?"

"How much?" I asked.

Not less than $1000 was suggested, and I bought it then and there. We opened our season on September 26, 1892, at Plainfield, New Jersey, and continued on the road for a period of eight weeks. On the day of our first concert Gilmore lay dead in St. Louis, having died on the twenty-fourth. I arranged and played for the first number ever played publicly by my band a composition of Gilmore's called The Voice of a Departed Soul.

We continued on the road with varying success. Sometimes business would be wretched, then when we would go to a town where I had been with the Marines it would be good. When we reached Boston, Blakely came on. He was most dejected.

He called me into his room at the hotel and said, "I'm going to close down this tour tonight." I was frantic.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" I cried. "The routing of the band has been wretched; it is not my fault. You booked me in territory where no one could draw, and now you threaten to ruin my career, make me a disgraced musician, to have the authorities at Washington laugh at my humiliation. I won't allow you to close! We have two weeks more and I insist you carry out your contract!"

He finally said, "Very well, I'll continue."

Mr. and Mrs. Sousa at Their Estate on Long Island

Theodore Thomas' Career and Mine

WE WENT from Boston to Portland, Maine, and had a very large house; from there to Lewiston, Bangor, Rockland, Manchester, Burlington and other towns in New Hampshire and Vermont; all gave us good houses.

In October, 1892, I had the honor to play in conjunction with Theodore Thomas' Orchestra at the dedication of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago. The program consisted, among other numbers, of Columbus, a march and hymn for orchestra, military band and chorus, written by John Knowles Payne, of the faculty of Harvard University. I had very thoroughly rehearsed the music we were to play in combination with the orchestra and a general rehearsal was held in the Auditorium. Mr. Thomas stopped the combination while they were playing, and turning to my band said, "Sousa Band, start it from the beginning." He began to conduct and they played, and he went through without stopping them once. He turned to me—I was sitting with Mr. Blakely in the front seat of the Auditorium—and smilingly said, "I thank you for the pains you have taken."

After the rehearsal he came over to me and said, "Let's get some lunch." We sat in the Auditorium Hotel restaurant until after six. It was one of the happiest afternoons I had ever spent. I do not think any man admired Thomas and his great ability as a conductor more than I. I believed then, and I believe now, that he was one of the greatest conductors that ever lived.

It pleased my vanity to compare Thomas' career with my own, as they were very much alike. He had played second horn in a United States Navy band stationed at Portsmouth, Virginia, when he was but thirteen; I had played second trombone in the Marine Band when I was but thirteen. He had played violin for dancing; I had played violin for dancing. He had become an orchestral violinist and I had become an orchestral violinist. He was an American, coming from Esens, East Friesland, but was born in New York ten years later; I was born in Washington and came to America on the day I was born, while he had to wait ten years before he had that honor. He had conducted an opera at sight without ever having seen the performance or score before; I had done the same thing for a German opera company in Washington. The conductor had missed the train and I conducted A Night in Granada, by Kreutzer, without ever having seen anything but the overture before that night.

It was said of Thomas that one of the greatest violinists in the world was sidetracked to become the greatest conductor. He had run the gamut from a little horn player to the conductorship of one of the greatest orchestras in the world. No wonder I was happy to be with him!

After he had ordered luncheon he became reminiscent and told me things about his earlier career. He laughed over the memory of a concert in Terrace Garden in New York. He had on the program The Linnet Polka for two piccolos, and he got the piccolo players to get up in the trees. When the audience heard the sounds coming through the foliage above they applauded the piece into an undoubted hit. I told him my first dream of a heaven was when he played Schumann's Träumerei in Washington when I was a little fellow.

"That was some pianissimo," he laughingly commented.

"You want to be very careful and always watch your management," he said. "Managements will stick very close to you when you are making money, but some of them will desert you without a qualm the first squall that comes. So beware of speculators—if for no other reason, for art's sake."

We discussed many compositions I had heard him give, and when I would grow enthusiastic over some especially brilliant effect he produced, he would inquire, "Do you remember that?" adding "I worked over that effect for hours; but I got it."

The afternoon sped, and I left only when I had to get ready for my concert that evening.

I do not believe there ever lived a conductor who interpreted Beethoven to equal Thomas, and he was the only one of the symphony conductors who idealized Wagner. Wagner to him was not a blare of brass or scraping of strings, but at times he made him ethereal in beauty. His idea was that he was an educator, and nothing stopped him in emphasizing that idea. It made him lose his sense of proportion and at times brought him into sharp conflict with his public and his critics. I believe that nearly all the captious things reflecting on Thomas were directed against Thomas the man rather than Thomas the musician, the conductor of a great orchestra.

As I sat musing over our conversation, I naturally compared his character with my own. I was tenacious of my rights, but was more diplomatic than given to irrevocable dicta. I would listen to advice, and if I knew it was no good would quietly say, "I'll think that over," leaving the other fellow with no ammunition to discuss the matter further. If I thought the advice good, I'd make the other fellow advance more arguments in favor of it and thereby convince me of its practical worth.

Educator or Entertainer?

THOMAS had a highly organized symphony orchestra with a traditional instrumentation; I a highly organized wind band with an instrumentation without precedent. Each was reaching an end, but through different methods. He gave Wagner, Liszt and Tschaikovsky with the full belief that he was educating his public; I gave Wagner, Liszt and Tschaikovsky with the hope that I was entertaining my public.

Thomas, who became the director of music for the World's Fair, engaged me and my band to play at the exposition during the spring and early summer of 1893. Our concerts were a great attraction and drew thousands at every performance.

Mr. Tomlins, the vocal director at the exposition, came up one night on the band stand, after I had played a selection of old-time songs, and said, "Sousa, while you were playing that last piece thousands of these people were just crazy to join in with the band. Let me announce that you want the audience to join when you play The Old Folks at Home."

He announced this; then gave me a sign, and with him leading the voices, we broke into Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, and before we finished we had played half a dozen songs and hymn tunes dear to the hearts of America. We repeated the experiment several times during the season I was there, with many encores.

The passing away of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore in the autumn of the previous year filled the country with sadness. Mr. Gilmore had organized and gathered together the very best wood wind and brass players of both Europe and America. He had gone into the highways and byways of the land, playing Wagner and Liszt and other great composers where their music was absolutely unknown and their names scarcely more than a myth. His concerts were tremendously popular, and no doubt Mr. Thomas intended Mr. Gilmore to be the band attraction at the beginning of the fair; but Gilmore had passed away.

Mr. Thomas had known me while I was with the Marines. Once he had instructed his agent, when his organization came to Washington with the American Opera Company, to engage my men for the extra men required in the operas for stage playing. It was not an accident that he engaged me for the spring season at the World's Fair.

On April 16, 1893, we gave a joint concert with Mr. Walter Damrosch's Symphony Orchestra which was billed as "the only permanent orchestra in New York." A notice from the New York Press records:

"The experiment of uniting the efforts of two of the chief musical organizations of the country resulted in a novel and enjoyable concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The Sousa Band joined the Symphony Orchestra and filled the stage with 150 performers.

"The volume of sound produced by so large a body of players was something unprecedented in the annals of the house. This effect was especially noticed in the concerted numbers that brought both bands under one baton, in which instances the gossamerlike delicacy of the Damrosch

Continued on Page 35

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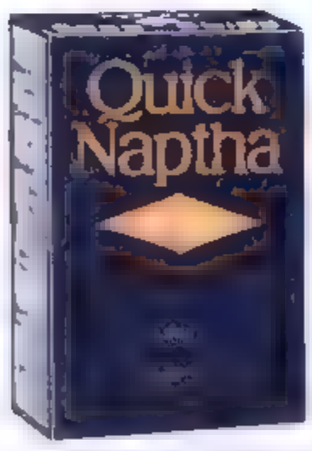
—with Sunbrite's "double action"!



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There is now one quick, easy way to do this; one simple process that will accomplish this double result. Clean your wood utensils with **Sunbrite**, the "double action" cleanser!

Sunbrite is not only an effective scouring powder, but it contains an element which has this needed sweetening, purifying power! Abrasive enough to scour off hardened particles and stains, yet **Sunbrite** will not scratch or roughen hands.

It saves more than labor, too; for **Sunbrite** costs less than you would expect of a cleanser that gives double action. A United Profit Sharing Coupon goes with every can.

Make one cleansing method do double duty in both kitchen and bathroom. As you scour, sweeten and purify, too—with **Sunbrite!**

Swift & Company

On the floor is shown the "Panama" Design - Gold Seal Rug No. 568.

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WHEN she counts up her blessings on Thanksgiving Day, Grandma is sure to include her Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug, for it's easily-cleaned, waterproof surface saves so much of her time and energy.

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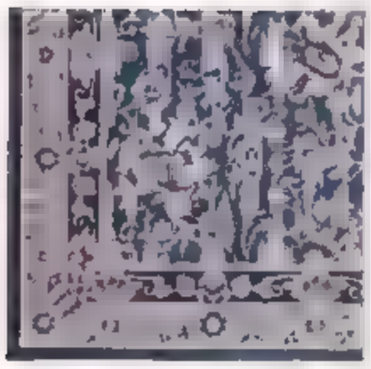

"Wiltshire" Design
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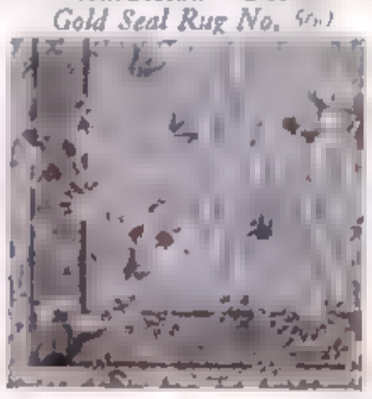

"Kurdistan" Design
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This Gold Seal is your absolute assurance of floor-covering satisfaction.

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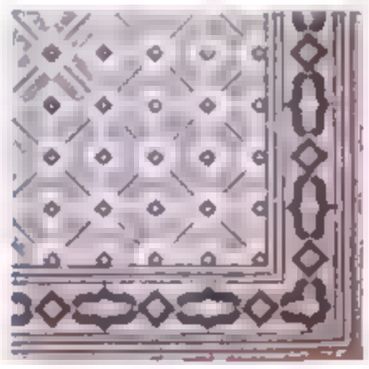

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ALWAYS LOOK FOR CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK THE GOLD SEAL

Mr. Sousa

(Continued from Page 32

strings were quite lost in the richness and fullness of tone from the Sousa brass and percussion

"The rival organizations were best heard apart. It was a contest of skill between the two leaders and their superlatively trained musicians. The audience bestowed especially enthusiastic approval on both conductors. In his charming delivery of Grieg's Solvejg's Song from the Peer Gynt suite and Czibulka's dainty Love's Dream After the Ball, Walter Damrosch won as much applause as was given Mr. Sousa for his spirited rendering of Titl's Military Overture, Barnard's Serenade Enfantine and three numbers from The Damnation of Faust. The competition between these talented conductors for the favor of the audience induced an unusually animated spirit in the musicians, and the concert was, in all matters, one of the most intensely interesting and enjoyable of the Music Hall series."

On May 5, 1893, we gave a Columbian Festival in Boston at the Mechanics' Pavilion. We gave five performances. The artistic end of it was well spoken of, but financially we just about broke even. Most of the vocal artists were from the Metropolitan Opera House. From Boston we went to Buffalo.

A Soundless Soloist

ONE of the tenors evidently doubted the financial integrity of our organization and therefore refused to go on in Buffalo unless his salary was paid him. As he had three days more of the week before his salary was due, the treasurer came to me with fight in his eye and anger on his lips and begged me to tell the tenor that he should get out.

I said, "You can't do that. We have advertised the man and the public will expect him, so we had better pay him his salary and let it go at that, even though it is not due."

The treasurer did as I said and the concert was given. That night we left for Detroit. When we started the concert in Detroit the tenor was not there—he had missed the train and he came in just before he was to appear on the stage. When his turn came, as he entered the stage, I started the prelude to his number. As the music reached the point where he was to begin not a sound came from his lips—his voice had completely failed him! I have never seen a more agonized expression on a man's face in my life. He left the stage and I substituted one of our popular soloists in his place

At the end of the concert he came to me, and, poor fellow, he was frantic. He could speak only in a whisper. I suggested he go at once to a hospital and let me know when he was well again, but not to bother me until he was able to sing again and was fully recovered. He left, and I have never seen or heard from him from that day to this.

The only other unpleasantness I had on that tour was with one of the women artists. She was extremely temperamental. I had arranged a program that included the grand finale in Lohengrin, in which the vocal force of the organization, with a chorus and the band, were used. It was the grand climax to the concert. The number before the last one was a band number.

Calling Madame's Bluff

ONE night in St. Louis, this lady came to me and said, "Mr. Sousa, I cannot understand the manner in which you make our programs. Nobody in the world makes up a program like you."

Laughingly, I said, "Well, then you should give me credit for originality, madame."

"No, no," she continued. "You have a piece on for the last number for the vocalists. Why not have a piece for the band alone?"

"Well, madame," I said, "we have a number of high-priced and excellent vocal artists with us and I believe we should climax our concerts by bringing them all together at the end."

She answered, "Will you change for me? It makes me so late for my supper, which I always have after the concert."

"Anything to oblige a lady once," I answered. "I will reverse the last two numbers tonight, but never again."

I left, and the next morning we were in Omaha. The Apollo Chorus Club assisted us, and I invited their conductor to lead the closing number

As I left the stage just after my last number, the local conductor came up much excited and told me that my friend the lady soloist had left the hall. She said I had insulted her.

"In what manner?" I asked

"She said you promised to change the program and you didn't do it."

"I didn't do it because I plainly said I would change it only for last night; but come on, we can't keep the audience waiting. I will have Miss —— take the part and it will be all right."

The number was sung and the concert was at an end, with the usual enthusiasm.

Our next stand was Minneapolis. Coming to the hotel, I found a note from the singer addressed to me. Opening it, I found:

"M. Sousa: I would like to see you at once in my room."

I went to the lady's room, rapped and heard a gloomy "Come in."

I went in. The lady was seated. I greeted her with great respect. "I want to say that you insulted me last night," she exclaimed angrily.

"In what way?" I asked.

"You promised me to change the program and you did not do it."

"Well," I continued, "you're mistaken. I thought I made it very clear that I changed the program for one night only. But you need not worry. I have arranged everything."

Mrs. Sousa

She evidently did not like my tone, and impatiently asked, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said I very slowly, "that I have instructed the treasurer of the band to fine you $200 for your nonappearance at the final number last night."

She was the maddest woman I ever saw in my life. She glared at me like a tigress, and coming over, said, "If you do that I'll not sing."

"Very well, madame, if you are not on the stage tonight when your number is called, I shall go down to the footlights and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, one of our soloists refuses to appear because she prefers to have her supper before she serves her public. Instead of this lady, who has gone to her supper, the band will play The Washington Post,' and," I continued, slowly walking toward the door, "all will be forgotten."

Madame was on the stage at the very minute that night and sang like an angel!

A Busy Season

MR AUSTIN CORBIN, president of the Long Island Railroad and owner of Manhattan Beach, had on more than one occasion while I was with the Marines endeavored to engage me to take the place of Gilmore while he was in camp with his regiment. Therefore it was in order for Blakely to sign a contract for me to play at Manhattan Beach the entire season of '93. And, in sequence, the St. Louis Exposition directors' minds were brought to bear upon the fact that I was engaged at the World's Fair and Manhattan Beach; and, as what was good

(Continued on Page 97)

Sousa at the Traps, Shooting Clay Pigeons

A LASS AND A LACK

By O[redacted] Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Me? How Come I Should Dance With You, Gal? Has Mistuh Jackson Got Sore Foots?"

MRS. HENRY REISLING, of Birmingham, Alabama, entered the spotless kitchen of her handsome Mountain Terrace home. Shuffling in her wake was a long, tall, gangling, chocolate-complexioned gentleman of apologetic mien and diffident manner who smiled shyly upon the handsome chauffeur and the decidedly pulchritudinous housemaid.

Mrs. Reisling did the honors of the occasion.

"This," she announced, "is Ameba Jackson."

Three dusky heads bobbed toward each other. Mrs. Reisling beamed.

"Ameba," she explained, "is the new cook."

Then Mrs. Reisling vanished. Ameba stood alone in the doorway, teetering on the balls of his overlarge feet and not at all comprehending the expressions of utter amazement in the faces of his household colleagues. It was Henry Gatt, the chauffeur, a person short and stocky and decidedly competent looking, who put his confoundment into words.

"Cook?" he queried.

"Yassuh," responded Ameba.

"Man cook?"

"Uh-huh. Ise a man."

"Great sufferin' toad frogs!" ejaculated Henry. "Who ever heard the beat?"

During the brief introductory dialogue Queenie Roberts, the maid, had been doing some swift and delicious thinking. Her eyes took on a dreamy, speculative light as she alternated her gaze between Henry Gatt and the new and decidedly masculine cook. It took her considerably less than thirty seconds to decide unanimously that things were coming her way. And now she advanced to the doubtful Ameba, extending the cordial hand of welcome.

"I suttinly is delighted to meet up with you, Brother Jackson."

"Hot dam!" he responded courteously. "You an' me bofe!"

"You is gwine cook fo' us pummanent?"

"Uh-huh," responded Ameba quickly—failing to add that he had undertaken this job as a means to an end; the means being money and the end being the part ownership of a hole-in-the-wall lunch room in Chicago. But it was no part in Ameba's scheme to let anyone in the Reisling establishment suspect that he was planning to leave Birmingham as soon as sufficient money should have been raised. "I expec's to remain heah pummanent for a while."

"I bids you welcome, Mistuh Jackson." Queenie injected the full force of a radiant personality into the smile she bestowed upon him. "I shuah hopes us is gwine git along elegant together."

"Yes, ma'am! I ain't doubting that."

Watching closely, Henry Gatt missed no detail. His eyes narrowed—and clouded with jealousy. Then abruptly he stamped out of the kitchen, murmuring unpleasant things about he-cooks. Ameba looked after him in bewilderment.

"What about is he angry, Miss Roberts?"

"Him?" Queenie shrugged indifferently. "Henry gits thataway. You see, men cooks ain't usual in Bumminham, an' maybe Henry thought us was gwine git another good-lookin' gal like the last cook was. Her name was Mallissie Cheese, an' Henry seemed kind of partial tor'ds her."

"I see," remarked Ameba politely. But he didn't see. He didn't even suspect that his advent had created a situation in the kitchen—nor would he have cared particularly. The fact of the matter was that Henry Gatt had been considerable of a sheik around the house. Contemplating matrimony eventually with Queenie Roberts, he had also courted Mallissie Cheese—endeavoring thereby to excite jealousy in Queenie's breast and to impress upon her his vast desirability. In this he had been signally successful. And now, when everything seemed to be in his favor, a freak of fortune had come to annoy him. Instead of the kitchen force being composed of one good-looking man and two women, there were now a pair of gentlemen and one decidedly attractive girl. Henry gloomed over the prospect of the immediate future.

But Ameba was little interested in anything concerning the potential domestic affairs of others. He had a job. It was his intention to live with all the magnificent economy made possible by the fact that room, heat, lights and meals were furnished—in addition to his weekly salary of twelve dollars. And then, when he should have paid for his half of the little restaurant in Chicago and thereafter have saved sufficient money for a ticket to that lakeside metropolis—a simple and quiet exodus from the flourishing hub of the South's industrial wheel.

While Ameba was downtown packing his scanty belongings into a single suitcase, Henry Gatt reëntered the kitchen and conferred moodily with Queenie.

"Man cook!" he vouchsafed, with fine scorn.

"Uh-huh," agreed Queenie. "An' ain't he han'some?"

"Pff! He looks like a yard of tripe."

"Henry! Is you gittin' jealous?"

"No!" exploded Mr. Gatt.

"Tha's fine. 'Cause always you tol' me I didn't have no right gittin' jealous of Mallissie Cheese when she was cookin' heah—an' I guess this ain't hahdly no diff'ent 'ceptin' that Mistuh Jackson ain't no woman."

"Mens what hangs aroun' kitchens! What I ain't got fo' them, Queenie, is no use. Menfolks doin' wimmin's work is one of the most things I hate."

"Well, you ain't gwine be heah so frequent, Henry. Always you is out in the car, drivin' the folks."

"Yeh—an' you an' that slab-sided ol' buzzard is gwine be cooin' together."

"You is jealous!" accused Queenie happily, and Henry did not deny it.

Wherefore, when Ameba Jackson returned from downtown with his brief wardrobe and installed himself in the servants' house, he received a decidedly affable welcome from the housemaid. It might almost have been suspected that she was more warm in her greeting than the circumstances warranted, a fact which did not escape the wrathful eye of Henry Gatt. As for Ameba, he merely thought that the gal was pretty nice to he'p him out thisaway—and let it go at that. Women played absolutely no part in Ameba's cosmic scheme. Time enough for them later in life, after he should be installed as co-proprietor of a successful lunch room in Chicago.

Mr. Jackson radiated a warm and rather impersonal friendliness. He was nice to folks because they were easier forgotten that way. So he was nice to Henry Gatt and quite nice to Queenie Roberts.

It so happened that he was much nicer to Queenie than he was to Henry, but that was due largely to force of circumstances. Henry was chauffeur in a family where neither master nor mistress cared to handle the wheel, and so Mr. Gatt was much out of the house, whereas Queenie was there every day and all day, save for her Wednesday and Sunday afternoons off. And of course Ameba was there, too, busying himself with catering and cooking, and since Queenie took it upon herself to explain to Ameba the eccentricities of the lady for whom he worked, and her method of permitting the kitchen to operate itself, he was exceedingly grateful to her and took no pains to conceal that fact.

The initial fortnight of Ameba's tenure of office developed several things. It brought about first the near culmination of the Chicago deal. By the terms of that far-away agreement Ameba's Northern friend started paying installments on the coveted lunch room which was eventually to become their joint property. Ameba's salary was twelve dollars a week. He calculated that what with room and board furnished, he could exist in modest comfort on two dollars and send the other ten to Chicago each Saturday evening. In three or four months the three hundred and fifty dollars needed as a cash payment to transfer the possession of the little hole-in-the-wall in Chicago would have been raised—half of it by Ameba—and that gentleman would exodust. The balance of the purchase was to be paid later out of the profits.

The other thing which developed was the complete bewilderment of the far from unattractive Queenie Roberts. She made the amazing discovery that Ameba was decidedly indifferent to her very obvious charms. At first she thought that there might be a dark woman somewhere in his life, but he confided in her that he cared not at all for women of any shade. Queenie thereupon went into executive session with herself. Here was a golden opportunity to put Mr. Gatt exactly where she wanted him. She desired to impress upon the erstwhile sheik that she was desired by other men—and more specifically, by the rather negative Mr. Jackson. And while she was distinctly disappointed that Ameba exhibited no wild surge of affection for her, yet she had no mind to let Henry Gatt know this.

Henry was already jealous. At first he sneered at Ameba and made caustic comment anent masculine cooks. But satire rolled from Ameba's slouchy shoulders like water from the back of a teal duck. Then Henry tried to sweep aside all opposition by letting Queenie see quite plainly that she might have him for the asking. This elated the fair Queenie, who was sufficiently adroit to refuse the tempting bait. Henry Gatt then grew frankly and unblushingly jealous.

"Huh!" he snorted. "Think of you fallin' fo' a he-cook! Feller what hol's a job like that ain't no man."

"Ain't he? I reckon he's powerful sweet."

"Sweet! Fumadiddles! Men never was s'posed to git sweet."

"Well," she answered composedly, "Mistuh Jackson is one of the fondest men I is of."

"Yeh. Guess you think I ain't seen what's been goin' on in this kitchen while Ise out chauffeurin'. Reckon you

(Continued on Page 38)

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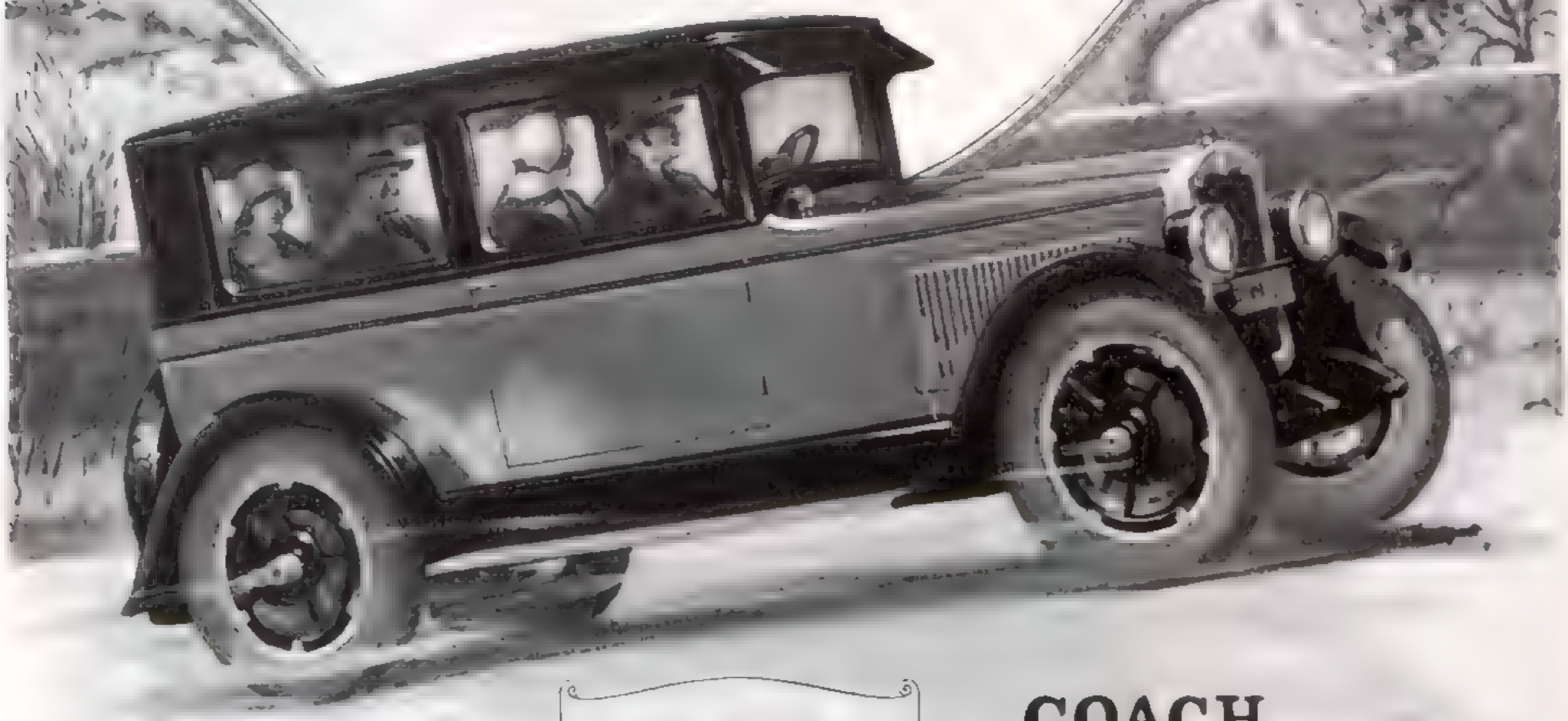

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Ameba Quested With Desperate Earnestness in Every Pocket of His Coat—Several Times. Then He Ripped the Garment From His Drooping Shoulders and Fairly Wrestled With It

(Continued from Page 36)

think I ain't seen him makin' eyes at you. Well, I has—an' leave me tell you just one thing, cullud gal ——"

She put out a restraining hand.

"Decompose yo'self, Henry, decompose yo'self," urged Queenie.

"Words what you utters! Ain't nobody gwine prevent me fum espressin' my expert 'pinion of that no-'count, slab-sided, knock-kneed, third-rate imitation of a he-buzzard, an' ——"

"Does you realize, Mistuh Gatt, that you is straducin' one of my most prominent gemmun friends?"

"I does. An' he's downright lucky that I don't bust him in two. If it wasn't that I'd mos' likely mess the kitchen all up an' git fired, I'd just about lam him one that ——"

"Shuh! You woul'n't lam nobody no time. You take my adwice an' don' say nothin' mo' like what you been talkin'. If I chooses to be frien's with Ameba ——"

"Taint you bein' frien's with him I objects to, it's him bein' frien's with you."

"Then there aint nothin' fo' you to do but lay off. Ameba is real cute."

"Cute! Fooey! Some day somebody is gwine call me cute an' then Ise gwine commit me a fust-class murder."

Queenie was exultant. Henry was in love, and utterly blinded by the grand passion, else he would have observed Ameba's startling lack of interest. Queenie's job was to keep Henry at the boiling point until he should be definitely and finally convinced that she was more to be desired than all other women. She reveled in the novelty of having Henry jealous of her, and her sense of humor found much to exercise it in the fact that Ameba was unconscious of the brewing storm.

Ameba, as a matter of fact, scarcely knew that Queenie was a woman—and the information, if imparted, would have excited him not a whit. She meant no more to him than the porter who drove the butcher's truck or the man who placed a hundred pounds of ice in the box every morning at seven o'clock. Henry Gatt, on the other hand, interested Ameba. At the end of Ameba's sixth week as cook in the Reisling home, he had almost begun to suspect that Henry Gatt was not unduly fond of him. He pondered over this a while and then took the matter straight to the dumfounded Henry.

"I ain't done nothin' to you, has I, Brother Gatt?"

Henry was visibly embarrassed. "Well no, not ezac'ly. Why?"

"'Cause all the time you looks at me like I had just et yo' dinner."

"Shuh! I guess I just looks thataway nachel."

"Tha's all right then. But I sho would hate not to be popular with you."

Ameba slouched back into his kitchen and Henry stared after him reflectively. To Henry's way of thinking, Mr. Jackson was entirely too guileless to be true. Henry was an observing person, he was, and he used his head for something more than a hat rack. He guessed he knew a thing or two, and he was no person to be fooled by the apparent simplicity of his rival.

It never occurred to Mr. Gatt that Ameba was merely dumb. Of course he knew that Mr. Jackson acted dumb, but to Henry's distorted mind that was an assumed thing, cloaking an agile mind and sinister purpose. For instance, couldn't he tell from Queenie's manner that when he—Henry—was out with the car Ameba was making violent love? He understood well enough, he told himself; he translated Ameba's innocuousness into terms of guile and craft. He wouldn't have believed the truth had it been told him.

Two more weeks passed. Ameba was proving himself a gem as a cook and Mrs. Reisling was delighted. Queenie was in a seventh heaven with the success of her scheme and Henry was sulking. He had nothing to say and he said it frequently.

The arrangement appealed to Henry as thoroughly inequitable. Here was this slab-sided male cook in constant contact with Queenie while he—Mr. Gatt—was driving the Reisling's car all around Birmingham. It was not at all a fair field sans favor. And then came the day when the Reisling's decided to spend a week-end in camp near Mentone. The car was prepared for the racking hundred-mile journey and Henry notified that he was to do the piloting.

Mr. Gatt was most distinctly averse to leaving Ameba and Queenie alone for several unchaperoned days. So he tried to make hay before his departure. He went to Miss Roberts and inquired flatly where he stood. She eyed him coyly.

"You stan's right yonder on the doorsill, Henry; tha's where."

"I ain't askin' you fo' no foolishment. I means where does I stan' with you?"

"You don't stand nowhere with me. I sort of stan's aroun' by myse'f."

"Tha's what you says. But always when I sees you standin', or either sittin', that wreck-lookin' cook ain't far away."

"You ain't jealous, is you, Henry?"

"Tha's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

A song of triumph lilted through her soul. "I suttinly is sorry, Henry—'cause Ameba and I is frien's an' I sholy aims to keep us such."

Henry departed, glum and glowering. The prospect of three days in the woods did not make any vast appeal. And, of course, it was impossible for him to know of the conversation which occurred twenty-four hours after he departed. Ameba and Queenie were seated on the bench near the servants' house, and Queenie had finally and definitely despaired of making any sort of an impression upon Mr. Jackson.

"You really ain't int'rested in wimmin a-tall, is you, Ameba?"

"No'm. Not specially an' not yet."

"What you mean—not yet?"

"Well, I ain't hahdly in no persition to git me no wife. Nor neither I won't be until my Chicago lunch room gits to payin' dividen's."

"Says which?"

"My lunch room in Chicago." Whereupon Ameba explained in detail to this charming young lady the business venture upon which he was already embarked. Out of it all she extracted a single salient fact.

"Then you ain't aimin' to remain in Bumminham pummanent, is you?"

"Not hahdly."

This was a new development. She questioned adroitly and learned that Ameba ambitioned to depart for points North within the next six or eight weeks. This was decidedly interesting and rather fortunate, Queenie reflected. It was enough time—and not too much. At the rate she was going, she figured to arouse Henry's ardor to the sticking point in that time, and then lead him to believe that she was dismissing Ameba in favor of the stocky chauffeur.

But when Henry returned from the camp on Lookout Mountain he brought with him some very black thoughts. The days had been long in that high altitude and the nights even longer. There had been nothing to occupy Henry save his thoughts—and he had lain awake conjuring pictures of Ameba and Queenie gallivanting around together, laughing at the absent swain.

He gloomed into the kitchen and eyed them accusingly. Queenie smiled a greeting and asked casually how he had enjoyed himself. Ameba dissembled even more.

"Us sholy has missed you, Henry."

"Pff!"

"We has, honest. Always us is used to you popping in unexpected-like—an' this time we was terrible sad 'cause

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"Cook?" He Queried. "Yassuh," Responded Ameba. "Man Cook?" "Uh-huh. Ise a Man"

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CITY SLICKERS

By Frederic F. Van de Water

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

TWO factors establish the sharper's rank in the peerage of slickerdom the money he gets and the method by which he gets it. Of these, the method is of more importance. The mere acquisition of cash without the giving of value in return entitles no man to place in the hierarchy.

The yegg who blows a safe and the hold-up man who robs at the point of an automatic are both outside the pale. They are guilty of coarse work. They have no appreciation of art for coin's sake. The aristocrat of slickerdom, the king of the confidence games, is he who fleeces his victim so delicately, with such perfect finesse, that the dupe has no ground thereafter for retributive action by the hands of the police or through the civil courts.

Few attain this high station. The proprietor of the bucket shop and the manipulator of the innumerable enterprises that have succeeded the ancient green-goods deliberately run more or less risk of arrest and prosecution, avoiding it by the accuracy with which they time their get-away and by the reluctance of their urban dupes to press charges against them. Only a person of colossal effrontery and abnormal imagination can hope to rob his victim so deftly that he can face him afterward, immune from prosecution.

There is one man at least in a certain large city who has done this, not once, but literally hundreds of times. While the police look on in impotent exasperation, he continues to operate his game and wax opulent. He has a suite in a great apartment hotel on a fashionable thoroughfare, a uniformed chauffeur, several cars, a valet and all the creature comforts the city affords—proceeds of a confidence scheme, so deftly manipulated that he can smile cheerfully at the glowering faces of innumerable detectives who have tried to pin something on him and have failed. After thus smiling, he sets out and works the same game all over again.

In the Hall of Her Apartment House He Is Held Up by a Thug, Probably Her Partner, Who Relieves Him of All His Valuables

Ostensibly, John Doe is a retired capitalist. If he can continue in his special game for another ten years—and no way has yet been found to stop him—he will become one in fact as well as in fiction. Mr. Doe is suave, dignified, faultless in dress and manner and decidedly imperfect in ethics. His victims are the semidistressed proprietors of small businesses who advertise for partners with money to invest. Newspapers are filled with such appeals. Mr. Doe reads them all and answers many of them.

The Perfect Confidence Man

TO THE shopkeeper or small manufacturer who dreams of expanding his enterprise into more profitable size, Mr. Doe has all the appearance of a deliverer. The glittering motor car, the soldier-like chauffeur, the opulent trappings of the retired capitalist himself, are like balm to the aspirant's troubled soul. The partner seeker pours out his ambition and finds Mr. Doe sympathetic, though businesslike.

Twenty thousand dollars? Nothing could be easier. Mr. Doe likes the look of things. He is almost convinced that it would be profitable to invest in such an apparently flourishing business. His questions are pointed and direct. They indicate a profound knowledge of trade and finance. The man who has advertised for capital begins to dream of a car and a chauffeur of his own exactly like Mr. Doe's.

The retired capitalist announces that he will invest $20,000 in the enterprise. Only the books must be inspected and the business investigated by an expert. This is Mr. Doe's invariable rule. He will supply the expert and the owner of the business will, of course, pay his fee—a matter of $1000 or $1500. Thereafter, if the report is favorable, the investment will be forthcoming. The owner of the concern agrees. The expert arrives, completes his work and receives his fee.

The rest is silence, unless the victim writes Mr. Doe asking the whereabouts of that $20,000. He receives a brief reply, setting forth the retired capitalist's regret that the expert's report has been unfavorable. Therefore Mr. Doe must withdraw his promise of financial assistance. Even then, in the majority of cases, the victim does not realize that he has been in the presence of that rare and patrician individual, the perfect confidence man.

Year by year, Mr. Doe and his expert continue to make their tens of thousands of dollars. Year by year, the police continue to hope that they will trip him up. Year by year, they don't. Their hostility and the moans of his victims do not affect his business. The city in which he operates is too large for notoriety to spread, unless the newspapers spread it, and the mere disapproval of the police which does not lead to arrest cramps no one's actions.

An impoverished member of the invulnerable aristocracy of slickerdom, but an aristocrat nevertheless by virtue of the game he plays, is the curbstone fur vender. None of the habiliments of patricianism are his. The more sinister and depraved his working appearance, the better; yet he is intrinsically one of the elect. No copper can touch him. Usually he haunts streets adjacent to big wholesale furriers' establishments. He is hatless and wears a leather apron. His eye is wary and his manner obviously uneasy as he sidles up to you and whispers, "Hey, buddy, want to buy a black fox fur?"

Curbstone Fur Venders

HE LIFTS a corner of his apron as he mutters and beneath it one catches the sheen of a black pelt. Immediately you jump to the conclusion that here is a faithless employe who for some dark reason of his own has stolen a valuable scarf from the stock room of a near-by firm. His manner, if you enter into negotiation with him, substantiates this suspicion. He looks about him continually and is obviously fighting back a desire to run

If you make a motion toward your pocket, he hisses, "Hey! Not here! Come into a doorway."

There, in a vestibule, the deal is completed. He slinks off in one direction. The purchaser goes in the other, triumph over obtaining a valuable fur piece for ten, fifteen or twenty dollars warring with whatever pangs of conscience the manifest shadiness of the deal may have wakened.

Tougher of moral fiber than the general run of humanity was a certain magistrate who, after purchasing fur from one of these manifest crooks, grasped him firmly by the arm and escorted him to the nearest police station. He was surprised to find the fur vender went so meekly. He was astonished still further when, after charging him with theft, he saw the desk lieutenant grin widely.

"This man," the magistrate insisted, "undoubtedly stole this fur. I want him locked up."

"I did not," the prisoner contradicted. "That's my own fur I sold you. I bought it."

"He's right, Your Honor," said the lieutenant, still grinning. "This here's Jake. I know him. Tried to make you think you were buying a $200 scarf for ten bucks, didn't he? We're onto his game, but we can't stop him. He buys that cat fur for two or three dollars and then sells it to hicks for what he can get. You can't hold him. We've tried it before. This impression he gives that he stole it is just his come-on."

For a minute the magistrate was bewildered. Then a bright thought came to his rescue.

"Hold on," he exclaimed, "I charge him with peddling without a license on the streets. I guess that'll hold him."

The lieutenant grinned still more widely.

"Didja buy that fur on the street?" he asked, indicating by his tone that he knew the answer already.

"No," His Honor admitted; "he took me into a hallway to sell it. I thought he was afraid someone would see us"

"Can't get him on that charge either then," the policeman pointed out. "There's nothing in the law against selling anybody anything in a building. Better let him go, Your Honor."

Automatically, the magistrate obeyed and Jake departed triumphantly and swiftly. Dismay, confusion and humiliation successively passed across the judicial countenance.

(Continued on Page 42

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Can't beat those fur sharpers, Your Honor," the lieutenant soothed tactfully. "That piece of fur you've got there is just dyed cat, and not very good cat at that. If you blow the hair, you'll find it's just small pieces glued together."

Sudden anxiety succeeded all other emotions on His Honor's face.

"Oh-h-h!" he keened as he started rapidly for the door. "That crook sold me this for ten dollars!" But though he searched, he did not find Jake.

Victims of the Smuggler Game

EQUALLY successful and immune from prosecution is the slicker who does a humble though profitable business not on the traditional shoe string but the infinitely more tenuous and impalpable matter of an odor. He bears with him into an office a bolt of silk or "genuine English tweed" or some other highly desirable fabric, together with a tale of dark doings off the coast, a revenue cutter in pursuit and the final sinful triumph of the smugglers who brought the cloth ashore. The customer wavers, less because of the apparent illegality of the proceeding than through a natural fear of being swindled. The daring smuggler shoves the bolt of cloth under his nose.

"You don't have to take my word for it," he declaims. "You can smell the ocean in that piece of goods, can't cha?"

The victim sniffs, and can—the pungent, invigorating smell of the open sea. His suspicion dissolves as he inhales. He can fairly see the smuggler's boat, laden with contraband, coming ashore through the breakers. He reaches for his bill fold.

Not until his tailor tells him sadly that his professional reputation is worth too much to allow him to make shoddy of this sort into a suit, or the pencil stripes in the smuggled blue serge prove to be paint that the first sponging erases, does the dupe awake to consciousness of his hickhood.

Even then he may not appreciate completely the simplicity of the fake that has been worked on him. The fabric he purchased has never been nearer the sea than Hester Street. The pungent aroma for which he paid fifty dollars is the result of spraying the cloth with certain solutions of sea salts.

In many variations of the smuggler game, the slicker is accompanied by a mute companion. It is the "smuggler" himself who does all the talking. His mate sits inconspicuously in the background, an apparently innocuous and useless figure. It is only later when the purchaser of brocade finds it to be a tawdry imitation or discovers the onyx brooch is merely glass that the silent one justifies his existence. The victim has the "smuggler" arrested, charging him with misrepresentation and kindred offenses. He alleges that the swindler represented this worthless bauble to be genuine onyx and eighteen-carat gold. Actually, it is nothing more than glass and tinsel.

The swindler denies this. He swears that he claimed the article was only imitation when offering it for sale. There is a deadlock and it is the salesman's hitherto silent mate who breaks it, in his partner's favor. He testifies that he was present during the negotiation. The victim admits it. He then substantiates his mate's every assertion; and the purchaser, having no confirmatory witnesses of his own, sees his case thrown callously out of court.

Charity covers a multitude of the swindlers' sins. Under its cloak, the smaller fry of the craft thrive on the spoils they gain by invoking that lovely emotion, sympathy. There are, unfortunately for human history, stronger and more impelling emotions. Greed is among them. Few have been born in this vale of tears without the yearning to get much for little, to swing an immensely profitable business deal. In most of us, this desire is checked on the frontier of law; but this border line is hazy. When cash lies in plain view across it, not a few humans are willing to step over momentarily.

Even the minor members of slickerdom who play upon the emotion in its more innocuous forms must possess a polish, a Thespian ability that their humbler brethren of the beggar caste need not own. The beggar spins an epic. The confidence man of higher rank stages a drama, and the cleverer he is at his trade, the better the drama.

No one who wants to make money easily is immune from the wiles of the slicker, which means that in this country there are some 110,000,000 potential victims of confidence men. The closer the desire to profit is entangled with honesty, the more adept the swindler must be; but it is rarely that ethics rises up and thwarts him completely. Still more infrequently, even in the supposedly shrewd and wary ranks of city dwellers, does native canniness rise to confound the slicker.

Managers of prize fighters have not as a rule been celebrated for ingenuousness or open-handedness. Few outside the underworld itself are more thoroughly schooled in all that signifies to the metropolitan mind the antithesis of the hick. Yet one of these managers fell recently for a swindling scheme so old and long discarded that it is practically a museum piece. An antiquarian slicker took him with the watch game, one of the earliest of the confidence tricks that guaranteed immunity to its successful operator.

Into the saloon which the manager ran a thirsty and loquacious stranger drifted one afternoon. Thus the proprietor classified him until his guest's familiarity convinced him that here was one of the innumerable fight fans he had met at one time or another. Frequently, during the course of the conversation, the talkative one looked at his watch, and finally the manager remarked on its beauty.

"Got that watch in England," his admirer told him "Finest watch in the world. You don't see many of them."

An Antique Among Tricks

HE DETACHED it from the chain and passed it over the bar. It was undoubtedly a handsome watch The fight manager said so.

"I tell you what I'll do," the other proposed. "If you want one of 'em, I'll get it for you. I'm going abroad again next week. Just say the word and I'll bring you one. They cost about $65 in England and you can't match 'em here for $125."

Mere mention of paying money always made the manager faintly ill. He shook his head and passed the watch back The unidentified friend was affronted by his obvious suspicion

"Lissen," he said, "I'm not trying to put anything over on you. Take that watch out to a jeweler and ask him what it's worth. If he don't tell you I'm telling the truth, I'll give it to you."

Fascinated, in spite of himself, by the loveliness of the timepiece, the manager received it again, took down his derby and departed for a pawnshop around the corner, with whose proprietor he enjoyed an intimacy founded upon a community of tastes. This gentleman consulted the watch's interior through a jeweler's glass.

"I'd advance you $100 on it myself," he confided. "It's a good buy at $125."

The manager returned to the saloon, where his patron waited.

"What did I tell you?" the watch's owner demanded, when it was restored to him. "If you want one of 'em say so, and I'll get you one that'll cost you about $65."

(Continued on Page 44)

"Where," He Demanded Peevishly, "Didja Ever Get This Cawfee Mill?"

Nothing Sudden About It

IT has seemed to many that all the talk one hears about Mansfield Tires is a sudden manifestation of universal acclaim.

But the fact is that no tire can quickly cause such a stir, because time and use alone reveal anything about a tire that causes the least ripple of favorable comment.

It is the tire bought a year or two ago that you hear about this year—if you hear anything good.

True, Mansfield reputation has grown abundantly this year but it had previously enjoyed a very steady, substantial growth for many years.

Early this year the great Hardware Wholesalers who distribute Mansfield Tires correctly read the signs in time for us to prepare for doubled production.

And back of the whole wonderful rush to Mansfields was the quality standard set by these same Hardware Wholesalers.

Years ago they determined to use their lower distribution cost to develop a new ability in tires to deliver trouble-free mileage far beyond the accepted expectation.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution Is Lower — The Standard of Quality Is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

Laugh at Traffic Film

OF course, the exhaust of the car ahead is blowing gummy particles of oil back, to stick *all over your car*—and that sticky coating, called Traffic Film, will load itself up with all the dust it can catch.

But—what matter?—now that you can wipe off that troublesome Traffic Film by using a little Duco Polish No. 7 on a cloth.

All owners of Duco-finished cars can always keep their cars spick and span—free from Traffic Film—superbly *lustrous*—*different* from other cars—because Duco Polish No. 7 is now produced by the same Chemical Engineers who created Duco.

If your dealer cannot supply it, mail the coupon below.

Polish Duco with Duco Polish

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.
1500 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find [check] [money order] for $1. Please send me one pint can of Duco Polish No. 7.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 42)

The manager hesitated, dizzily certain that there was a catch in it somewhere.

"Oh, here," the other exclaimed in mingled generosity and impatience, "you're my pal, aintcha? Gimme sixty-five bucks and you can have this watch. I'll get myself another abroad."

He hauled the timepiece from his pocket again and proffered it to the manager. He got the money. The twain parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Two days later, the watch's new owner visited the pawnshop again. His purchase had been running without any regard whatever for the testimony of other watches and clocks. Once more his intimate peered into its internals.

"Where," he demanded peevishly, "didja ever get this cawfee mill?"

"Cawfee mill!" the victim yelped indignantly. "A hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar watch! You said so yourself just before I bought it."

The pawnbroker stared at his friend more in grief than in anger.

"The watch game!" he moaned in vicarious grief. "The watch game! He had two watches in his pocket. He showed you one and then he sold you the other."

"Sh-h-h!" the other whispered faintly through waves of nausea. "Don't tell anybody!"

A more carefully contrived and therefore perhaps more enduring drama is that relative of the watch game, the violin game. This also has as its motive the human longing to make money through personal smartness.

A young man bearing a violin in its case drifts into a saloon or drug store and makes several purchases, talking pleasantly to the proprietor meanwhile. As he starts to leave, he hesitates at the door and then turns around, holding out the violin case.

"Say," he appeals, "mind if I leave this fiddle here a little while? I'll tell you why. I'm gonna drop in at a party up the street and if I take this with me I'll have to play it. You can't work in an orchestra all afternoon and then fiddle all evening just for the fun of it. You know how it is. I'll leave it behind the counter here. Thanks. I'll be back for it after a while."

He departs. Presently another stranger enters to make purchases or to ask the proprietor whether he knows where such and such a family lives. His eye lights on the violin case.

"Aha!" he exclaims. "So you're a musician, eh?"

The proprietor disclaims this with a flattered expression and explains the presence of the instrument.

"A violin!" the other muses aloud. "Mind if I look at it for a minute? Oh, I won't hurt it. I know all about these things. I ought to. I make 'em."

The Fiddle Fake

He tucks the instrument beneath his chin and draws the bow across the strings with a familiar hand. Then he stiffens, clutches the fiddle and looks at it carefully.

"Why, where," he demands in amazement, "did you ever get this? Why, man alive—why, good heavens, it doesn't seem possible!"

He inspects the instrument more closely, taps it, rubs a thumb caressingly over the wood.

"Don't you know," he asks in a reverent whisper, "that this is a Stradivarius? Why, a violin like this is worth more than its weight in gold. I'll give you $1000 for it right now."

Dizziness afflicts the proprietor as the stranger brings forth a roll of bills. He repeats his earlier explanation of how he came by the instrument. The other frowns, looks at his watch and becomes confidential.

"When that fellow comes back," he urges, "see if he won't sell. Tell him to come and see me at this address and I'll give him $1000 for that fiddle. Or, say, if you can buy it from him for less, go ahead and I'll buy it from you at that price."

When he has left, the proprietor lifts up the precious instrument with reverent hands and bears it away to a place of greater safety. Thereafter he greets all customers with a bemused and preoccupied expression until the violin's owner reappears.

"Pretty slow party," he grins. "I'm going home. Where's my fiddle?"

The proprietor produces it and clears a throat suddenly gone dry.

"Say," he stammers at length, "wanta sell that fiddle? I got—I got a little boy I want to take music lessons."

"No, sir," the other replies briskly. "That violin's been in my family for years. Not much for looks, maybe, but it's a sort of a heirloom. I wouldn't part with it for a couple of hundred dollars."

Thereafter the length of the ensuing conversation depends entirely upon how much money the victim is prepared to offer. When he has made what is obviously his highest bid, the owner reluctantly surrenders and leaves, stuffing the cash into his pockets. Later, when the would-be purchaser of the "genuine Stradivarius" fails to return, his agent discovers he has spent several hundred dollars for a violin that is worth perhaps ten.

An Air-Tight Swindle

Generally, he is ashamed to carry the tale of his deception to the police. If he does, it is next to impossible for an arrest to be made, even if his swindlers can be found. The original owner can say, quite truthfully, that he sold only when the purchaser urged him to. The identifier of the Stradivarius, the come-on guy, can assume a pious expression and deny he ever made the victim any such offer, or else admit the conversation openly and say he was mistaken in the instrument. Thereafter there is nothing left for the dupe but to suffer in silence or take violin lessons.

Usually, he suffers mutely, as better known and more heavily defrauded urbanites have done after encounters with the skilled and truly able confidence man. He need not be ashamed of his brothers in repression for he is in good company. Some of the best names in any city are included in its membership.

Officials of a certain jewelry firm in a large city will shudder and flinch if you say "J. W. Blank" within their hearing. It is even possible that they dream of him and wake with a gasp of relief at returning consciousness. J. W. Blank operated what the callous police of a slicker-infested city still characterize as the most perfect and air-tight swindle ever carried through. His victims were particularly canny members of what is necessarily a most vigilant and suspicious trade. A jeweler cannot afford to let himself be bunkoed frequently. The stakes are too high.

J. W. Blank, as far as is known, had only a single confederate, who played a minor and passive part in his campaign. Practically single-handed, he outwitted and defrauded a firm that prides itself upon its wariness and sophistication.

He appeared one morning in the high-ceiled august hall that houses the company's ordinary wares and wandered from gem case to gem case, a big, hulking figure, almost too perfectly dressed and painfully aware of his perfection. Eventually a salesman, sleek and self-satisfied as a trained seal, found time to ask him what he wanted. He confided in a husky whisper that he wanted to look at some pearls for his wife.

In a bored and patient manner the salesman set forth trays of the milky stones for his inspection. He peered at them awkwardly and shook his head. None of them suited him and the salesman grew more and more condescending and slightly less courteous. Finally he announced with a trace of acid in his voice that the customer had seen the entire collection. For an instant Mr. Blank emerged from his aura of embarrassment to speak with sharpness and decision.

"Old-timer," he drawled, "here's the play: I've made a mint of money out in my home state, Oklahoma. They've found oil on my ranch, so I'm well heeled. I've come all the way to New York to get the best because they tell me it's here, if you can pay for it. I want a real old he pearl for Mrs. Blank—none of these fool little blobs. We're wastin' time over them. Now if you've got anything really good, trot her out and I'll buy it."

The salesman's sharpness of manner vanished. He muttered apologies and begged Mr. Blank to wait. Then he hurried away to the private office of the firm's head and a few minutes later ushered the big Westerner, once more ill at ease and faintly apologetic, into the presence of the company's president.

"Mr. Green has told me what you want, Mr. Blank," this official said when introductions were completed. "Now suppose you let me know what you intend to spend for your pearl and we'll do our best to satisfy you."

"How much is your best?" the customer drawled.

"Twenty thousand dollars," the jeweler shot back, and waited for confusion to overwhelm this callous buyer.

Mr. Blank blinked sandy lashes over mild blue eyes and commanded, "Trot her out!"

Ten minutes later he bent over a black velvet cloth upon which a globe of lustrous whiteness shone like congealed moonlight. He poked it reverently with a stubby forefinger while the president dilated unnecessarily upon its beauty and rarity.

"Twenty thousand," Mr. Blank muttered to himself when the lecturer paused; and then, louder, "All right, wrap her up and I'll take her along."

The jeweler coughed, rubbed his hands and muttered something about payment. J. W. Blank thrust a spade-like hand into his pocket, drew it forth and solemnly began to lay thousand-dollar bills down before the slightly bulging eyes of the salesman and the president.

"Nineteen—twenty thousand," he said aloud, and pushed the stack across the table for confirmation.

He agreed with the jeweler's suggestion that it would be safer to have the pearl sent to his hotel and there locked in the safe, mentioned the name of one of the city's most expensive hostelries and departed, still faintly ill at ease in his brand-new clothes, while the firm satisfied itself that the bills he had presented were genuine.

Matching a Pearl

Two or three days later J. W. Blank returned to the store, and after considerable conversation with subordinates was ushered once more into the presence of the president, whose perfect manners had ripened during the interval into mellow cordiality.

"I want another pearl like the one you sold me the other day," Mr. Blank announced. "I been thinkin' it over. Two of 'em would make a right pretty pair of earrings for the little woman."

"We haven't another pearl like that," the president gasped. "That was unique. I don't believe ——"

"If it's price that's worrying you," his customer interrupted, "never mind about that. I'll pay forty thousand for a mate. How soon can you get me one?"

"But, Mr. Blank," the president explained in a shocked tone, "you can't buy pearls the way you can automobiles. I doubt if we can match that pearl in the entire city. We'll try of course."

"All right," J. W. Blank said heavily. "Only, speed it up all you can, will yuh? And don't let price cramp your style any."

The search the jeweler started was thorough. The result confirmed his doubt. There was not a mate to the Blank pearl in the entire city. This he confided to his customer upon his next visit and was rewarded with a skeptical snort.

"There's no darned gumption in this town," J. W. Blank complained. "Here

(Continued on Page 46)

ESSEX
COACH
$765

Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson-Essex
World's Largest Selling
6-Cylinder Cars

Quality Gave This Enormous Volume
Volume Gave This Amazing Price

Quality made Essex, with Hudson, the largest selling "Six" in the world. That volume makes manufacturing economies not approached elsewhere, and permits the greatest price advantage in Essex history.

The Super-Six principle increases power and smoothness of a "Six" without added weight or motor size. It has proved longer car life. Essex has many of the exclusive qualities of Hudson, for it is the product of Hudson engineers and is built by Hudson.

You get qualities of the "Six" not found in any four. And, equally important, you get the famous Super-Six advantages in performance and reliability over every rival "Six".

For any closed car you will pay almost as much as the Essex Coach costs. Why accept any performance short of a "Six"?

Why not have the supreme type "Six"—the flexibility, power, smoothness, and long car life that are exclusive to the Super-Six, and at the low price Essex gives it.

HUDSON
COACH
$1165

Hudson Brougham $1450
Hudson 7 PASS. Sedan $1650

Freight and Tax Extra

World's Greatest Value

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

Watch This Column

One of the Spectacular Scenes from "The Phantom of the Opera"

Trying to tell the people *what they want* in moving-pictures is like trying to tell them what to eat and drink. It can't be done, and the man who attempts it is a colossal egoist. The only way to find out what the people want is to *ask the people.* That's why I am running this column, and the first-hand information in thousands of letters I have received, is responsible for most of Universal's productions.

Every new arrival in the picture-making business has himself interviewed and invariably begins by stating what the people want. He doesn't know any more about the people's wants than the man in the moon. Not long ago one such novitiate said that great spectacles had been abandoned—the people didn't want them. Yet two of the most successful pictures ever produced were Universal's ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** and more recently ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** which is breaking attendance records.

Another new arrival said that stories of the American home were too commonplace to be popular, yet they have proved to be the most popular pictures. Witness, for example, the remarkable success of Universal's ***"The Home Maker"*** which ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK have made a modern classic. It is being discussed all over the country.

The tremendous strides Universal has made in the past two years is due very largely to the written opinions of the people. They have told me what they want and I have given it to them. The financial and artistic result proves that their ideas are worth ten times more than mine—and I am one of the pioneers of the moving-picture industry.

They have told me that they want clean pictures, and Universal makes nothing else. They know now that they can take their little ones to *any* Universal picture, and Universal is profiting immeasurably in consequence. If *you* haven't written to tell me what *you* want, do it today. Join Universal's vast American jury.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for our new "White List" booklet now ready with interesting news concerning our forthcoming pictures. If you want a copy just say the word—it's free.

You can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10c in stamps

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 44)

I'm offerin' whatever you want to charge for the mate to that pearl, and you don't seem to care whether ——"

"Mr. Blank," the president intruded aggrievedly, "that's not fair. We've searched this town from end to end. My assistants say you can't ——"

"Then I'd fire 'em an' hire better help," the customer snapped. "Why, there's a lady out in a city near here, a friend of Mrs. Blank's that's got a pearl that's the spit an' image of mine. If she can get one, I don't see why a big outfit like yours can't."

"The lady probably has an imitation pearl," the jeweler disparaged.

"Imitation hell!" J. W. Blank declared. "It's the twin of mine, I say. You can't tell 'em apart."

A sudden thought calmed the president's rising temper.

"What is this lady's name and address?" he queried; and after noting it, rose briskly.

"Give us another few days, Mr. Blank," he begged. "Perhaps we'll have better news for you next week."

An hour after his customer's departure, the jeweler had dispatched a trusted subordinate to interview the lady. Some hours thereafter he received a telephone call from his emissary. Mr. Blank was right. The woman had a marvelous pearl. No doubt at all of its genuineness. Only she did not want to sell it.

"Go up to forty thousand, if you have to," the president of the firm barked into the transmitter. "Only get that pearl!"

The negotiations lasted for two days. At the end of this time, the emissary entered the president's office in triumph and laid a small box upon his desk.

"There it is," he sighed in relief; "$35,000 worth of pearl. I'm glad to get it out of my hands. It's a beauty."

It was a beauty. It rolled out of its box and lay on the black velvet cloth before the president, a globe of lustrous whiteness, shining like congealed moonlight. The jeweler brooded over it.

"An absolute mate to the one we sold Blank," he said softly. "I wonder whether ——"

He stopped short and stared fixedly at nothing, numbed by a hideous thought that had popped into consciousness. Then he grabbed the telephone as though it were a life preserver and he a drowning man and called up the hotel where J. W. Blank had lived in state. The words of the girl at the switchboard sounded in his ears like the knell of doom. Mr. Blank had checked out only a few hours before. He had left no forwarding address.

Exploiting Human Weaknesses

The police, summoned by the jeweler, found no trace of the Oklahoma oil man. They had no difficulty in discovering the former owner of the pearl at her address. She laughed in their faces when they strove to beat her down by questioning.

"Suppose," she suggested merrily, "that you bulls go jump in the lake. Where do you get off to try to third-degree me? It was a genuine pearl, wasn't it? I was offered $35,000 for it and I sold it. Where did I get it? That's none of your business. On your way! You haven't a thing on me."

Nor had they. The pearl which the jewelry firm sold to J. W. Blank for $20,000 and then bought back from his accomplice for $35,000 remains in the vaults of the concern.

Greed is the first and most profitable human weakness that slickerdom recognizes and exploits to its own profit. Other mortal failings do not pass by unheeded. Much that is most sinister, unmentioned and unmentionable in the art of swindling revolves about women. Games in which they are employed are various, and extend all the way from the capitalization of an infatuation by inducing the owner thereof to produce a play for the desire of his eyes, to robbery at a pistol muzzle. Most of them, however, revolve about blackmail.

The number of these enterprises cannot even be guessed at, due to the even more than normal reluctance of the victim to protest. Such reluctance is caused by weightier considerations than the urbanite unwillingness to admit he has been duped. A man has standing and respect in his community. He is lured, perhaps from entirely innocent motives, into escorting a woman home from the café where he met her. In the hall of her apartment house he is held up by a thug, probably her partner, who relieves him of all his valuables. Unless he is braver or more indifferent to public opinion than most men, he says nothing about it thereafter.

The blackmail game flourishes because of a similar abhorrence of publicity. The trap from which the unhappy victim must buy his release works well and silently. Its jaws vary in type, but they are all effective—an incriminating letter and someone who poses as an indignant male relative; witnesses with a disconcerting eagerness to perjure themselves, plus an unscrupulous lawyer; the threat of a suit for breach of promise, alienation of the affections or worse, plus the aid and comfort extended to blackmail by certain newspapers—these are the gins from which the average man will pay, lavishly and silently, to free himself.

Victims of Blackmail

To the slicker who makes sex his specialty, certain newspapers are of immense advantage. Without their assistance, many of his most profitable enterprises could not be carried on. In some instances the hush money squeezed from a dupe may be considered a more or less deserved punishment. Not infrequently, the unhappy man who pays and pays and pays has been guilty of nothing more than carelessness, plus the possession of wealth. He has a justified terror of seeing details of a suit brought against him smeared over the front page of a yellow newspaper. So he pays.

Any man with a respected name and wealth, and who values the former more highly, is always the potential victim of the slicker who works the woman game. His acquaintance with the allegedly aggrieved member of the other sex who threatens to bring action against him may be of the slightest and most impersonal type. Just so long as there is such acquaintance the rest is easy.

Not so long ago a man of considerable wealth and reputation employed a young woman for a few weeks to help his private secretary in a sudden press of work. Shortly after she had left his concern he received word that she had taken iodine, was in a hospital and earnestly desired to see him before she died.

Men of wealth keep their reputations in a big city only through excess of caution and suspicion. On receipt of the message, the former employer set out for the hospital and stopped at the office of a private detective on the way. He confided in the detective, whom he had known for years. His confidant cocked a cynical eye at him.

"And what are you gonna do now?" he asked.

"I don't know," the other confessed. "I hardly know the girl. I thought perhaps you'd go to the hospital with me as a witness."

"Yeh," the other sneered, "that's just about what you would do. What's the name of this guy who called you up. Oh, him! I know all about him. Now listen, you go back home and stay there. Lemme handle this."

Investigation revealed that though the attempted suicide's lips and mouth were seared by iodine, she had swallowed none of the poison. No inquiry was needed to establish the status of her friend who had urged her late employer to visit her in the hospital. He had played similar games too often not to be known to the police of the city, official and private. If the sympathetic employer of the girl had gone to the hospital, he would have placed a rope about his neck—or, more accurately, about his pocketbook.

After his visit, however formal it might have been, the girl would have whispered through her iodine-stained lips that his treatment of her had driven her to try suicide as the one way out. She would have followed this confession by legal action, which would have been supported by the affidavits of numerous hospital officials, to the effect that the defendant, plainly agitated, had hurried to her bedside when told what had occurred. The story of the filing of such a suit would have been told in detail in half a dozen papers, unless the wholly innocent victim had paid tremendously to have it withdrawn for the sake of his name.

"They used to say," remarked a man, whose experience in the police department and as a private detective runs back more than a generation, "that there was a sucker born every minute, with two to take him. That's not so in the big cities any more. Suckers are born so fast that the swindlers can't take care of 'em all. Any detective who knows his city will tell you that the real hick is the wise guy from town."

The Roster of Possible Victims

The resigned contempt with which the average policeman regards the urbanite's ability to take care of himself is justified It should not be taken, however, as an evidence of the complete sophistication and immunity of the police themselves.

Only a few years ago a member of one of a city department's squad of detectives received an offer from a newly launched oil company to enter its employ. The proposition was so alluring that he resigned from the force and accepted it. The glowing reports of the company's prospects which he confided, in entire good faith, to his fellow detectives thrilled and excited them. They begged for an opportunity to buy stock in the concern, literally begged, and as a favor to their new employe the officials of the company permitted them.

A dozen or more of the experienced men in the department, men who had been conversant for years with every variety of fraud, took their savings, borrowed money to buy oil stock. Among the many urbanites who lost every cent they invested with this concern were a dozen or more of the wiliest detectives in the department.

It is also a fact that every sucker list includes the names of retired policemen. For some reason, men who have spent the best part of their lives in uncovering swindles and chasing swindlers are often the most gullible and easily tricked of all dupes. Retired policemen and retired school-teachers are always prominent on the roster of possible victims for any wildcat scheme. No list is complete without them.

Sucker lists, however, are becoming obsolete. Slickerdom is learning that it is unnecessary to purchase rolls of those who can be deceived with ease and profit. Instead of buying a carefully compiled list, it is simpler and more economical, the city slicker has found, to consult any city directory.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Van de Water

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Advanced Six Sedan
$1485
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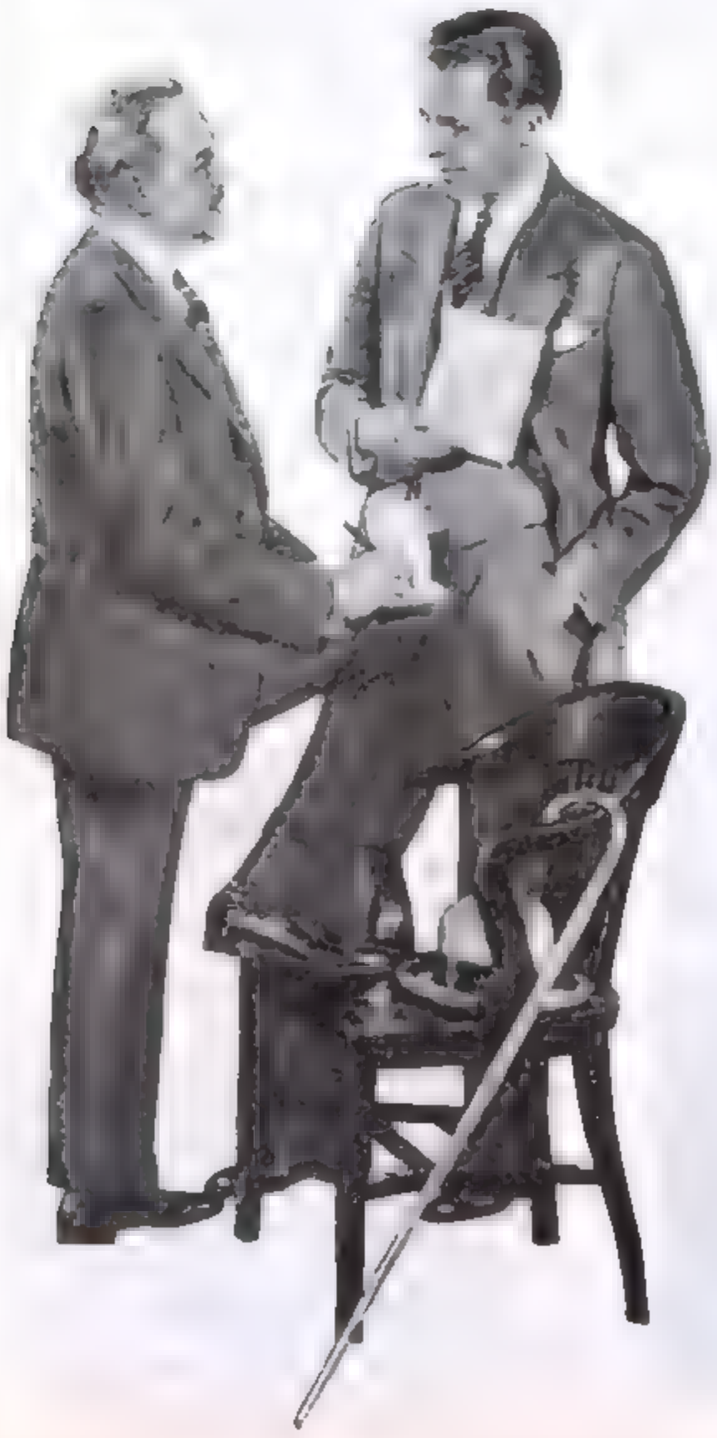
A Car of Irresistible Appeal



For It Offers Greater Quality and Greater Value

The downright facts of the case are undeniable—they prove decisively that this Nash Advanced Six Sedan does give far more for the money in both *quality* and *value*.

That applies just as pointedly and positively to such major features as appearance, performance, construction, and appointments, as it does to a hundred different minor items.

No body design has yet appeared so richly distinctive, so uniquely attractive, as this ultra-smart Nash-Seaman creation with its exclusive French-type roof line.

The workmanship, alone, is of a class that compares most favorably with costly custom-built productions.

And the smooth, quiet, eagerly responsive quality of this Sedan's performance lives right up to the quality of its looks.

A ruggedly rigid chassis; scientifically poised weight; perfectly balanced reciprocating parts; a special shock-absorbing Nash spring construction and full balloon tires unite to endow the car with superb travel-ease.

Broad doors make entrance and exit comfortably convenient. The silver-finished hardware follows the true Colonial mode and the deep upholstery is of *genuine* mohair cloth.

Included, too, in the price, *at no extra cost*, are four-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires and five disc wheels.

A LASS AND A LACK

(Continued from Page 38)

we knew that you was a long distance off."

Henry bunched his muscles for action, then thought better of it. But there welled in his heart a great and pervading hatred of this man who masked guile under an exterior of sheer stupidity. Henry had a profound hunch that he was being kidded by an expert—and he could see the somewhat derisive laughter in Queenie's eyes. He slammed out to the garage and turned the hose viciously on the dusty car. Ameba shook his head doubtfully.

"Them mountains suttinly did make Brother Gatt kinder hostile, didn't they?"

In the days which followed, Henry continued to sulk. Queenie weighed conditions and decided to give him a little encouragement. This she proceeded to do by suggesting to Henry that he might find her responsive to an invitation to the big dance that night at the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. Henry eyed her superciliously.

"Me? How come I should dance with you, gal? Has Mistuh Jackson got sore foots?"

"What you mad about, Henry?"

"Plenty."

"An' you wont 'scort me to this heah dance?"

"Nary a 'scort. Reckon I know who I is unpopular with—an' you is she."

"Aw, Henry"

He bowed angrily. "I keeps myse'f away fum where I ain't wanted at. I wishes you a good time with that lanky toast teaser. Good mawnin'!"

This was a trifle more than Queenie had counted on. She feared that she had driven Henry just a trifle too far. And that apprehension crystalized into certainty in the days which followed. Henry had withdrawn very much into a shell of dignity, and he refused to emerge therefrom. Once only did Queenie get a hopeful sign, and that was when Ameba shambled into the kitchen wearing a troubled expression.

"Queenie!"

"Yeh?"

"Has you noticed anything funny 'bout Henry recent?"

"Has you?"

"Uh-huh. Strikes me he appears kind of warlike"

"What you mean, warlike?"

"Well, ev'y once in a while I find him lookin' at me like he was hopin' to gimme a present of a white lily. Co'se I must be wrong."

"Yeh, you shuah is, Ameba. You has just got too much 'magination."

"Reckon so." Ameba sighed. "I always was a funny thinker."

One fact gradually made itself apparent to the now troubled Queenie; she was in grave danger of losing Henry Gatt unless something happened. She wondered how long it would be before Ameba departed for Chicago. In answer to her inquiries he explained that his plans were indefinite. Henry was unapproachable. Queenie feared that she had overplayed her cards.

But one morning the postman brought a letter to Ameba Jackson. It was registered, and there was much signing of cards at the front door. Henry was not there, but Queenie fluttered excitedly in the background as Ameba tore open the important missive.

A formal-looking piece of paper fluttered to the floor. The gangling Ameba retrieved it with a single dive. Then he read the letter with painstaking slowness. After which he read it again.

And then Mr. Jackson performed a series of strange acts. He executed a neat double shuffle, following which he gravely elevated his feet into the air and walked halfway across the kitchen on his hands. Queenie watched him wide-eyed.

"What's happened, Ameba?"

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated the ebony cook. "Just feast yo' opticals on that."

He extended for her inspection a ticket which was good for one continuous passage between Birmingham, Alabama and Chicago, Illinois. She regarded it uneasily, vaguely disturbed by its actuality.

"Yours?" she queried.

"'Tain't nobody else's. An' this heah letter which come with it says my frien' in Chicago has gotten him a li'l' extra money with which same he has finished the down payment on that lunch room an' I can pay back my share fum the profits. Come Saddy night, Ameba Jackson is gwine to have done flew Bumminham."

"Not—not this Saddy?"

"Tha's which. This day after Friday."

"But, Ameba—you ain't even give Mis' Reisling no notice."

"On'y notice what she gits is to notice my absence."

"How come?"

"Ise skeered she might argufy me into stayin'. Mis' Reisling is a pow'ful persuadin' talker when she gits goin' good."

"Ain't it the truth?"

Ameba plucked at her arm. "An' one mo' thing, Queenie; don't you go tellin' nobody 'bout me leavin' Bumminham. Not even Henry Gatt."

"Why not him?"

"Just not. Tha's all. I don't want nobody to know nothin'. Woul'n't of tol' you, on'y you'd of thought I was plumb crazy."

"Maybe," she answered in Delphic fashion. "Maybe I does anyway."

For the balance of that day Ameba sang as he worked. He was not particularly accurate with his tunes, but the sheer good humor that enveloped him did not fail to have a dampening effect on Henry Gatt. Mr. Gatt was decidedly morose. There was something significant in the fact that Ameba was so very happy. Once or twice he tried to find out what was the matter, and on each occasion saw clearly that Ameba was very definitely evading.

Queenie sought to break through Henry's reserve, but Mr. Gatt was a prideful man and refused point-blank to have anything to do with her. If she wanted to play fast and loose with his heart. . . .

Queenie worried. She alone knew that Ameba was departing shortly, and she realized that, once he had vanished, her position was precarious. There was the haunting fear that she had lost Henry irrecoverably. If that should prove the case Ameba's departure would benefit her not at all.

She spent that evening alone in her room. Many thoughts crowded her brain, each appearing to lead exactly nowhere. But gradually a semblance of order emerged from the chaos of thinking, and one fact stood starkly forth.

It behooved her to capitalize in some way Ameba's imminent departure. It would not do merely to let him disappear and trust to circumstances to bring Henry back to her arms. There was an additional menace there too; most certainly Ameba's successor would be a woman, and Queenie feared that she might prove as attractive as Mallissie Cheese had been.

Trouble with Henry recently had been lack of pep. He sat supinely and permitted another man to grab off his best gal. No fight—no gumption.

"On'y thing what a man like him deserves," reflected Queenie bitterly, "would be fo' me to elope with Ameba."

Her mind toyed with the idea. She envisioned Henry's consternation should he wake up some morning to find her married to another man. She knew what he would do then—tear his hair and such. She knew Henry pretty well; he could be driven just so far. Why, suppose Ameba really had fallen in love with her and had suggested an elopement—suppose that, and suppose Henry heard of it in advance! She shuddered at the prospect.

And then she stopped shuddering. She became very still. Her brain started functioning at record speed. Finally her lips expanded into a smile and the smile grew into a laugh. She clapped her hands.

"It's a chance," she exulted, "but it cain't go wrong."

The following morning Queenie was in an unusually quiet mood. A close observer might have noted the speculative gleam in her eyes. One might also have noticed that no single move Ameba made escaped her attention.

After breakfast Henry drove Mr. Reisling to his office downtown. Scarcely had he left the house when Queenie saw Ameba step into the pantry where his coat was hanging. He did not know that she saw him extract from the pocket of that coat his cherished ticket to Chicago, gaze affectionately upon it and then return it whence it had come.

Once again, in midafternoon, Ameba repeated the performance. The second occasion was when Henry had taken Mrs. Reisling and some friends to the matinée. The ticket was restored to the coat. Two things were now apparent to the girl: Ameba intended to run no risk of discovery, therefore he would not look for his ticket while Henry was anywhere around. This was all Queenie wished to know.

At 5:30 o'clock Queenie played her final trump, and she played it masterfully. Ameba was in the back yard grinding the ice-cream freezer. Henry Gatt sat mournfully in the kitchen, his face entirely sour. Queenie slipped into the closet where Ameba's coat was hanging, and from the pocket of that coat she calmly took the Chicago ticket. This she tucked away in the bosom of her dress. Then she crossed the kitchen and stood looking down upon the dejected Henry Gatt with an excellent simulation of compassion.

"You don't love me no mo', does you, Henry?"

"Huh! Lot you care."

"Well, I anyhow used to."

"Used to ain't does." His teeth clicked viciously. "But what you can see in a wuthless string of tripe like Ameba Jackson. Was I to esplain what I think of him ——"

She extended a haughty hand. "I thanks you not to, Mistuh Gatt. I don't aim to hear insults about the man I is fixin' to marry."

"S-s-says which?"

"Says Ise gwine make ma'iage with Ameba Jackson."

"When?"

"Saddy." Then, in explanation—"This Saddy."

Perhaps her voice did not ring entirely true. Henry looked up doubtfully. "Words what you talks."

"Words, is it? I reckon a gal knows when she's got a date to elope with a feller."

"You gwine elope with Ameba?"

"Yassuh. Completely."

Consternation placed a cold finger on the heart of Henry Gatt. Now that it seemed Queenie was lost to him, he realized that he did not care to live without her. Until this moment he had fancied that the affair with the innocent-faced Ameba was a fleeting flirtation.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Oh! you don't—do you? Well, just fling yo' eyes on this."

She produced the ticket and waved it under his nose. His eyes popped.

"Where at did you git that ticket?"

"Ameba gimme."

"Whaffo'?"

"To use on the train; what you reckon? Ise to meet him at the L. &. N. station Saddy night an' us elopes together."

And now a great and righteous wrath welled up in the bosom of Mr. Henry Gatt. He grew furious with himself and with Ameba Jackson. He decided definitely upon a course of action. If Queenie wanted to excite him, she had succeeded beyond her wildest expectations.

Henry extended one large and muscular hand. His fingers closed around the ticket and he snatched it from the grasp of the astonished Queenie. Then his lips twisted into a derisive sneer.

"That," he announced cuttingly, "is that!"

"Wh-wh-which is what?"

"I guess you ain't gwine elope with nobody no time."

Coldly and deliberately he folded the ticket and placed it in his pocket. For a few seconds Queenie was speechless, then she, too, became victim to terror.

"Gimme back my ticket."

"Gives you nothin'."

"Henry ——"

"Don't you go Henryin' me. Does you crave that ticket real bad—send Ameba after it. Time he gits it he won't look no diff'ent fum a tapioca puddin'"

"But Henry," she wailed, "you cain't steal my ticket offen me."

"Oh! I cain't, cain't I? Well, I done got it—an' it remains got."

Queenie was earnestly frightened. Out of the corner of her eye she glimpsed the figure of Ameba as he crouched over the ice-cream freezer and hummed as he churned:

"Oh! a jay bird don't eat beefsteak,
A jay bird don't eat ice,
But a jay bird eats whole lots of worms,
An' I reckon tha's right nice."

Happy Ameba. Ignorant Ameba. An Ameba blissfully unaware of his important rôle in this love affair and the tribulations of his cherished railroad ticket. Queenie assumed the rôle of special pleader. She argued, begged and cajoled. Henry refused to listen. And, what was worse, he would not talk.

"Ain't gwine speechify with nobody!" he snapped. "Not even Ameba."

That afforded some small measure of relief. Queenie had an idea that Ameba

(Continued on Page 53)

Going to the Sun Mountain, St. Mary Lake

Nimble FORD *lubrication*

Why vital during the colder days ahead

TO lubricate your Ford with ordinary oil in cold weather is to run a needless risk.

At 32° Fahrenheit, inferior oil may congeal and become thick and sluggish.

Starting becomes next to impossible. Oil distribution is tardy and incomplete. So wear is invited in the engine. The cost of engine upkeep rises as the thermometer drops.

For your Ford is dependent on *splash* for its lubrication and requires a nimble oil at all times—especially in winter.

Mobiloil "E" *is* nimble and lively. It circulates so quickly that it immediately provides every working part with an ample oil film. It's as indifferent to freezing temperatures as an Esquimau.

Mobiloil "E" is refined from crude stocks chosen especially for their *lubricating value* by universally acknowledged authorities on lubrication. For quality it establishes a world's standard.

Before the Mobiloil Board of Engineers recommended Mobiloil "E" for Fords, they made an exhaustive study of the Ford motor. They learned every detail of its design and every one of its operating habits. They experimented with Ford engines under all sorts of conditions and in all climates.

You may accept their recommendation of Mobiloil "E" with absolute confidence. No other group of men on earth have at their command greater oil and engine knowledge.

They have pronounced Mobiloil "E" the best and most economical year-round oil for Fords. And millions of Ford owners have confirmed their judgment.

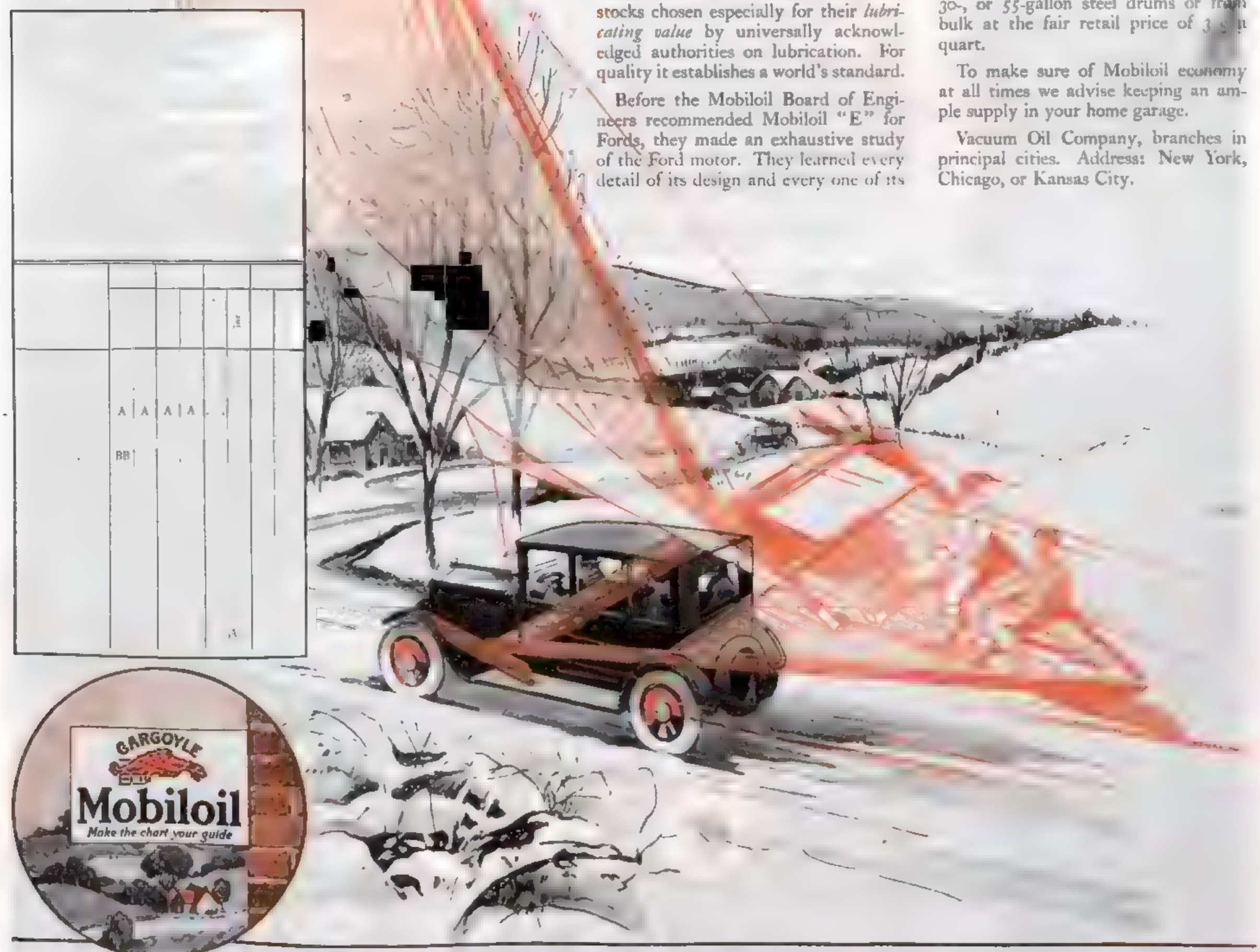
The dealer who advises Mobiloil

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil "E" for your Ford is building his trade on *quality*.

He will supply Mobiloil "E" in 1-gallon or 5-gallon sealed cans, in 10-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums or from bulk at the fair retail price of 3 cents a quart.

To make sure of Mobiloil economy at all times we advise keeping an ample supply in your home garage.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.



This sign assures perfect Ford lubrication.

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Division of General Motors Corporation

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

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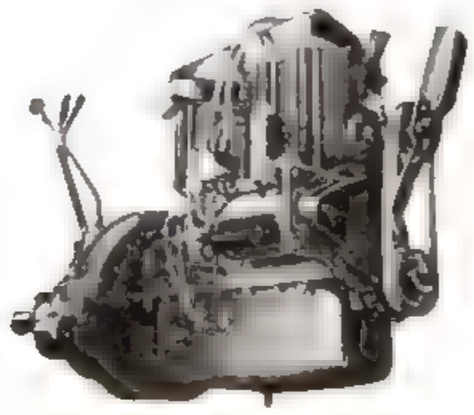
that make Chevrolet the world's finest low priced car

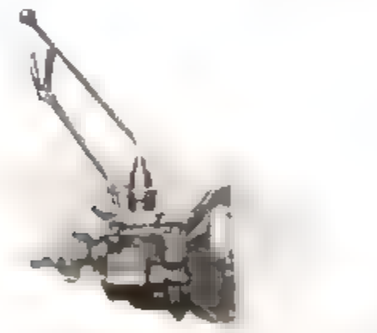
A HARRISON RADIATOR with polished, non-rusting metal shell provides the Chevrolet motor with maximum cooling efficiency.



CHEVROLET VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR, famous for its power and economy, is remarkably economical in operation.

THE INSTRUMENT PANEL is complete, including, of course, speedometer and oil gauge.

CHROME VANADIUM STEEL SPRINGS extending over 88% of the wheelbase give Chevrolet riding comfort that is unexcelled.



A MODERN THREE-SPEED TRANSMISSION makes Chevrolet remarkably flexible and easy to handle in traffic.

A SEMI-REVERSIBLE STEERING GEAR such as other fine cars use, makes Chevrolet steering unusually easy and safe.

ALEMITE FITTINGS are used throughout, making Chevrolet simple and easy to lubricate.

THE DRY-DISC CLUTCH is of the single-plate type requiring no lubrication and gives Chevrolet a velvet smooth acceleration.

REMY STARTING, LIGHTING AND IGNITION gives Chevrolet the dependable electrical service characteristic of high priced cars.

A KLAXON HORN, motor-driven, is provided, operated by a button at the center of the steering wheel.

THE UNUSUALLY STRONG SEMI-FLOATING REAR AXLE has heavy driving gears and a one-piece pressed steel housing—construction typical of the world's best built cars.

OIL AND WATER PUMPS keep the Chevrolet engine efficiently cooled and thoroughly lubricated.

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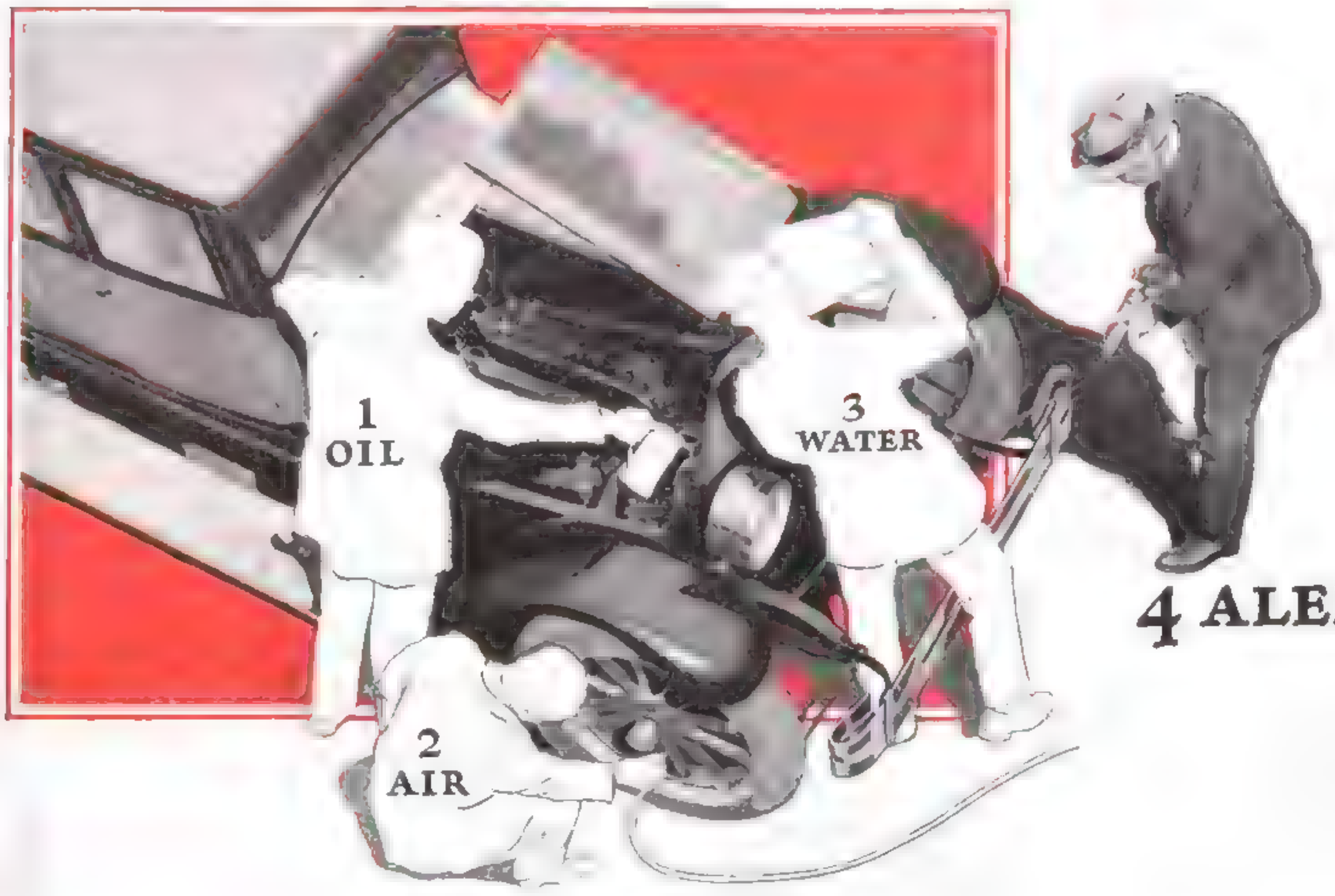
BIG 11-INCH BRAKES, two sets on the rear wheels, make Chevrolet safe to drive and easy to stop.

THE FISHER V-V WINDSHIELD—an outstanding improvement in closed car construction—is used on all Chevrolet closed models. Together with an automatic windshield wiper it gives the driver clear vision and full cowl ventilation under all conditions.

FISHER BODIES on closed models are built of wood and steel—the construction you will find on all America's finest cars. Flexible and strong, they stand hard going over rough roads.



Watch these Four

If you want to save repairs

Here's an easy way to reduce the cost of running your car $75 to $200 a year

AIR in your tires, oil in your engine, water in radiator and batteries. You wouldn't think of neglecting any one of these. And just as important—if you care about repair bills—are the vital bearings on the chassis of your car.

80% of all repairs on moving parts is due to neglect of lubrication. And these bearings below the body line suffer most, repair men agree. Formerly this neglect was due to imperfect methods of lubrication. Hard to reach and harder to use.

Now, however, most cars come equipped with Alemite high pressure lubrication. (Now in use on nearly 7,000,000 cars.) With this system, care of chassis bearings is almost as easy as putting oil in your engine. There is an Alemite Service Station near you where you can have your car lubricated as quickly and conveniently as your tank is filled with gasoline.

If Alemite is on your car remember to use it—every 500 miles. This kind of lubrication has cut fleet operating costs as much as 1¼c per mile. Applied to your own mileage this means $75 to $200 in a single season. Any garage man will tell you it's "cheaper to wear out lubricant than bearings."

If Alemite is not on your car, by all means have it installed. The cost is only $5 to $20. (Overland, $5.67; Alemite-Zerk for Fords, $6.50. *Prices in Canada and west of Rockies slightly higher.*)

It will save its cost many times over. And if you have your car lubricated in garages, you'll find Alemite Service is quicker and costs you less than any other. The Alemite fitting is as standard as the valves in your tires. THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2660 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

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ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

High Pressure Lubrication

ALEMITE

Products of
The BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ALEMITE-ZERK

Service for cars with either system at any Alemite Station.

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Continued from Page 48

might have been somewhat amazed to learn that he was planning to elope with anybody. Poor, good-natured, entirely dumb Ameba! And if Henry positively wasn't going to say a word ——

It was a bewildered and frightened Queenie Roberts who hovered about the kitchen that night after dinner when Henry Gatt had gone off to chauffeur the Reislings to a dance at Roebuck. Ameba was completing his day's labors and taking an exasperatingly long time about it. But at length his work was finished, and the kitchen straightened for the morrow. He walked to the pantry and exchanged his white coat for a blue one. Without thought he probed into the breast pocket to assure himself of his ticket's safety.

He stopped short. His countenance became overcast with a puzzled expression. He shoved his hand deeper into the pocket, and a guttural sound escaped from between his lips.

"Oh, Lawsy!"

Now the search commenced in earnest. Ameba quested with desperate earnestness in every pocket of his coat—several times. Then he ripped the garment from his drooping shoulders and fairly wrestled with it. Finally he sat down and a hollow groan filled the kitchen. Queenie dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Somethin' wrong, Ameba?"

"Oh, golly!"

"You don't miss nothin'?"

Ameba dropped head in hands. "It's went!"

"What?"

"My ticket."

"No! Where?"

Ameba leaped to his feet. His eyes blazed. "How I know where? Reckon I'd git it, did I know where 'twas at. Great sufferin' tripe! Ise ruint! I is absotively an' completely spoiled! Git away fum me, gal. Leave me weep!"

Queenie departed the kitchen, leaving in the chair a figure of abysmal woe. Ameba's wailings could be heard even in Queenie's room and her heart bled for the stricken colored man.

But in all of Queenie's misery and fear there was a ray of light. Henry Gatt had been galvanized into action; Henry had been entirely unwilling for her to elope. Therefore Henry probably retained matrimonial designs upon her.

Yet Queenie's conscience was engendering a very distinct agony. Ameba's unhappiness was all of her own causing. She had saddled him with an affair of the heart of which he knew nothing. She had incurred for him the enmity of a very unamiable gentleman. And, to cap it all, she had now deprived him of his dearest possession.

She waylaid Henry when he returned late that night. Henry announced that he didn't intend to have no truck with her. Also he stated flat-footedly that he had no idea of returning the ticket. And the passing hours had convinced Queenie that she wanted that ticket for reasons of her own. Without it Ameba could not leave Birmingham, and Mr. Jackson's continued presence in the city was more than likely to lead eventually to mortuary results.

It was a decidedly worried Queenie who plodded about the house next morning. Henry, polishing the car, was silent but purposeful. Ameba was fairly wilted. Every few minutes he sank into a chair and moaned. Three times during the day he dropped to his knees and inspected every inch of the kitchen and pantry floors. Once he lifted a misery-filled face.

"Queenie," he groaned, "if you hear of anybody who has got a good, secondhand fun'ral to sell cheap, send him aroun' to me, will you?"

She walked away, shaking her head. Later she extended herself with Henry Gatt, but to no avail. The interview puzzled her. She had a hunch that Henry had determined upon a course of action, but she could not discover what it was. Henry seemed purposeful, but that was all. As for the ticket, he refused to discuss it.

Queenie wallowed in a slough of despond almost as deep as that which incased Ameba. Her borrowing of Mr. Jackson's ticket—with its sudden and devastating results—caused her conscience to twinge. She thought the matter over from every angle. On Saturday morning she reached a noble decision.

Ameba dragged himself into the kitchen that morning looking decidedly the worse for wear. His face was wreathed in lugubriosity. Henry had little to say to him and he responded in kind. Queenie looked first at one man and then at the other. She knew now that she had worked not wisely but too well. She detected a triumphant gleam in Henry's eyes, and Queenie was not partial to triumphant gleams on this particular morning.

There was something brewing and Queenie became terrified. For a wild instant she contemplated going to Henry with the truth, but that plan died a-bornin'. One word of explanation to Mr. Gatt and she knew that she would be forever done with him. But just the same, she couldn't help worrying at the calm quietude of Henry's manner on this eventful day when he fancied that she might elope with Ameba.

After breakfast Henry departed as usual. Queenie closeted herself with Mrs. Reisling and when she returned to the kitchen it was with a lighter heart than she had possessed since the moment when Henry snatched Ameba's ticket from her hand. She called Ameba into the pantry.

"I suttinly is sorry fo' you, Brother Jackson."

"Gal! You don't even know what sorry means"

"Yes, I do. Believe me, Ameba, I is the sympathizin'est person in this whole world."

"Tha's nice—but where does it git me?"

"Plenty places." She smiled brightly. "Is you goin' to Chicago tonight?"

"Don't joke with me, Queenie."

"I ast you a question."

He shook a mournful head. "If I'se lucky Ise gwine remain right where I is at. An' when my frien' finds out that I has went an' lost the ticket ——"

"Don't leave him find out."

"Huh! I guess he's gwine suspect somethin' mighty quick."

"No, he ain't." Queenie spoke softly. She grasped Ameba's hand and pressed something into his palm. "Take that, Ameba. It's the price of a ticket to Chicago. Take it an' depart away fum Bumminham tonight like you planned."

Ameba gazed from the girl's face to the tiny roll of bills in his hand. Twenty-four dollars in nice new currency. Then he looked at the girl again.

"Queenie!" he gasped. "You don't mean you is gwine loant me this money?"

"I suttinly don't. I is givin' it to you."

Ameba's knees sagged. He seated himself in a daze of beatific bewilderment. But eventually the idea percolated; a miracle was occurring, with himself as the occurree. He was voluble and somewhat pathetic in his thanks, but Queenie's thoughts were upon one thing only.

"You promise to leave tonight shuah, don't you, Ameba?"

"Do I? Time dinner is finished you is gwine see a cloud of dust movin' down Highland Avenue. Tha's gwine be I."

Eventually Queenie succeeded in putting a stop to Ameba's thanks. She pledged him to secrecy.

"I woul'n't want Henry Gatt to know nothin' about this," she said candidly; "he might misunderstand."

Ameba promised, but, although he spoke no words, his eyes told an interesting tale. It was a tale which Henry Gatt read—and misinterpreted. Whereupon Henry's jaw hardened.

All afternoon Queenie tried to interest Henry in herself. Henry was unresponsive.

"I got somethin' on my mind, Miss Roberts. I ain't aimin' to discuss nothin' until."

At five o'clock she made a final valiant plea for the ticket, which Henry still held. He was adamant in his refusal to return it. But in the course of conversation he uttered a few words which interested the dusky damsel.

"Queenie," he announced, "you aint gwine do no elopin' tonight, but you is suttinly gwine git ma'ied!"

The dinner hour arrived. Ameba took Queenie aside and reported that he was all packed and ready. "I takes that eight-forty train on the L. & N. An', gal—I suttinly aint never gwine forgit -"

"Sh-h-h-h! Heah comes Henry."

After dinner, while Queenie helped Ameba with the dishes, Henry drove the family to a downtown picture theater. When he returned he did not retire to the privacy of his room. Instead he called Ameba outside.

Mr. Gatt loomed large in the moonlight and he spoke in a crisp, determined voice.

"Mistuh Ameba Jackson," he announced, "you is goin' to Chicago tonight."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Gatt."

"An' you is goin' right now. You git yo' hat an' I drives you to the train."

Ameba stared. "Yassuh. I tells Queenie ——"

"You don't tell Queenie nothin'. Not ary single word."

"All right." Ameba disappeared into his room and returned a second later with hat and suitcase. "I got to speak with Queenie."

"Man, you has spoke to Queenie fo' the last time. Come along with me."

Side by side in the Reisling sedan, Henry drove Ameba downtown. And when Ameba would have conversed, Henry curtly bade him to silence. They parked on Twentieth Street, just outside the station, and there Henry maintained a grim and forbidding silence which he did not break until the glare of a locomotive headlight split the darkness of the L. & N. yards.

"Befo' you go, Ameba," remarked Mr. Gatt quietly, "I has got about six words to say, an' I don't want no answer fum you. You is goin' on that train to Chicago, an' you is goin' alone. Befo' you has been gone out of Bumminham an hour I an' Queenie is gwine be ma'ied to each other. I has decided that. Does you understand?"

"Y-y-yassuh."

"Remember," continued Henry, "that what I has give is orders." He fished into his coat pocket and produced an envelope. "Heah is your ticket."

Into the hands of the astonished Ameba he pressed the very ticket which he had snatched from Queenie's hands. But Mr. Jackson did not recognize it as the same one. All he saw was that it was a ticket for one first-class continuous passage from Birmingham to Chicago. He opened his lips in thanks, but Mr. Gatt silenced him with a definite gesture.

Ameba entered the station, pressed through the gates, took his seat in the Jim Crow car and settled himself for the long journey. Twenty minutes out of Birmingham, the conductor appeared. Ameba produced the ticket which Henry Gatt had given him and inspected it closely. No doubt of its genuineness. Queer about Henry; Ameba would almost have taken oath that Mr. Gatt didn't like him. He had even been so foolish as to fancy that Mr. Gatt's manner on this particular evening had been rather hostile.

But there was the ticket. Ameba took from his trousers pocket the twenty-four dollars which Queenie voluntarily had given him. Funny folks—those two. Ameba puzzled his head for an answer.

And then the solution presented itself. Henry had announced that in less than an hour Queenie was to become his wife. This was the wedding day of Ameba's two very good friends.

And now that he understood everything to his own satisfaction, Ameba relaxed in his seat and sighed.

"Golly!" he murmured ecstatically, gazing first at the money and then at the ticket. "Them folks suttinly gave me two swell wedding presents!"

"Out of the darkness the first gray light of breaking dawn and then—the new day"

A New Day

See Pages 102, 103 and 104

(704)

The Diamond in the Dust Heap

There Is No Shame to be Taken, However, in Speculating With Books, and a Very Decent Income May be Achieved in That Field

Treasure Buried in Secondhand Bookstores—By Vincent Starrett

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

ONCE upon a time two men went from America to England by the same boat. They were civilized citizens of culture and breeding, and both were fond of books. When they reached London, in the usual drizzle of rain, they separated and went their respective ways One hurried off to Westminster Abbey, and doffed his hat to the mighty dead. The other pulled his cap down more tightly upon his head, and stood for two hours before the shilling book barrows in Charing Cross Road.

That is a fable, as witness the first four words. I am not sure that there is a moral to it, but if there is, perhaps it is to be found in the varying points of view. The Abbey is a mausoleum; the book barrows are resurrection grounds. Only an incurable collector of old books, of course, would discover such a moral. The right sort of fellow, no doubt, would visit both the Abbey and Charing Cross Road. I shall not insist upon the moral. Too, my fable might have been written about any of the capitals of the world, for each has its outstanding show places, sacred to literary tradition, and each its obscure Meccas whose clandestine celebrity is known principally to the specialist. And my two visitors, I am sure, enjoyed themselves hugely, each in his own way. My own way, however, happens to be the way that leads to Charing Cross Road and the shilling book barrows.

The Tamerlanes of Tomorrow

THERE is really much happiness to be found under the hospitable awnings of the secondhand bookshops of the world, and—since in this day it would often seem that financial success alone justifies one's effort in whatever line—no little profit. It is, for instance, possible to pay the expenses of a European jaunt out of the sale proceeds of one's book hunting. All that is necessary is patience, unparalleled luck, and a thorough knowledge of rare book values in the American market. Add to this a genuine passion for books, a real affection for dusty corners and tall ladders, leisure to conduct an indefinite search, and sufficient funds to insure all liabilities incurred in advance of the final unloading, and the trick is no trick at all. Sooner or later, the expedition justifies itself in American dollars. The patience and perseverance are inherent virtues, the luck is a matter of luck, and the passion for books and book dust can hardly be acquired as are mathematics and measles; but providentially supplied in these departments, the rest can be arranged. One may work for the funds and for the leisure, while all the requisite knowledge of values may be achieved in ten or fifteen years of diligent catalogue reading. The textbooks, at least, are free and not at all rare. Any number may be procured for the price of a dozen postal cards.

It may be that to the amateur, the probation period of a collector will seem long, and the apprenticeship difficult; in which case he will do well to stick to postage stamps or the collecting of baking-powder tins. If, however, for sheer love of the game, the pursuit as well as the capture, the satisfaction of ownership as well as the excitements of the chase, he elects to continue to the bitter end, let him be sure that the happiest of hunting grounds is his to exploit while life endures—and the profits, in due time, will take care of themselves.

One hears of the golden age of book collecting, and the temptation is to mourn for that vanished age, until one discovers that each repetition of the epithet refers to another and different age. One reads of the triumphs of Heber and Huth, of Henry Stevens and Buxton Forman, of Andrew Lang and De Witt Miller, all notable collectors of their time, and one weeps for the passing of a day when book collecting was book collecting: when Omar Khayyam was to be had for tuppence, and Swinburne firsts were on every stall. One dreams of Tamerlane and The Second Funeral of Napoleon, as in youth one dreamed of dimes and quarters beneath old sidewalks; and, waking, one curses the barren day that lies beneath one's windows. But in time one realizes that the golden age of book collecting is here and now, and that it behooves one to take advantage of it. From this point dates one's emancipation, and Poe and Thackeray, Fitz-Gerald, Keats and Swinburne are left to the millionaires. In their stead, one rears the images—at least, the facsimile title pages—of Cabell and Mencken, Robinson, Hergesheimer and Miss Millay; of Frank Norris and Stephen Crane, and Bierce and Masters and Machen and Morley; of Conrad and Hardy and Dreiser. It is a good list, and in the matter of antiquarian values, the sober fact is that the rarer editions of these writers bring higher prices in the market than similar works ever brought before. The brochures and octavos of these gentlemen and Miss Millay are the diamonds in the dust heaps of today. They are the Tamerlanes and Omars of tomorrow.

Of the excessive rarity of Poe's Tamerlane, in its first appearance, I have already written. The little book was published in 1827, and four copies are known to exist. But no longer ago than 1881 there was issued from a press in Hereford, England, a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, of which today a single copy only is known to survive. Its title is Eleusinia, and its author is asserted to have been "a Student of H. C. S."—that is, of Hereford Cathedral School. Mr. Arthur Machen was seventeen years of age when he caused this, his first opus, to be printed by the local stationer; and today Mr. Machen has the only copy known to be in existence. Where the others have gone, heaven perhaps knows; Mr. Machen has no idea, nor have the booksellers of England. But if its author cared to part with that lone copy that was his father's, there are a number of collectors who would be happy to purchase it at his own figure. Not to be extravagant, I should say that it would bring him three hundred dollars tomorrow, and in twenty years, if it remained without a twin, something more than twice that. In one hundred years, if it were still single, I am sure that it would be priceless. Discovery of two or three other copies would not materially injure its value as a rarity, and somewhere in the world it is more than probable that other copies exist, a few straggling survivors of time and change and the frenzies of house cleaning. And who shall say in what dusty shilling barrow they may turn up?

Running Down Rare Books

RARE, too, and commanding a very handsome figure, is Mr. Machen's second venture into print, a curious and engaging bit of philosophy called The Anatomy of Tobacco. The little book is far from easy to come by, and every year it becomes more recalcitrant. Recently a dealer has asked one hundred dollars for a copy. The author's name is not upon the title page; the title purports to be the work of one Leonnus Siluriensis, and as a rule its vegetable velum covers are sadly spotted by time, although the year 1884 saw its initial bow to a cold and unreceptive public. I was fortunate in learning of the true authorship of this item some years before the information became general, and I devoted myself earnestly to the task of capturing

(Continued on Page 66

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"Service to the Northwest"

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 23)

surprised, as if they could scarcely believe in such untouched youth and flawless happiness.

So old Levinsky, holding Peach's arm, said wistfully, "Look, my dear, there's your cavalier, since it can't be me." And Farrell and Ludovici turned to scowl at him.

And at length bells rang, sounding "All visitors off the ship," and she was taking possession of the dearest little cabin that a girl could want; a cabin paneled in pink tapestry and cream enamel; a cabin warm and soft and luxurious; she was enslaving her steward; she was leaning over the side of the ship, watching the gradual receding of the shipping in the beautiful harbor, watching the last of the great ferries glide out of sight, watching the tugs depart, watching the dim green statue of the huge Liberty, flung against a clear blue sky, paling and fading, green merging into the blue.

When New York harbor had slipped back, the ferries and the tugs and the green wooded banks with the houses climbing up them—then Harry's telegram slipped back too. Lenville slipped back. There was no past, and only the palpitating present was real. Peach was all alone, leaning over the side, watching the gulls wheel and float, and the sun of a perfect winter day burnish the sea; but she was not lonely. What had Amy Crawford's friend confided?

"When you travel, there is an adventure round every corner."

Peach turned from the side of the ship and surveyed the people. And the deck steward, who had been surveying her, walked up and spoke:

"Have you arranged for your chair, miss? Where would you like to sit? Have you any friends here?"

"No," said Peach. "But I don't want to sit next to an old lady."

The deck steward was a charming man; he showed sympathy.

"No, miss," he said; "nor yet next the sick." He reflected. "Leave it to me," he murmured.

He knew all things. He noted all passengers as they came aboard. This was how Peach found herself rolled up in a rug, extended on a chair, next to that so tall young man in Scotch tweeds, with the collar of his overcoat turned up about his ears and his cap pulled down to meet it. They sat in silence, looking out to sea.

People in a great state of bustle, or already quietly comatose in the anticipation of an idle voyage, where the only strain they would put upon themselves would be overeating and overdrinking, passed and repassed. The summons came for lunch. Everyone descended and ate lunch. The afternoon and tea passed; the summons for dinner; the dinner and the evening passed. And the afternoon and evening were the first day.

It would be a little too summary, however, to pass over Miss Peach Robinwood's first evening on board the Mardania in quite this fashion. The evening was not so dull as all that. Peach's spirits had fallen a little as she sat in her deck chair hour after hour with the contemplative, uninterested young man beside her; she had caught the heathery smell of his tweeds and sniffed, and found it good; she had looked at his brown shoes, extended at the end of a long, long body and thought they were just the best shoes she had ever seen; she had examined his profile and liked it much. But this alone was not enough for a girl. And as the sun waned and the afternoon began to darken, to become mystically gray as it does at sea in winter, she suddenly remembered the steward's question, "Have you any friends here?" and her answer "No."

A little loneliness assailed her, a little fear.

Of course, she had that maid; that French creature who wanted to return to Europe, and whom Mr. Ludovici—gayest and youngest of the three partners—had taken for her, from an actress friend of his. She would be down in the cabin now, doubtless, putting out one of the series of frocks. That was what ladies' maids did, wasn't it? They dressed one, brushed and combed one like a poodle, always had stockings mended and clean handkerchiefs ready and the vanity bag furnished with all one's toys.

"I am not quite alone," thought Peach, cheering. "I have Eve."

And she began to struggle out of her rug that the fatherly steward had wrapped round her truly and well.

She was conscious of interest in her struggles displayed in the corner of the tall young man's eye. But curiously enough, this annoyed rather than pleased her, because she had a faint feeling that he paused to assure himself that the struggle was genuine.

Something happened which made him decide suddenly and swiftly to help. That something was the stopping and turning and advancing of another male passenger who had been promenading, and who also had seen the effort of a remarkably pretty girl to extricate herself from her rug. This male passenger had an adventurous eye, a large cigar and a general air of feeling, "I'm on the Atlantic Ocean and no one at home knows what I'm doing, or ever will know."

The tall young man was on his feet, stooping over Peach.

"Let me," he said. He unwound that rug slowly, while the passenger with the cigar came up. "If anybody's going to do this for her, it's I," said the tall young man's whole attitude.

"Oh, thank you," Peach murmured. "Oh, thank you," she murmured to the other passenger who would have helped her if he could. She rose.

"Going below?" said the tall young man.

"My maid will be waiting for me," she answered, and hoped they did not know how she tingled all over in every fiber when she said that. Ah, what would mother think, what would Georgina think and Harry think, or that dead blessed old Papa Lepscheim think if they could hear little Peach Robinwood say, "My maid will be waiting for me"?

Of them all, old Papa Lepscheim—perhaps—was the only one who could hear.

"A good sailor?" queried the passenger with the cigar, smiling his blandishments.

"I am an excellent sailor," said Peach confidently.

"Dancing tonight then?" queried the passenger with the cigar.

"Dancing!" breathed Peach, and they could see her eyes shine if they looked—which they did.

The passenger with the cigar laughed. His laugh was fat and mellow, expressing, "Well, we're off on the Atlantic, and nobody at home knows."

With a dignified inclination of the head, Peach dismissed their attendance and walked away. They watched her out of sight.

"Dear little thing. Traveling with a maid and all," reflected the intruding passenger. "I wonder who she is."

The tall young man made no reply.

"Will you try a cigar, sir?" asked the intruding passenger.

"No, thank you, sir," said the tall young man.

Peach went to her cabin with a high heart, for at length the silence of the long dead afternoon had broken.

And she knew just why the tall young man had suddenly jumped to attention; and she knew—she knew!—as well as any girl could know, that it was going to be a wonderful voyage.

And in the pink-tapestried cabin was the pleasing spectacle of Eve, so demure, so knowledgable. She had laid out the silver frock, the silver cloak and Cinderella's ballroom slippers.

Peach gave herself up to being a pampered lady. First her nails, and then her face, and then her hair—the French maid did all so delicately and well.

Peach was not afraid of Eve. To a marvelous degree, it seemed, they knew each other's thoughts and motives.

There was, indeed, dancing. A dozen would-be partners were endeavoring to get introductions to the girl in silver, and to excuse acquaintance without introductions. But the passenger of the large cigar claimed it first.

He considered they already knew each other after that encounter on deck. He was mellower than ever after a splendid dinner with champagne, and had already looked up Miss Peach Robinwood in the passenger list and confirmed her identity.

"I never lose time on these short trips," he said, "there's so little of it. It isn't as if we were going round the world together." He smiled upon her. "I wish we were," he said.

Peach looked and looked for the tall young man. She had seen his high head passing in to dinner above the heads of other people, and passing out again, and that was all.

"My name is Willsher," said the passenger of the previous large cigar, placing his arm around her as the orchestra began to play.

"What is the tall man's name?" answered Peach.

"I don't know and don't care," said Willsher, swinging her onto the floor.

He danced quite well and she danced divinely, and people gazed at them as they moved swiftly and surely down the ballroom. So she entered at once into a girl's heaven.

All the evening she danced, and the news of her youth, beauty and spirits went into the card room and the smoking room, where auction pool had started; so that men who had laid down their hands and men who had made their bids strolled in to watch her for a few moments till bridge or the auction claimed them again.

When the orchestra ceased to play at twelve she was again dancing with the man named Willsher, and longed for it to begin all over again.

"Still," she thought aloud, "there'll be tomorrow."

"There'll be six tomorrows," he whispered, his arm yet around her.

Peach moved a little away from that arm.

"I'll take you home," said the passenger called Willsher; "little girls mustn't stay up late." He put her cloak about her, with little squeezes of her shoulders, and taking her arm, led her down to her cabin. "What a pretty cabin!" he said, looking in.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Peach. "Like an exquisite little room—all one could want."

"Let me come in just one moment to look," begged the man Willsher; "can't say good night out here."

And just for a moment, while Peach thought, "Good gracious! Well, perhaps they do on ships. I wonder what Amy's friend would say?" the answer to that plea hung in the balance.

Only for a moment, though, because all at once, appearing so suddenly that he seemed to have come from nowhere, the tall young man came walking toward them down the long narrow corridor between the rows of cabins. He came very steadily and purposefully, with his head high and his eyes fixed upon Peach and the man named Willsher.

"Well, good night, Miss Robinwood. It has been a great pleasure to dance with you. I thank you," said the man named Willsher.

"Good night," said Peach, closing her door, and still wondering exactly what Amy's friend would have said and done.

"Why, hullo! Do you live down this way, sir?" asked Willsher brightly of the tall young man.

"No, sir," said the tall young man. "I do not, sir."

VIII

THE next morning, after breakfasting in her cabin for the pure joy of wearing her new matinée and lace cap, Peach came up on deck to find the tall young man strolling about in the vicinity of their chairs. He came up to her just as she was wondering, "Now do I know him or do I not?" and lifted his cap.

There was a glint in his eye, and the set of his lips expressed decision.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you exercised yet, Miss Robinwood? If not, come on."

This was why Peach walked for two hours that morning, round and round, back and forth; this annexation was the reason why she could only nod to last night's partners as she was hurried past; why she did not stop when Willsher stopped, crying, "Here is the little lady!" This was the reason why she sank quite breathless at length into her chair, and was glad to be tucked up very firmly, indeed, by her escort.

"All this time," he said, seating himself in his own chair beside her, "I haven't introduced myself—if I may do such a thing. My name is John Lexham."

"Thank you," said Peach; "you seem to know mine. Do—do proper introductions really matter on ships?"

"Not absolutely," he replied. "But it is better to observe certain formulas. A girl traveling alone has to protect herself, or be protected, you know."

"Has she?" Peach murmured.

"She has," said John Lexham. "For instance, what was that fellow wanting when I passed your cabin last night?"

"To come in a moment to look at the cabin."

"Well, he mustn't do it," said John Lexham.

"Don't people, on ships?"

"Miss Peach Robinwood doesn't, on ships, or anywhere else."

"I have a friend who has a friend who says that boats are awfully free and easy."

"Perhaps she is a free-and-easy lady."

"This is my first trip," said Peach, in a rather small voice, after a pause.

"I can tell that."

"Oh, can you?" she exclaimed, crestfallen. He laughed. "Tell me," said Peach, liking his laughter, which was deep and hearty, "how did you just happen to be coming by last night?"

"I didn't just happen. I had been watching you all the evening."

"I couldn't see you."

"Did you look then?"

Quite suddenly Peach blushed.

"I didn't see why you couldn't dance with me."

"Will you dance with me tonight?"

She murmured, "Why, yes, I'd love to."

Willsher passed, looking much grieved and chagrined.

"Are you going to stay in London, or Paris?" John Lexham asked.

"In London. I long to see London. And then perhaps I shall go to Paris. My maid wants me to. She's—she's French." He smiled.

"She wants you to ruin yourself at the dressmakers' eh?"

When John Lexham uttered "ruin" so carelessly, a sudden little pang drove at Peach's heart.

A question arose. She silenced it to herself—"Oh, but I have heaps and heaps of money; heaps and heaps—to last a long time yet; till I've married a perfectly lovely splendid man with a fortune."

She smiled, he watching her. And there was a breathless, ecstatic quality in that smile which made him feel tender.

(Continued on Page 61)

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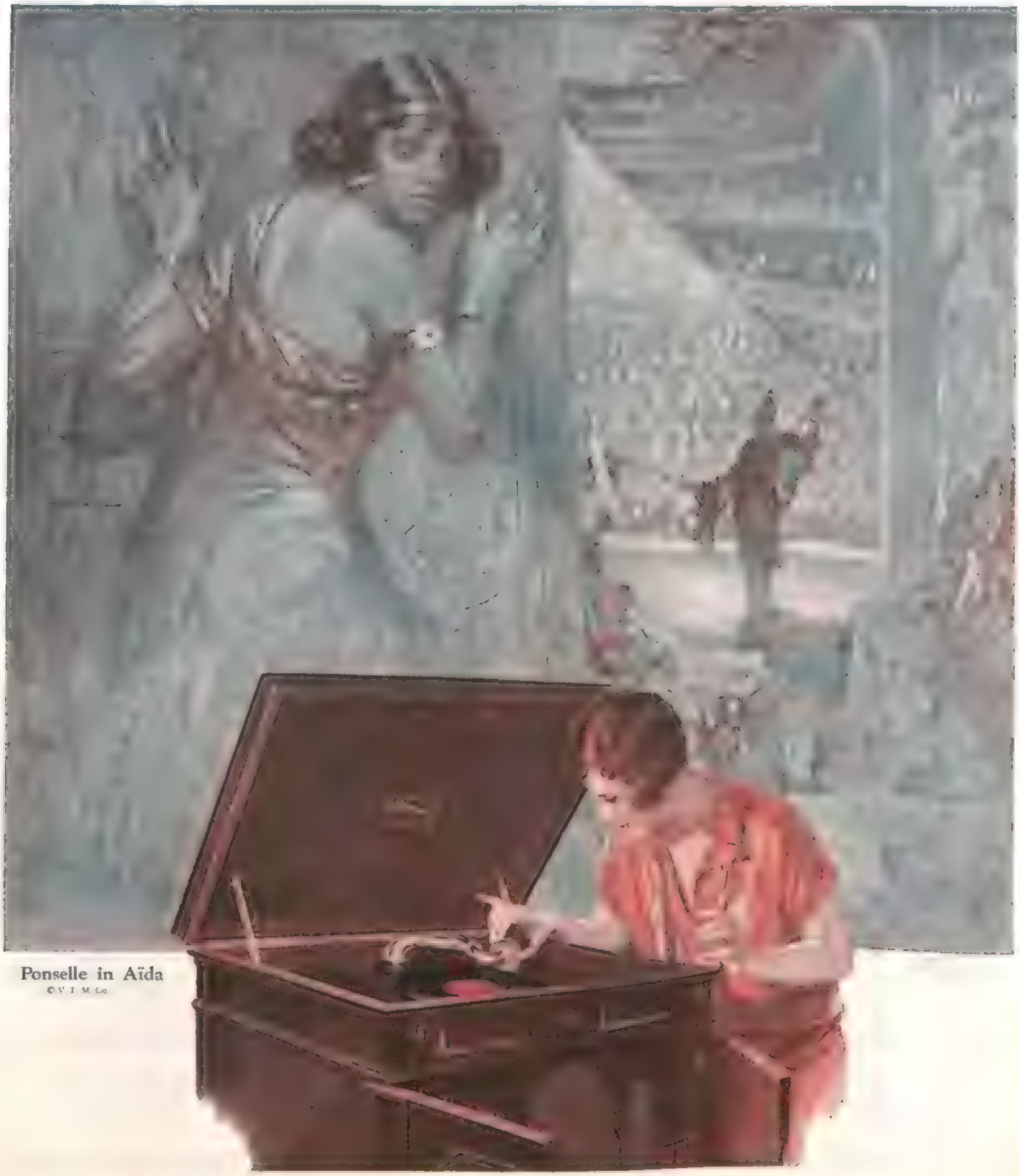
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(Continued from Page 56)

She repeated, "Paquin, Madeleine, Doucet—I suppose they're real; not just names in fashion papers."

"They're awfully real."

She caught herself up. Almost she was giving herself away as the little nobody from nowhere.

"Of course I know they're real." She spoke hurriedly, emphatically. "I was just—just pretending I thought—for fun."

"It's nice pretending."

He pulled his cap down low and stared out to sea. She nodded.

"It's sweet, isn't it?" Her voice drawled a little, was no longer the voice of the child; she was thinking of what she was saying and saying it carefully. "But I expect I shall buy lots of things in Paris. I love—I love"—she took a plunge—"Vionnet's things, and Lucille's."

"Do you know many people in Paris?"

"N-no. But," she essayed, "with all one's introductions, that doesn't matter."

He answered gravely, "Oh, rather not. Of course, you have plenty of introductions to the right sort of people."

She hoped guiltily that he wouldn't pursue this particular line, and he didn't.

"You are a very independent little girl," he smiled. "You look about eighteen——"

"I am twenty."

"Not old enough to go about alone."

"Oh, absolutely old enough!"

"You've been accustomed to having all you want, I see."

"I certainly have," said Peach calmly. "Right from my babyhood days up; and if I wish to see Europe alone, I shall do so."

"Spoiled baby."

"Why—why shouldn't I?"

"It's not good for such a little girl to have so much money, really."

He was still contemplating the sea, chewing rather fiercely at his very short, very fair mustache. Peach smiled.

"It was left to me," she stated.

"No doubt. But it is going to bring you a lot of trouble, little Miss Robinwood, before you've done."

"I never shall have done," dreamed Peach. "I love life so; it will never be long enough for me."

Two partners of the evening before passed, casting remonstrant looks at Peach, who returned them with an inclination of the head.

"I shall not be popular on this ship," said John Lexham, settling down farther into his chair.

"When I get to London," said Peach, who, privately, was a little exercised as to exactly what manner of procedure she would adopt in that unknown city, "I shall settle down for a little while in one of the best hotels."

"Which hotel have you chosen?"

Peach paused. "I"—she began lamely—"I shall look them over."

"Black's is nice."

"Amusing?"

"Amusing?" he reflected. "Well, hardly. But an excellent caravansary for such a young little heiress. You know people in London?"

"I soon shall do," Peach replied. He smiled a little. "He thinks me very ignorant," she thought hotly. When he looked at her again she was flushed to her gold hair and her eyes were very round.

"What made you think of traveling?" he inquired.

"I want to see life—the world."

"My dear!"

Other men had said "My dear" easily enough to Peach, but John Lexham's "My dear" stirred her unduly. It was wonderfully nice, kind, deep, tender—practiced.

"He is a practiced man of the world," she thought.

She began to flirt with him. John Lexham responded. The partners of the night before passed and repassed, casting outraged glances. The man named Willsher passed and repassed, lingering each time.

"They don't like this," said Peach, much pleased.

"I do," said John Lexham.

The man named Willsher approached them brazenly.

"What's this fellow doing?" he challenged—"monopolizing the beauty of the boat?" He sat down at the foot of Miss Peach Robinwood's chair, and putting a hand on her ankle squeezed it even through the thick fold of a steamer rug. John Lexham regarded him.

"Good morning, sir," said Willsher affably.

"Good morning, sir," said John Lexham.

"Both these men," thought Peach, highly excited, "are wild over me."

Mother, father, Georgina, Harry—could not see; but she did hope darling dead old Papa Lepscheim was looking down.

"Tired?" queried Willsher of her tenderly.

"Tired?" said Peach. "I? I can't be tired. I would dance all night; I would dance all day; I would dance at supper and at breakfast."

John Lexham remained cold, grave. The insufferable Willsher laughed throatily.

"How many dances may I have tonight?"

Other partners of last night, perceiving Willsher had broken into the tête-à-tête, now joined in too. They perched and clustered upon the foot of Peach's chair, and those who could not find room to sit, stood. True, they glanced at the companion chair for accommodation, but John Lexham stuck out two large brown feet a little farther in a suggestive, not to say an inhospitable, manner.

"How many dances for me tonight?" asked everyone tenderly.

"I have promised several to Mr. Lexham," said Peach airily, "and the rest you must just divide."

Everyone laughed throatily and tenderly.

"Yes," thought Peach, "all men are the same. And I never met a man who didn't somehow like me."

Were all men the same? John Lexham unwrapped his great length slowly, inscrutably smiling, from his rug, and leaned over to her.

"My audience being over," he observed, "and the queen now being about to hold general court, I will take respectful leave of her majesty until next time when I am favored." He rose, so tall and smiling and careless.

Now a curious feeling assailed Peach, a feeling under which she had never suffered before. She could not have defined this sensation, this sudden weight in the atmosphere, loss of brightness in the beaming winter sun. But again her eyes were very round and big.

"Where are you going?" she cried naïvely.

"To the bar for a cocktail," said John Lexham; and lifting his cap, he went away.

The several partners of the night before stared belligerently after him.

"Who's your haughty friend?" asked the man called Willsher.

"His name is Lexham," Peach murmured.

"Why do you mind his going?" said Willsher tenderly. "Can't you lose one of your subjects?"

"All the more room for us," said one of the other partners, and four of them sat on John Lexham's chair.

"He is much too tall to dance with a fairy like you," said the man named Willsher. "These very tall fellows dance so badly too—so gawky."

"He is not gawky," Peach exclaimed.

"Don't let's talk about him, anyway," cried the other partners in a body.

They whiled away the morning.

"What lovely places ships are!" breathed Peach.

"Dear little girl," murmured the man named Willsher.

She procured herself a passenger list. She read in it: Sir John Lexham, Bart.

"Sir John Lexham!" said Peach to herself, quite dazed. "All of a sudden—on the very first day out—Sir John Lexham! Amy's friend is quite, quite right. She is ab-so-lutely right. Sir—John—Lexham! He is a lovely man!"

That evening when she went to her cabin to dress for dinner she unbent a little from the new dignity she had imposed upon herself and talked to the knowledgable Eve.

"Eve, tell me the truth, just as if we were both the same—in the same station of life, I mean. Eve, what do you think of me?"

"Mademoiselle?"

"You understand me. You talk perfect English; you know you do. I am dying to know what you think of me. Eve, I am pretty?"

"Ah, mademoiselle! *Mais ravissante.*"

"*Ravissante*—ravishing. Oh, am I really? Give me that hand glass. But, Eve, there is a little something—or perhaps it is that there is not a little something—Eve, tell me, for I know it."

"Ah, mademoiselle! *Bien!* I tell you—that is to say if mademoiselle will not be offended."

"I am a woman who can bear the truth," said Peach. "There may be very few; but I am one of them."

"There is a little lacking—the first day I saw mademoiselle I observed there was a little lacking."

"Oh, what?"

"Mademoiselle is the prettiest lady I have ever, ever dressed. Young, beautiful hair, beautiful figure, a skin—ah! But something a little lacking."

"Oh, Eve, what is it? Quick! You are making me feel terrible. What is it?"

"Ah, *je ne sais quoi.* Experience—of society—of life—finesse—the flair—a touch——"

"I know it. I feel it. I am ignorant. I am simple. I am not a woman of the world at all. I have no true sophistication."

"Mademoiselle will acquire it."

"I will, and quickly," replied Peach with great sternness. "Eve, what shall I wear tonight? The most sophisticated frock of all, please! Get it out."

And the maid Eve produced a little cobweb of sheer flesh color hardly distinguishable from the lingerie that matched it.

"That is the frock of an ingénue," moaned Peach, disappointed. "And I bought it because I have to get married well, and only good men get married; and good men like simple things."

"Let me persuade mademoiselle to put it on."

The maid Eve dressed Peach in the pink cobweb, and really it did not look so very unsophisticated after all.

"Eve," said Peach, while her sleek hair was sleeked closer yet, "women dream and dream; but I suppose all men are much the same, after all. What do you think?"

"All men are not at all the same," said Eve, with a devout little look of rapture on her face.

"You think not?" said Peach, cheering.

"I know it, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle has not yet, perhaps, had experience."

"I have known, Eve, the kinds of men who get married and keep chickens and go bald. Those are the kinds of men I have known."

"Ah, mademoiselle! Ah, mademoiselle! I know them, too, God 'elp me! But there are others, mademoiselle, others, even on this ship. Mademoiselle is so young and the world is so wide."

"Eve, round every corner there is an adventure?"

"Or two, mademoiselle—or two."

Now that evening was different from the evening before in that John Lexham figured in it so largely. As soon as the orchestra struck up for dancing, Peach found him beside her, taking possession of her, with a sort of keen, cold, careless look for all rivals.

He might have been tall, but he was not gawky. Some big men doubtless were, as Willsher submitted, clumsy dancers; but not this big man. His dancing was light and strong, flexible, and irresistibly vital. Peach found herself in heaven.

The man named Willsher and others looked on, smiling painfully. She spared

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 61)

them dances in between John Lexham's dances. There was John Lexham, and there were others in an indistinguishable crowd. That was all. And she breathed to him rapturously as they waltzed, and some unseen benevolent power turned down the lights so that the dancers moved in golden twilight.

"I wish I were dancing with you the whole evening."

He answered, with a little pressure of her light body, "Do it. I am yours to command."

But, of course, there was the man named Willsher, and all the others; the number of aspirants to favor increased.

"This evening has just gone like a dream," said Peach to John Lexham as they stood together at the close.

"You've enjoyed it so much?" he answered, as if marveling.

"It has been the loveliest evening of my life."

"Has it, indeed?" he mused, still marveling.

"And I have to wait till tomorrow till it comes again!"

"Poor child. But it need not be quite over yet."

The intruder Willsher approached.

"Won't you bring your partner for some supper in the smoke room, sir? We have collected a little party."

"Thank you so much; no, sir," said John Lexham. And turning his back on the man named Willsher, he repeated, "Poor child. But it is not quite over yet. There is the heavenliest moon. If you want to look at it, let us look. And afterward—I shall see you safely home."

This was why Miss Peach Robinwood, the American heiress and sensation of the ship Mardania, found herself in a very secluded corner of a well-chosen deck, looking upon a moonlit ocean with her haughty friend.

The haughty friend was gay tonight; more inclined to laughter, at himself and at the world; but he did not laugh very much at Peach. He cared for her exquisitely, keeping her little fluffy wrap well around her with one hand and suddenly lifting her bodily over a coil of rope that lay in their path to that secluded corner. And once in the corner he saw to her comfort in a very experienced manner that thrilled her to the marrow.

She repeated to herself appreciatively, "A man of the world."

There they sat, very close, looking out upon the ineffable marvel of the ocean on a moonlight night. It was not cold, for the day had been warmish, and night was still windless. They faced forward, and under them the great ship skimmed over the waters.

"My ship!" Peach cried, exultant. "My ship! All alone up here, I feel she's mine, and I'm just riding her on and on forever and ever."

"I know," said John Lexham.

He turned and looked down at the sleek head almost against his shoulder.

"But don't imagine you're quite alone," he said. Peach laughed. "Don't I count?" he said.

Her heart went suddenly into a flutter that it had never fluttered for Harry.

"Why, of course you count! I—I ——"

What a gauche little girl she knew herself to be!

If she had been truly a woman of the world, how lightly and gracefully she would have answered so trifling a thing

"You are a darling," said John Lexham.

The old question that returned all of its own volition began to ache in Peach's heart. How it ached and ached and repeated itself!

"I wonder if all men are the same. I wonder if it would be so very different ——"

John Lexham took up one of her hands respectfully and kissed it; he kissed the top of her head; proceeding by these accredited stages, he bent down, put an arm about her and softly kissed her lips. Peach closed her eyes.

"No," she thought; "it is not a bit the same."

John Lexham looked down at the closed eyelids.

"Little siren," he whispered. Peach opened her eyes.

"You ought not to have done that," she whispered back. "If it had been Willsher or anyone else, you would have been the first to scold me."

"But it is a different thing when a man does it himself," said John Lexham; "it always is."

And then very softly and amusedly he laughed, rather as if expecting her to laugh too. But suddenly Peach could not laugh. She collected her new dignities.

"You must not kiss me," she forbade him, with hauteur; "I don't allow it."

She furled the fluffy wrap about her, and looking incredibly slim in the moonlight turned from him. The dignity of her progress as she commenced to walk away was beautiful to see.

But she fell over the coil of rope. A second time, John Lexham picked her up. He was not laughing now. He had controlled his face to a most respectful gravity. But in the quality of his touch, which perhaps he could not control quite so easily, was something a little fierce, anxious.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"Not at all, thank you."

"Not spoiled the pretty frock or this nice warm feathery thing?"

"Oh, do you like my clothes?"

"Very much, indeed," he replied sincerely.

He looked as if with the least added temptation he might kiss her again.

"I'm going to bed," said Peach hurriedly.

"I'll see you home. But first, wait; tell me before we get into all that glaring electric light, where other people can stare at us. Granted that you are very angry—but you shut your eyes just now when I so offended you. Why did you do that, Miss Peach Robinwood?"

For some while Peach hesitated. Then she said, "Well, a girl—a girl shuts her eyes when ——"

"I know she does," said John Lexham with irrepressible joy.

"No! No! I mean, when she is thinking and experimenting and wondering ——"

"Wondering what?"

After some hesitating moments, Peach proceeded, "If all men feel the same."

"And do they?"

"Oh, no," said Peach.

"A short while longer out here," he begged quickly. "I must know some more about you."

Somehow they were in that corner again, sheltered, with the moonlight pouring down.

"What do you know about men, Miss Peach Robinwood?"

"Well, I have been engaged to be married."

"The devil you have! Where is he?"

"In a town called Lenville; you wouldn't know just where."

"And you don't propose to tell me."

"I don't propose to tell you anything."

"But just about this chap—have you broken it off?"

She nodded dreamily.

"He seems so far away, as if he had never happened."

"Well, he never did happen enough to matter."

"He used to make love to me."

"Of course."

"It was dull."

"I'm glad."

"I have practically run away. I left him to Georgina, my sister."

"Less exacting than you are—Georgina?"

"You see, she has to be."

"Poor Georgina."

"Oh, she does not mind. She wants to marry if she can; and if she can't, to take a college course in economic science, and lecture."

"You want more?"

"I want the earth."

"Well, child, no doubt you will have a good deal of it," said John Lexham gently. "You have looks, wits, joy and money—lots of money."

As he said this he turned his head from her and looked out to sea, chewing his very short mustache.

"Yes, I have lots of money," said Peach gayly.

A silence fell upon them suddenly, a difficult silence. The wintry night, in spite of its soft stillness and beauty, seemed to become cold.

"Money is wonderful," Peach essayed: "I have not always had it. You, of course, are used to it. You are Sir John Lexham." He laughed.

"Child, after all, I think it's time you were in bed."

He took her below, escorting her right to the door of her cabin, where Eve waited, demure and bright.

"I am glad you think all men don't feel alike," he whispered on a last smile, as he pressed her hand.

Peach closed the door upon him and stood an instant, lost in a daze of conflicting thoughts. The maid Eve regarded her.

"Mademoiselle has been out in the cold? Such a fresh color!"

Peach colored more warmly yet.

She slept to the gentle rocking of the ship, thinking, "If I were Lady Lexham, what would Georgina say?"

The women on the ship were not at all unkind to Peach, considering all things. Even the young ones bore ungrudgingly with her success, and openly admired her. The older ones, in one or two cases, wished to take her under their wing. But Miss Robinwood was shy of wings. She was out for a halcyon, a happy, a giddy not to say gorgeous, life; and on the Mardania she had, according to her young ideas, begun to live it. In the mornings there were deck tennis and swimming in the liner's swimming pool; in the afternoons distributions of favors to the more successful aspirants who were thus enabled to take tea seated on the foot of her chair as thickly as a cluster of bees; at dinnertime a triumphal progress into the saloon, to her table. To her table the man named Willsher had by now bribed his way, and he was thus always on her left hand at meals, and he had the tables specially decorated for her with the beautiful blooms kept on ice somewhere in the nether regions of the ship.

With deck tennis, swimming, flirtations, and the triumphal hour of dinner, her day would pass very delectably. And after dinner there was the dancing.

Oh, the dancing!

The kind dowager women with the hospitable wings said to her, "You are having a delightful voyage, aren't you, my dear?"

Peach pulled herself together and answered, "Ships bore me so."

But oh, the dancing! The men who had nothing on earth to do all day but adore her! The long delicious self-indulgent days! The maid Eve to make Peach prettier and prettier!

John Lexham could not keep off the man Willsher forever, nor could he keep off the others forever. He had to take his favors in his turn; and so, soon, he ceased to ask for them. Or so it seemed to Peach.

On the fourth evening John Lexham wasn't dancing. Three men had caught him to make a fourth at bridge. On the fourth afternoon John Lexham's chair had been empty when tea came along. Where was he? No matter! A cluster of other men filled it. On the fifth morning John Lexham wasn't swimming. He had a hundred letters to write. On the fifth evening there were those three fellows—the return rubber must be played. Naturally, they expected it to be played. On the sixth evening John Lexham was busy packing. What? Wasn't his man with him? No, Sir John had not a servant with him. And the sixth evening was the last evening on the Mardania.

The Mardania was a swift ship. She prided herself on her punctual arrivals

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IF your skin feels drawn and tight, something has taken away its natural moisture. Evaporation will do it in these days of sharp winds and steam heat.

Aqua Velva *conserves the natural moisture of the skin.* That is the secret of its effectiveness. A few drops after the shave *keep* your face all day in the same fine condition as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

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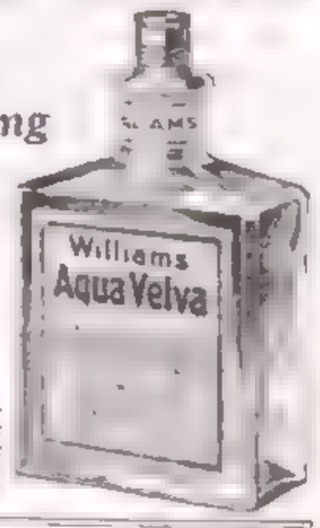

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I've always realized that the users of Mennen Shaving Cream are a pretty bright bunch, in more ways than one.

They not only know that a Mennen Shave is the cream of shaves, but let me tell you what they did in our Prize Contest.

I offered a $100 prize for the best name for the amazing, new, handy-Andy tube for Mennen Shaving Cream. The boys came through in great shape. They sent me 140,000 names.

I lost a lot of sleep and nearly all my mind trying to pick the winner. Most of the names were pretty good.

A noticeable proportion of the millions of Mennen users began to prod me for a decision.

Mr. Mennen told me to get busy. I did. I got help from four well-known business men and we have selected—Roto-Plug. The Hundred Berries Prize was awarded to L. F. Dembo, 11103 Ashbury Avenue, Cleveland, O.

But just to show you how important a little hyphen is, Walter S. Reive, Churchill, Ontario, Canada, came across with Rotoplug. Not so good, but pretty nearly. I told Mr. Mennen about it and he said instantly, "Give him a hundred, too. The prize goes double."

Then there was a fellow who sent in Rotaplug. I'd like to slip him a century also, but I've got to draw the line somewhere because there were 311 people who got the roto, rota, or rotor idea and turned in Roto Valve, Roto Tube, Roto Stop, Rotary Lock, Rotar Cap, Rota Seal, Roto Lock, Rotor Hole, and pretty nearly every variation you can think of.

But since these Roto-boys shot so near the mark, Mr. Mennen has sent to each of them, with his compliments, one of the famous Mennen-for-Men Boxes including the wonderful *new* Mennen Lather Brush. So even if they lost out on the hundred, they're going to have the makings of a Complete Mennen Shave including a Lather Brush which I'll wager they can't equal for $3 or $4 or even $5 anywhere in the country.

Well, I'm glad this Prize business is over and I can get some sleep. Thanks for *all* the names. And next time we're looking for help, we'll know where we can get it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

She had no heart for sentimental little girls who would have liked an extra day or two. She valued her business men higher—all her business men who were always eager to get there.

"And where," observed the man named Willsher to a nonchalant Peach, "is your haughty friend now?"

"Really," said Miss Robinwood in surprise, "does it matter?"

It mattered. It mattered so that the ballroom might have been a church. That was how much it mattered. And when some of the passengers, in the tremendous sentimentality of imminent partings, induced the orchestra to play Auld Lang Syne, Miss Robinwood wept.

She was between the man named Willsher and another addicted to equally large cigars at all possible moments. Each of her cold trembling little paws was clasped hard in a larger, hotter one. And she wept.

"Never mind, little girl," said the man Willsher, greatly stirred. "You will see me in London, never fear. I shan't forget you. Don't cry."

And he would have taken her straight away out on deck—there still being quite a good moon—for comforting purposes, had not she torn herself away.

"I'll see you home," cried the man Willsher after her flying form. But he stood not the slightest chance of catching her before she gained her pink cabin and bolted her door.

There was Eve, lovingly packing clothes.

"Eve!"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Eve, I want t-t-to s-s-see—t-t-to s-s-speak to a man t-t-tonight."

"Mademoiselle?"

"S-S-Sir John Lexham."

"Oui, mademoiselle."

"G-g-get him."

The maid Eve gave her tiny apron the slightest hitch at the waist, though its set was already perfect, adjusted a very well-trained curl in front of one ear and started for the door.

"Eve, you c-c-can g-g-get him?"

"I can get anybody, mademoiselle, if it is a man."

"Y-y-you c-c-can have m-m-my b-b-blue s-s-silk n-n-nightie."

Alone on her bed, cross-legged there just as she used to sit on her bed in Lenville, with Georgina squatting alongside, Peach endeavored to restrain her devastating emotions. She took short breaths and long breaths; held her breath, and let it go; washed her face and wept again; cold-creamed her face and ruined the result with tears; drank water; powdered her face. And then suddenly, just as in its turn the powder was endangered, a peremptory knock fell on the door and she was calm; she was smiling and gracious.

In a crisp voice she called, "Come in."

John Lexham stood on the threshold. He looked much as usual except for his eyes. They had no humor in them tonight; they were extraordinarily bright and steady, and they went immediately to Peach, who had forgotten that she was again sitting cross-legged on the bed. She rose gracefully and redisposed herself.

"I think I will come in a moment if I may," said John Lexham, shutting the door behind him.

"You once told me I should never allow a man inside my cabin," said Peach politely, a dreadful contrariness seizing her.

"It is different if it is I," said John Lexham.

"Have a cigarette?" said Peach, airily waving a boxful.

"Thanks, no, Miss Robinwood. I mustn't stay, even if I am I. . . . That maid of yours said you wanted to see me most urgently."

"Oh—oh—urgently? Not at all. What a fool the girl is! I only thought it would be nice, after all your kindness to me ——"

A dreadful malevolence now seized upon Peach, different from any malevolence she had ever experienced.

"The debt is mine," murmured John Lexham with a sickening courtesy.

"After all your kindness to me," repeated Peach, staring at him, and still he could stare back. "Nice to—to have an opportunity of—of saying good-by. We shall be off the boat very early in the morning, I understand."

"I understand we shall."

"So thanks so much, Sir John; and good-by—unless we happen to be traveling up to London together."

"I wish we were. But I'm in a carriageful of men—arranged yesterday, as a matter of fact."

"Oh, indeed! Then, as I say, good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Robinwood."

"Unless—I shall be staying at Black's Hotel. I hope you'll come and call on me."

"That would be nice. You're kind, Miss Robinwood. But circumstances make that very improbable, I am afraid. So many regrets. I mustn't keep you up now. It was—jolly of you to send for me like this. Good-by."

They shook hands as nicely as possible.

Miss Robinwood suddenly fell on her bed in a paroxysm of tears.

"I-I'm so s-s-sorry to s-s-say good-by to that n-n-nice Mr. W-W-Willsher," she choked.

"I sympathize," said John Lexham, and firmly he shut himself out of the cabin.

So that was that.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REFORM OF THE SENATE RULES

(Continued from Page 4)

unmistakable. The figures prove that any body which at times must grant concessions to individual members in order to secure the right to act as a whole will pass more laws in proportion than a body not under that handicap, as well as modify the bills passed in many instances in a way not in the public interest.

In the last five Congresses the Senate bills and resolutions passed by the Senate, with ninety-six members, exceeded by 182 the House bills and resolutions passed by the House, with 435 members. The exact figures are 3113 for the Senate and 2931 for the House.

But more significant even than this, as evidence of the inevitable exactions of selfish human nature when given a chance, and the effect in forcing favorable reports on bills in committee, referred to by Senator Thomas, is the fact that the Senate, without majority cloture, passed these 3113 bills and resolutions out of a total of 29,332 introduced, while the House, with majority cloture, passed its smaller number of 2931 out of a total of 82,632 introduced.

Evils of Unlimited Oratory

During the last five Congresses, therefore, the Senate passed 10.5 per cent of the bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate, while the House of Representatives passed only 3.5 per cent of the bills and resolutions introduced in the House. In other words, of bills and resolutions introduced, the Senate, without effective cloture, passed in proportion three times as many as did the House of Representatives, with cloture.

As further proof, if any is necessary, that filibustering contributes to multiplicity of laws, it may be stated that it has caused the President to call, during the last eight sessions of Congress, seven extra sessions. No one can contend that more laws were not passed in the twenty-three sessions actually held than if only the sixteen regular sessions had been held. As a matter of fact, in these extra sessions a total of 386 laws and 98 public resolutions were passed. Again, as a result of filibustering, not only more laws are passed but the laws which are passed often do not receive due consideration.

Because of the consumption of time which the Senate has for constructive legislation by efforts of the minority through frivolous and unlimited oratory to obstruct the majority, it becomes necessary that there be occasional outbursts of speed by the Senate in passing bills on the calendar and jamming through appropriation bills. These outbursts of speed are a dangerous reaction from the cumulative inaction preceding them. Individual senators have bills on the calendar in which they are interested, as well as items in appropriation bills. The forces of normal action being held in check by obstruction, the reaction comes with a rush which renders impossible due and wise consideration. To pass bills in less time than it takes to read them, especially in the case of appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars, after spending days on a revenue bill or tariff bill, demonstrates the necessity of so amending the rules of the Senate as to bring about a proper allocation of time to the consideration of all its business.

Says ex-Congressman Mondell, referring to the effects of the filibuster against the Shipping Bill:

"The entire appropriation and legislative program of the recent session of Congress was considered in the Senate under a flag of truce in the intervals in which the managers of the Senate filibuster were pleased to make way for measures other than the Shipping Bill. . . . During this period the Senate passed on one occasion more than one hundred bills in about the same number of minutes. There wasn't time to read even the titles in full if they were long."

Some, in discussing the question of reform of the rules, have endeavored to create the impression that they are to be regarded in importance as if they were part of our organic law. They are not organic law. The Constitution is the only instrument through which our forbears designed to limit the rights of the majority and to insure that the ultimate judgment of the people passed into law as distinguished from a passing phase of popular opinion. It provides that a bill must pass both Houses of Congress before it becomes a law; that then the President may veto it, in which event it must be passed over that veto by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress. The Supreme Court then has the power to review the law in its relation to the preservation of the minority rights and the rights of the states, which are defined by the Constitution, and if it finds any of them are overridden it declares the law to be unconstitutional and void.

Before the Day of Filibustering

For the first seventeen years of the existence of the United States Senate, filibustering and the holding up of the majority by the minority for legislative concessions were not possible. In the Senate in 1806, because of the small amount of business it had to transact and the small number of senators who transacted it, Rules 8 and 9 of the original rules of the Senate, providing for majority cloture, were dropped. These two rules had been used only three times in the seventeen years and were regarded as unnecessary for the proper conduct of business. The Senate then had only thirty-four senators and the country contained less than 7,000,000 population. Now the Senate has ninety-six members and our population is more than 110,000,000, with a more than corresponding increase in the amount and diversification of its interests and business.

It is absurd to maintain that the original Rules 8 and 9 of the Senate providing for

(Continued on Page 66)

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

A NEW CRITERION OF FINE CAR VALUE

The Lincoln offers a striking example of what unlimited resources can effect in the manufacture of a fine motor car. For never before has any automobile had such a wealth of talent, such ideal facilities placed at its disposal. As a result, the Lincoln has come to represent a value in its field which is unprecedented and unparalleled.

It may be said, without exaggeration, that the bodies for the Lincoln, designed by the foremost men in this field and built under Lincoln supervision to the strict Lincoln standards of materials and precision workmanship, are the finest available on any foreign or American cars today.

For instance, this four-passenger Sedan designed by Le Baron is a particularly satisfying car for the owner-driver—available either with two or three side windows.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of Ford Motor Company

"Out of the darkness the first gray light of breaking dawn and then—the new day"

A New Day

See Pages 102, 103 and 104

(Continued from Page 64)

majority cloture, which were abandoned only because the small membership of the Senate made them unnecessary, did not accord with the spirit of the Constitution or of American institutions. They did accord with them, and if these rules had continued in force the system of legislative barter would not have grown up, and the will at times of an individual senator or a minority of the Senate could not be substituted for the will of the people as expressed in the manner and by the method prescribed by the Constitution.

It is not relevant to say that majorities in the United States are temporary. Of course they are. The Constitution provided for frequent elections and thus insured that majorities in the Senate should remain temporary. We are a government of the people under constitutional limitations, and neither a free democracy, an oligarchy nor a monarchy. The principles of an oligarchy or a monarchy are those, in effect, which are urged against the reform of the Senate rules, to wit—that the will of an individual or of a minority in the Senate should at times be substituted for that ultimate judgment of the people represented by a readiness to legislate on the part of two elected houses of Congress, in agreement with an elected President of the United States who must sign the bill, all being ready to act under their constitutional rights, subject again to the possible intervention of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Carrying the Case to the People

To reëstablish the majority cloture provided for in the rules of the Senate during the first seventeen years of its existence, and thus check the intolerable evils which have arisen because of its absence, would be a return to the first principles of the American Government and of American institutions, and not a departure from them.

Again, a number of those opposing the reform of the Senate rules seem to forget that in the question a fundamental principle of American constitutional government is involved—that the methods of government must be determined by general situations and not by special cases; that the evils of the power of filibuster affect legislation passed as well as legislation defeated, and that it demoralizes the proper procedure of business in the United States Senate.

The assertion is made that no bills were ever defeated by a filibuster that have not been afterwards condemned by public sentiment. In my judgment this superficial argument is a species of special pleading, only indulged in with the hope of stirring up the prejudices of portions of our people by references to specific legislation defeated by the filibuster. If the debate could be turned from a general scope, covering all considerations, into one upon innumerable specific bills, there would be more of a chance to arouse enough prejudice to obscure the public benefits and real principles involved in this reform.

Unquestionably some bad bills have been defeated by a filibuster. A reference here, however, to particular bills, which are only a very few of a large number, will illustrate the folly of thus seeking to dispose of fundamental principles by the consideration of special cases instead of a general situation.

In the last session of the Sixty-eighth Congress the Muscle Shoals Bill was defeated by filibuster. Who, for instance, is authorized to state what the public sentiment of the United States is upon this bill? As a result of this filibuster the following bills were not reached and, therefore, failed:

Pepper-McFadden Banking Bill,
Railroad Consolidation Bill,
Departmental Reorganization Bill,
Public Buildings Bill,
Statute Codification Bill,
Cape Cod Canal Bill,
Bill for Civil Service Classification of Prohibition Agents

Who is authorized to state public sentiment upon these bills? What about the many appropriation bills defeated through the consumption of time by filibuster in different Congresses, compelling extra sessions? These bills certainly were not condemned by public sentiment.

Under the Constitution the Senate is the only body which can change these rules; and as stated before, to change them in the public interest, individual senators must give up personal powers and prerogatives which pertain to them under the rules as they stand at present.

That is what makes the reformation of the rules so difficult. That is why it is all the more incumbent upon patriotic senators, devoted to the real interest of the nation, to correct a system operating against public interest, for the creation of which no party or any individual senator is responsible. Nor does the fact that they were not responsible for the crystallization of custom and precedent into improper rules excuse them before the bar of American public opinion from the duty of rectifying them in the national interest.

From the days of Henry Clay to the present, upon the floor of the Senate, individual members have pleaded without avail for the correction of the rules. It is for the reason that repeated argument and solicitation from the floor of the Senate itself have failed, that as Vice President I am carrying the case to the people of the United States, who have the power to elect men to the Senate who will properly represent their attitude in this matter.

The Vice President is designated by the Constitution as the presiding officer of the Senate, and, like all other presiding officers, is charged with expediting the business of the body over which he presides. Being the only official of the Government sustaining a constitutional relation to the Senate as a whole—elected not by the Senate but by the people of the United States—and charged with concern for the proper conduct of the business of the Senate, in carrying the question to the people I am only performing a plain duty.

The Need for Majority Cloture

What I am advocating in connection with the rules of the Senate is that they should be changed by a provision for majority cloture so drawn that it will not prevent any senator from being fully heard upon any question, but will prevent a minority or an individual senator from unduly prolonging debate in order to destroy the constitutional right of a majority of the Senate to legislate. The adoption of the Underwood Resolution will properly and sufficiently remedy the situation, in my judgment.

No one has asked for a change in the rules which will prevent a minority from being fully heard on any question or interfere with the right of free speech. No one is asking any extension of the constitutional rights of the majority of the Senate or of the people themselves. The demand is only that the minority, protected as it is by the checks and balances of the Constitution, shall not exercise veto rights over the will of a majority when that majority desires only to exercise its constitutional rights of legislation.

This power of obstruction, resulting from the failure of the rules to provide for majority cloture, brings the Senate into disrepute, demoralizes its orderly procedure and interferes with its power to act properly under its constitutional authority in the interests of the people. It protects no essential right. It is wrong. It is un-American. And, in my judgment, the American people demand that senators abolish it.

THE DIAMOND IN THE DUST HEAP

(Continued from Page 54)

as many copies as possible before the inevitable revelation that would kite its value to an altitude beyond my modest reach. In three years I ran down and garnered three copies, two of which I subsequently sold at a very handsome advance upon the original purchase price. Needless to say, they are no longer listed in catalogues at three shillings, under the caption Tobacco; but that, on an average, is what mine cost me, and I ordered them from just such catalogues.

A few years ago, while employed by an afternoon newspaper, I passed the door of a small bookshop in Chicago, and paused to investigate a box of paperbacks. The price asked for the books was not exorbitant; they were offered at ten cents apiece for as many as one wanted. I pawed idly for a few moments, and then turned up a familiar title—The Misadventures of John Nicholson. The author was Robert Louis Stevenson. A line from a catalogue entered my head, and suddenly it occurred to me that this was the rare pirated edition that had appeared in America some months in advance of the authorized London edition; an unlovely affair on cheap paper, made for train butchers to sell to passengers, but an indubitable first edition of which only a few copies were known. It was quite fresh and new, and I wasted no time in buying it. There were no other copies in the box; I had discovered that fact rapidly. But as I paid over my ten cents I casually remarked, "Those paperbacks seem to be in pretty good shape for such old books!"

The dealer agreed with me. "I bought a job lot of them from the publisher," he said. "He's been out of business for some years, and these were in a warehouse somewhere, gathering dust. I took all he had. There's about a thousand more back there under the stairs."

I did not know whether to shout or to faint. And I had an assignment to cover, and a story to write. "I should like to look them over," I said at length, "but I haven't time now. I'll drop in later in the day." Then I hurried away to my task, rushed back to the office, and worked feverishly until three o'clock. When I had finished I sped back to the bookshop, fearing that someone would be ahead of me. But the shop was empty, and the books had not been touched. There they were, a thousand of them, more or less, piled under the stairs.

I took off my coat and set to work, and in an hour I had toiled through the lot. Every title in a list of popular reprints was there, including a number of Stevenson's; and there were exactly five more copies of The Misadventures of John Nicholson. Of all John Nicholson's misadventures, it occurred to me that this was the most amusing. I bought all five—every one of them!—greatly to the astonishment of the dealer, who as I left the shop eyed me with deep suspicion, and putting them in my bag I went at once to another shop, famous throughout the world, whose proprietor knew a great deal about rare volumes. There I produced a single copy of my six, and asked what he would pay for it. He examined the thing carefully, commented on its exceptional condition, and agreed to pay thirty dollars, which I accepted and went home.

A week later, I sold him another copy for thirty dollars, and he smelled a rat.

"Look here," he said, with a shrewd smile, "you've found a nest of these some place. Exactly how many have you?"

"You've just bought two," I replied, "and I have four left."

"I'll have to buy 'em all to protect my first investment," he grumbled. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars apiece for the others." (Continued on Page 68

News of First National Pictures

Leon Errol as "Tremble-at-Evil" Tidd in "Clothes Make the Pirate."

Sam Rork presents LEON ERROL with Dorothy Gish in

"CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE"

LEON ERROL, of "Sally" fame, has his first starring rôle in "Clothes Make the Pirate"—and what a rôle it is! First a henpecked husband, then an unwilling pirate and finally the leader of the cutlass-swinging crew of murderers.

Here's spectacular comedy! Under Maurice Tourneur's direction lavish scenes of pirate battles enrich the spring of humor from Errol's "Tremble-at-Evil" Tidd part and Dorothy Gish's sit-by-the-fire character. You'll agree it's an outstanding comedy of the year, unerring in its appeal to every age. And Errol's immense!

The cast also includes Nita Naldi, Tully Marshall, James Rennie, George Marion, Edna Murphy, Walter Law and Reginald Barlow.

Life holds only terrors for Tidd whether at home with his wife (right) or on the pirate frigate (lower right).

You'll Also Enjoy—

"Classified"—Corinne Griffith's latest and best, a "business opportunity" for those wanting a real heart interest story of the everyday working girl. Directed by Alfred Santell for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., from Edna Ferber's story.

"The Dark Angel"—The supreme story of love and sacrifice. Beautifully enacted by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky and directed by George Fitzmaurice for Samuel Goldwyn from H. B. Trevelyan's play.

"The New Commandment"—Love, shattered by a weakling's spinelessness in peace, finds itself in the cauldron of war. Superb work by Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet. Directed by Howard Higgin for Robert T. Kane from Col. Frederick Palmer's book, "Invisible Wounds."

"We Moderns"—Spectacular crash of airplane and Zeppelin adds a thrill to the usual excellent Colleen Moore picture, this one being from Israel Zangwill's play. Produced by John McCormick, John Francis Dillon directing with June Mathis, editorial director

"What Fools Men"—Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, David Torrence and Barbara Bedford in an adaptation of Henry Kitchell Webster's "Joseph Greer and His Daughter." Directed by George Archainbaud, June Mathis, editorial director

Race track (above) and carnival (right) vie with each other in "The Scarlet Saint" with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor as the central figures.

"THE SCARLET SAINT"

RACE track winners thundered by! Mardi Gras crowds screeched! Fidele alone remained an isolated figure because she was true to herself.

Starting with this situation Gerald Beaumont, who knows crowds—race track and others—as a fan knows batting averages, wrote a story of intense action and heart interest, "The Lady who Played Fidele." Under the title of "The Scarlet Saint" the screen version promises to excel the tension and sentiment of the printed story. Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor play the leads. George Archainbaud directed under Earl Hudson's supervision.

If it's a First National Picture, You'll Enjoy It

Sheet steel—glareless!

Working without eye-shades and with no elaborate diffusing globes, these workmen are able to inspect sheet steel without the slightest sign of strain. Work-Light is hung directly above their heads, yet the shiny metal surface casts no bothersome reflections. Illumination is uniform over every square inch of the steel. *(Photo from plant of Follansbee Bros. Co., Toronto, O.)*

A graphic, startling difference!

EVERY man knows, from his own experience, what sheet steel looks like under ordinary light. Work-Light is different! You need only this picture to tell you. Yet many plants still buy lighting on the assumption that "light is all alike"!

Why is this difference important? Here experience* answers:—

A manufacturer of locomotive stokers installed Work-Light in a basement department and found that for the first time workers in that part of the plant were able to earn a bonus. Naturally the difficulty previously experienced in inducing men to work there quickly disappeared.

* * *

One famous hosiery manufacturer found that, with Work-Light, the percentage of hosiery that required re-boarding was cut in half. This mill's engineers credited Work-Light with having effected an actual production increase of 4.2 per cent.

* * *

A big Pennsylvania textile plant found that, under Work-Light, its workmen could count threads hung 20 feet away. Under ordinary illumination, the same men had to move 10 feet closer to the threads in order to see clearly enough to count. This plant is now a Work-Light user.

* * *

A machine shop manufacturing universal joints found that every pore in the surface of a ground but unfinished shaft was clearly visible under Work-Light, while under daylight the same surface appeared to be polished. This sold an installation.

* * *

An automobile body plant revealed this situation. "Several of our good men were called on the carpet for poor work, but they just flatly declared they couldn't improve until Work-Light lamps were installed. As a favor to a long-suffering Purchasing Agent, rush us 50 lamps."

* *Names upon request*

You can make a Work-Light trial in your own plant, without obligation. We will be glad to loan you lamps enough to light any department you select.

COOPER HEWITT ELECTRIC COMPANY
125 River Street, Hoboken, New Jersey

Continued from Page 66

"No," I said, "I want one for my own library, but you may have the three others."

I took my check, and decided that I had done a very good day's work.

"But if you find any more," added the bookseller, "put 'em in the fire. It'll take me three years to get rid of these."

I didn't find any more, but two months later a collector in Boston discovered another pirated edition of Nicholson that antedated my edition by about two weeks; the date on the paper wrapper proved it beyond question. It was a very important discovery, from a bibliographical point of view; and I was very glad that I had not waited to sell my first five until I could get more money. The copy that I kept I still have. It is worth, I suppose, about ten cents today.

That was one of my earliest adventures, and I remember it with great happiness, although I have made many more important finds since. It illustrates rather neatly one thing that will bear remembering about pirated editions: they may be first editions and they may not; that is to say, there may be another pirated edition that is a little more first, as it were.

Rare Contemporary Editions

If I were asked to name the rarest item among contemporaneous American first editions I should probably think hard for some moments, but in the end I should probably name one of two small brochures. I should name, I think, either Edwin Arlington Robinson's tiny pamphlet, The Torrent and the Night Before, or H. L. Mencken's Ventures Into Verse. Both may be accurately described as frightfully rare. It will be a surprise to many, no doubt, to read that Mencken has ever condescended to verse; but it is quite, quite true, and the dabbler in secondhand bookstalls will do well to keep at least one eye open for the result of those early lispings, as well as for the Robinson opus. Both are mere pamphlets, and neither is so very old. Mr. Robinson's was privately printed in 1896, and was immediately distributed, for the most part to friends. Mr. Mencken's appeared, without any convulsions of nature, in 1901, and went much the same way. One is poetry, and the other, I am sorry to say, is not; but they are almost equally rare today, and probably the psychology of rarity has fixed their value to the collector at about the same figure. I have heard of a copy of Mr. Robinson's brochure changing hands at a figure in excess of a hundred and fifty dollars, and I have no doubt that Mr. Mencken would pay as much for a copy of Ventures Into Verse. The former work is almost a legend. I have never seen it, although I know it exists. The Ventures I have seen; indeed, I once owned a copy. I found it in a Chicago bookshop, marked at fifty cents, and that is the sum I paid for it. It had been sold to the dealer by a reviewer for a local poetry magazine. That was before the present vogue of Mr. Mencken, but as editor of The Smart Set he had been kind to me, and I yielded to the impulse to buy his poems. They were terrible. Some years later, in a thoughtless moment, I mentioned the verses to Mr. Mencken in a letter.

In his reply he set forth that he was surprised to hear that I had the book. He had only one copy himself, it seemed, and that was so mutilated as to be incomplete. He would take it as a favor if I would send him mine, and would send me another book in exchange. "I had a sweet soul in those days," he wrote.

I gracefully yielded my copy, received two books in exchange, handsomely inscribed, and was for a time satisfied. I liked to think of Mr. Mencken made happy by my unmutilated copy of Ventures Into Verse, and thought I had done a Christian act. Mr. Mencken, I am sure, thought so, too, for I have long since reached the conclusion that he instantly destroyed it.

Then there is Robinson's second production, The Children of the Night, a volume of admirable poetry, published by a small Boston house, in 1897. It is excessively rare and desirable. The last copy I saw advertised as for sale was priced at seventy-five dollars, which seemed to me not unreasonable. I have clung grimly to my copy for ten years now, in spite of flattering offers. It came to me from Ben Hecht, once an amateur collector, in exchange for something crude and powerful and very Russian, the name of which I have forgotten, and which I do not miss. But I do miss my first edition of the Spoon River Anthology, which idiotically I sold for six dollars and a copy of a later printing—a few years before it went to fifty dollars. I shall not make that mistake again. Like Leaves of Grass, another great rarity in its original edition, the Anthology was a new note, a genuine departure, and it has become a permanent addition to literature.

Still other volumes of merit that classify as desiderata, and which in time may bring large sums in the auction market, are Frank Norris' Yvernelle, Miss Millay's Renascence, and Stephen Crane's Maggie. Yet Renascence goes back only to 1917, while Yvernelle was published no longer ago than 1892. Each was the first published volume of its author, and probably the edition of each was limited. The prices asked for both today are quite handsome—although young collectors must not think that the prices asked by dealers very closely approximate the prices dealers are willing to pay to young collectors. That naïve notion has given many amateurs an evil opinion of dealers that some of them do not deserve. In the case of Stephen Crane's Maggie, however, one would be justified in holding out for a fair reward, for the book is unquestionably hard to find. It was never really published; it was printed for the author—a nice distinction. It is a fairly large octavo, in yellow wrappers, and Mr. Crane's name does not appear upon the title page. Instead, there appears the name of one Johnston Smith; but Johnston Smith was merely Stephen Crane masquerading until such time as he should have read the reviews. A copy has sold recently for as much as one hundred dollars, which is only a fraction of what it will bring some later day.

Rules for Young Collectors

Certainly one of the rarest items in modern literature is that known as The Dance of Death, and attributed to William Herman, for the author of the work—in collaboration with another man—was none other than Ambrose Bierce, whose reputation is now on its way to the heights. It was published in 1877—a magnificent tirade directed against the immorality of the waltz—and was actually a hoax perpetrated by Bierce and Thomas A. Harcourt. But the valuable edition is the right edition, in the terminology of the collector, which upon its title page, in addition to title and author, contains only the words "Author's Copy." All others are reprints, and though they are scarce and desirable the right copy is the roc of the species. It fetches today something less than fifty dollars, but in a few years it will take its place as one of the commanding rarities of our time.

As for Joseph Hergesheimer, his early volumes already are climbing toward enviable figures, and there is no limit to their possibilities. I suppose that it was the suppression of Jurgen that made James Branch Cabell for the collectors, quite as much as, in a large degree, it was the suppression of Jurgen that made Mr. Cabell for the booksellers and the critics. Whatever may have been the critical and sales results, that resounding episode was a trumpet blast to collectors. They hunted frantically for first editions of the suppressed novel—which had reached a third impression before the ax fell—and snapped up the earlier works with great gusto, although previously many of the early volumes had been considered notable chiefly for the illustrations by Howard Pyle. Prices mounted steadily, and today few esteemed writers bring higher

Continued on Page 70

TO MEN IN INDUSTRY

Save it!

One-third of the nation's fuel is being wasted

THIS is a conservative estimate based upon the opinions of the country's leading engineers.

The greater part of it can be saved—and without changing present equipment.

It is the business of Johns-Manville to demonstrate where and how fuel and power can be saved, to provide an effective and efficient means and to show how to apply such means.

That is why it is just as important to you as to us to avail yourself of the services of Johns-Manville Sales Engineers in your place of business.

Insulation, Packings, Refractory Cements, Roofing, and other Asbestos products may materially aid in both conserving fuel and lowering production costs, thus placing you in the best position to meet your competition.

AKRON
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NEW ORLEANS
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PORTLAND, ORE.
PROVIDENCE
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YOUNGSTOWN
HAVANA, CUBA
RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL
SAO PAULO, BRAZIL
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
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MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

JOHNS-MANVILLE

SAVES POWER

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

Draw a straight line
Send a good saw singing down it, straight and clean and true! Then you will be on the right track to pride in your finished work

Good work begins with the saw...

With the way it cuts

WHETHER you will be able to cut true to the line and do it fast and easy depends on the saw you buy.

Suppose you get a saw that chatters . . . drags . . . wobbles . . . runs only by main strength . . . hacks the wood?

No man can turn out good work unless the sawing is well done.

Henry Disston, eighty-five years ago, figured out a saw that will give any man a good start toward a good job.

He trained his own sawmakers; he made his own saw steel. He was so nearly right that today saws with his name are used around the world.

The Disston Saw is "The Saw Most Carpenters Use." Carpenters, everywhere, ask for and buy it by name.

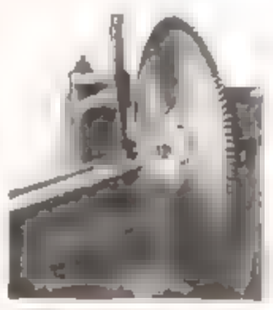
"DISSTON" is the name to look for when you go to buy a saw.

In a Disston Saw you will get balance that works with hand and arm. You will get the temper and spring, the life and keenness Disston Steel alone can give.

Your saw will hold its edge, cut keenly, fast and easy, true to the line.

Then you can do the kind of a job you have always wanted to do.

Your hardware dealer will tell you this, too, about the Disston Saw.



Metal-cutting Saws now the supremacy of Disston Steel

Ask Disston

Tell us what work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre, or other materials. We will tell you how to saw it better and easier. Disston issues many free books to aid saw users.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

DISSTON

Continued from Page 68

prices in their first appearances than Mr. Cabell. Scarcest of all is his first novel, The Eagle's Shadow, first published as a serial in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and the more devoted of this writer's admirers seek diligently for the old issues of THE POST which contain the chapters of that story. For the book and for the magazine numbers, dealers ask surprising prices.

Of contemporary writers who are not Americans, a number in recent years have been outstandingly popular with collectors, and their first-edition prices have soared in some instances to almost incredible figures. Mr. Arthur Machen already has been mentioned. Stevenson is the great survival of the eighties; his prices have scarcely wavered since years ago they began to rise. At the moment, the two who seem to rise head and shoulders above their fellows, in their popularity with collectors, are Joseph Conrad and George Moore. Impressive disputes are conducted in serious bibliographical journals as to the rightness of their editions, whether New York antedated London in a given instance, or publication was simultaneous in those cities, and which variation of several bindings was the authentic first. Both men have benefited hugely by the enthusiasm of collectors, and have been personally party to the publication at high prices, in very limited editions, of books especially designed for the collecting fraternity.

Now the easiest way to obtain such books as one cares to collect is to purchase them from the better dealers; but this method is likely to run into alarming figures. That is the millionaire's way. He tells his agent what interests him, or his agent tells him what ought to interest him, and the millionaire gives a blanket order that is passed along to the rare-book dealer. The dealer advertises widely, England is ransacked, and in time the desired items are procured and turned over to the millionaire for a pretty penny. The dealer, quite properly, gets for them every nickel that they are worth, and perhaps more. He is entitled to his price.

I cannot afford to collect that way, and I am sure no other small collector can afford it. So that the more difficult way, in a sense, becomes the small collector's way, and he soon comes to realize that it is by all odds the happiest way. He digs around in the smaller shops, in the shilling barrows, in the ten-cent boxes, and resurrects the little mistakes and ignorances of the small dealer. With no little taste and acumen he sniffs the excellence of a newcomer in letters, and purchases his work as it comes from the press, before the verdict of time and survival has been handed down. He even profits by the little mistakes and ignorances of the large dealer, who is far, indeed, from infallible. And in time he brings together, either for sentiment or for sale, a very good and representative collection of choice works that have cost him probably less than a tenth of what they are actually worth. If he cares to sell them he may reap a handsome profit on his investment; if he does not care to sell he may—and does—sit back and boast of the items in his collection that So-and-So, the wealthy collector, with all his money could not buy.

Joys of the Quest

Yes, that is quite the happiest way of all to quest for the diamond—in the dust heap. Frequent all the shops, the greater as well as the lesser, and search out the rarities that the dealers have overlooked, or the prospective rarities that the dealers do not yet recognize. They are always to be found, for there never yet has been a dealer who knew everything there was to be known about rare volumes. Somewhere in the heaps and tons of old books that line the walls of book shops or gather dust in the outdoor bins there are choice and desirable items of charm and of value. The shrewd collector will recognize and acquire them when he sees them. Every new search is a voyage to the Indies, a quest for buried treasure, a journey to the end of the rainbow; and whether or not at the end there shall be turned up a pot of gold or merely a delightful volume, there are always wonders along the way.

If a collector's taste be right he cannot go far wrong in his selections. Sooner or later his judgments will be justified. In 1914, with no more capital than is usually to be found in the pockets of a newspaperman, I began to collect the editions of a British writer whose work pleased my fancy, but whose name was quite unknown. Over the next ten years I gathered his books and his pamphlets wherever I found them, at a cost so small that never once was I obliged to forgo—as tradition seems always to demand—a single luncheon to possess a book. At the end of my decade of questing, having tired somewhat of that specialty and being just as diligently engaged with the works of another unknown, I sold my entire collection of the first man, *en bloc*, to a wealthy collector, and pocketed a check for two thousand dollars. There was no fraud, no gouging in the deal. The collection was worth every penny of what I received, and today it is worth more. Yet its actual cost to me had been, I suppose, something less than three hundred dollars, and that distributed over a period of ten years.

Speculating With Books

I am at present collecting just as earnestly the works of two other men who are as certain of fame as was the man I found in 1914, and whose first editions in another five years will bring astonishing prices. I am not collecting for the market; I am collecting for my own happiness. But that I am building upon a solid foundation is a comforting thought. The sale value will be there when, and if, I ever care to sell. I must, however, decline to name the men I have in mind, for there are indications that the rise is beginning, and I have no desire for competition until my own collections are complete.

There is no shame to be taken, however, in speculating with books, and a very decent income may be achieved in that field. With a sufficient knowledge of the needs of the better dealers, an earnest and energetic young man—or, for that matter, young woman—may earn in his spare time anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. One of the best-known dealers in America recently told me that he paid over the latter sum, once a week on an average, to a youth who spends his entire leisure canvassing the smaller bookshops, picking up the rare and curious volumes that he has learned to know the dealer can use. He is able to buy them for a fraction of their worth, and as he knows what ultimately will be charged for them, is able to sell them for about half of that final figure and reap an excellent harvest. It is a pleasant and an honest profession, and a cultured one. In all parts of the world it is a popular one. In England, France and America, along Charing Cross Road, along the Seine embankment, and in lower Fourth Avenue, I have met young men who devote all or part of their time to it; and, where intelligence directed the search, they have prospered.

Queer indeed are the items that come to light out of box and barrow, long lost and perhaps forgotten even by their authors; early pamphlets, printed at the authors' expense, unimportant volumes with great names signed to the introductory prefaces, advertising brochures done by celebrities in their cheese-and-ale days, circulars, playbills, programs, and what not! It is almost wicked to turn them up, but the implacable collector must possess every line printed by the man he has chosen to collect. Some day perhaps a law will be passed against the ghoulishness of it all, but in the meantime it is these very trifles and embarrassments often that bring the largest prices in the market. But the prime requisites for collecting are a flair for books and a genuine love of the game. Lacking that, let no one attempt the gentle art of book collecting, whatever its rewards.

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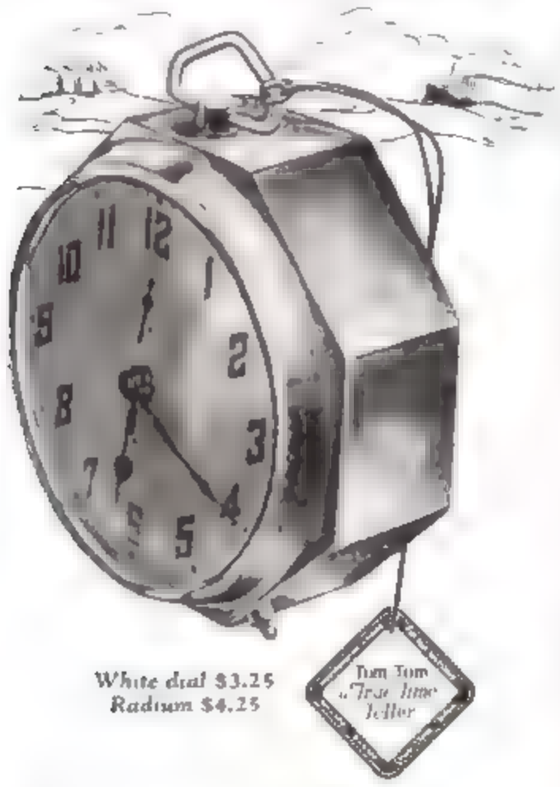

White dial $3.25
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Silver dial $3.25
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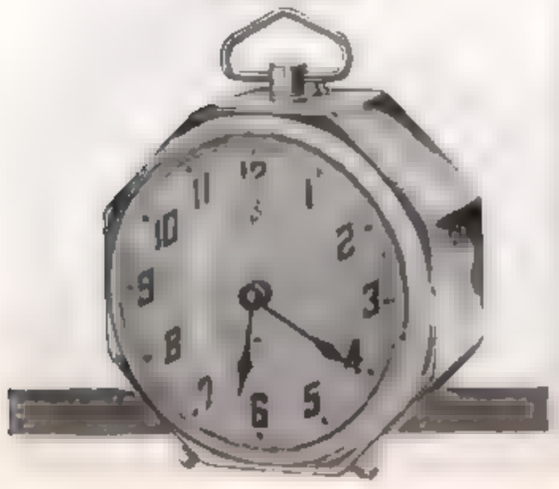


THE PASSING OF THE RANCHES

Continued from Page 13

States it owns something like 80 per cent of the total area.

But the whole policy of the Government has been to get land into the possession of small settlers through its homestead laws. In early days the cattleman had usually located his home ranch near a well or spring, and partly through force of being first on the spot, he managed more or less to control a great surrounding area of thousands of acres, despite occasional clashes with fellow ranchers. When the small settler under the homestead laws came in, the newcomer took up only a few hundred acres, or less, but he broke up the range, or at least took the heart out of the system, by spotting it here and there.

Speaking of the West as a whole, and not of particular states where, because of peculiar conditions, the rancher has been more than usually successful in keeping the settler out, it may be said that gradually enough of the settlers' fences crept around the water holes to make the stockman realize that he was operating under entirely different conditions. For a long time there was war between ranchers and settlers. Often the latter pretended to be in the cattle business in a small way, or perhaps he was actually so engaged. In not a few cases his small herd was built up at the expense of the ranchmen who were there when he came. A homesteader would settle far out on the range, even in the desert, one or two score miles from anywhere, and after a while he had a few cows and calves.

The Days of the Rustler Wars

There were rustler wars, and in 1892, in Wyoming, the United States cavalry went to the protection of the settlers. The cowboys surrendered, "ostensibly to the cavalry," as Philip Ashton Rollins has expressed it in his book, The Cowboy, "practically to the farmer."

But the passing of the ranches in the old sense has been due to still other causes. When, about a decade after the rustler wars, an immense area from the public domain was set aside as a national forest reserve, the open range was still further diminished. These areas were set aside to be administered as forest reserves primarily for water and timber conservation, and only incidentally for grazing. Today more than 1000 municipalities depend upon the watersheds in these areas for their water supply.

To what extent and under what conditions grazing should be conducted in the national forests constitute most technical and complicated questions, with serious aspects of sectional and political feeling quite aside from the purely scientific and economic problems involved. Suffice it to say now that herds of cattle and bands of sheep cannot roam at will in the national forests. Permits must be obtained and fees paid. Newcomers are provided for and old-timers cut down. In a general way the Government makes room for the small owner and reduces the large outfit. Thus, for still another reason, the old-time ranches are passing. Then, too, since the war the industry has been suffering from depression in an extreme form, insolvency, bankruptcy, the disruption of herds, even the complete abandonment or liquidation of the business being exceedingly common. Untold numbers of cattle have sold at from one-half to two-thirds the cost of production.

Again the causes are complex, but superficially at least it would seem as if production had been greatly stimulated during the war and that speculation reigned supreme. Prices were high and novices rushed into the business under the impression that it is an easy occupation, where all there is to do is to sit on a horse and let one's legs hang down. Bankers extended credit with the greatest freedom and along with many of their clients went more or less crazy, with consequent bank failures in many parts of the Southwest.

When hostilities closed, the packers had a big surplus of meats. There was inevitable deflation, as in so many other industries, but it has differed from most in its long continuance. Only now is the turn beginning to come. But in the meantime many have left the business, efforts to convert ranches to other purposes have been numerous, and the number of beef cattle has decreased enormously throughout the country.

The industry is peculiar in the length of its cycles, which investigators estimate at about fourteen years. The valleys of these cycles are longer than the peaks; and thus, though cattle in the past have at times been immensely profitable, one naturally hears more of the grief. Students say that by 1930 prices may again be high; but there is cold comfort for those hanging on to the ragged edges of an industry in such predictions. It takes so many years for the country to get in and out of the business that the average cattleman finds but slight consolation in assurances drawn from history

"Why isn't So-and-So at this convention?" I asked one of the members attending a gathering of Arizona cattlemen.

"He can't afford to come," was the concise reply. "If whales were selling at five cents apiece, he couldn't buy the tail of a sardine."

In the fall of 1922, the writer, with his family, journeyed into the far Southwest for the first time, settling down for the winter in an ancient little city in Southern Arizona. Within a day or so we felt the need of motor transportation and I hied myself to the local agency of that world-bestriding colossus which turns out so many thousands of small automobiles each day. When asked if he had a used car for sale, the fat and genial sales manager turned me over to a fat and immaculate salesman who drove me to the outskirts of the city.

The Erstwhile King's Car

Neither sales manager nor salesman was in the least typical of one's idea of the far Southwest; but out in the new subdivision, standing in dignified silence and erectness beside the car that he was willing to sell, was the real thing. A straighter, handsomer, cleaner-cut-looking American of forty-five or fifty I have never seen. A year or two before he was said to have been rated at $500,000, a cattle king, but now he was bossing a gang of Mexicans engaged in the occupation of plowing up the blinding alkali dust in preparation for a new street.

Few words were said. I wrote out a check for the few hundred dollars that he asked, and physical possession of the shabby, battered contraption passed from the erstwhile cattle king to the writer. The next morning, at the county offices where I went to obtain a license, it was said that the former half millionaire had found himself so enriched by the deal, relative to what he had been in the past few months, that he had thrown up his job and left the state. It was a great sum of real money for a cattleman to see in the fall of 1922.

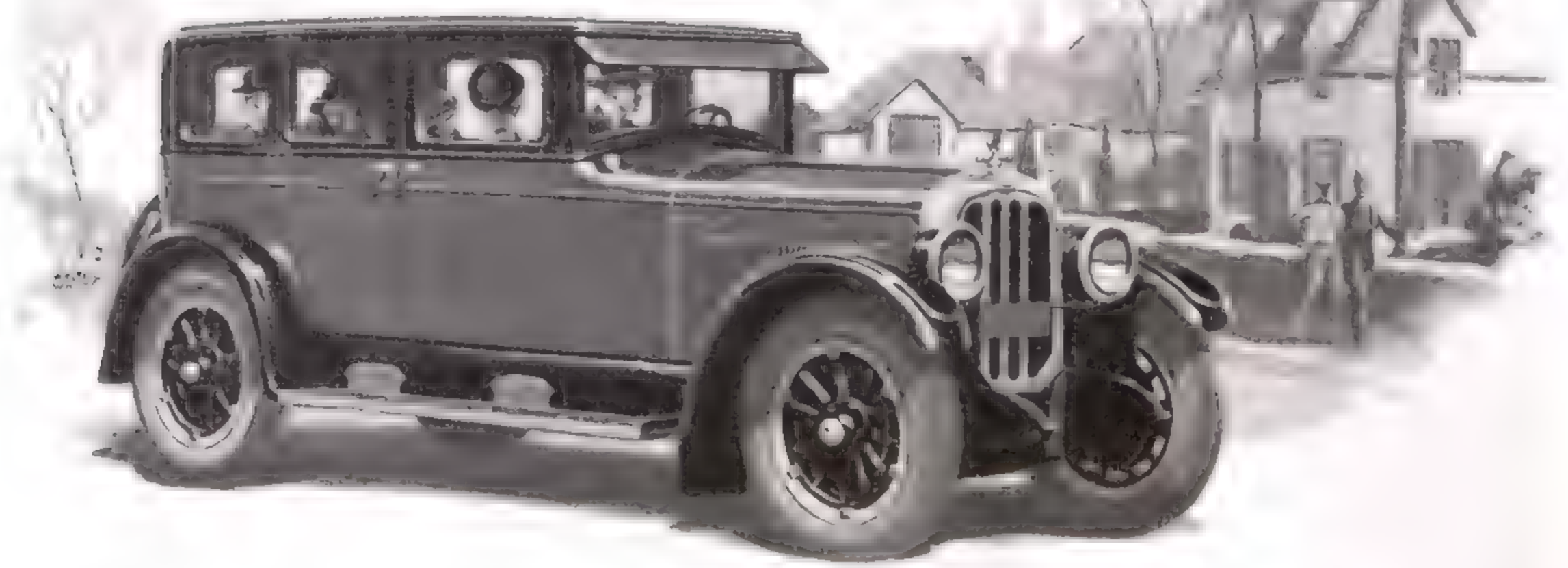
In the summer of 1923, when visiting one of the remoter portions of the Coconino National Forest on the great plateau of

(Continued on Page 74)

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE CALIFORNIA CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

A Hillside Corral, Santa Clara County, California

There's twice the call for Chandler now



Quality now talks Price!

When quality talks price as impressively as it does in the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan—the news travels fast. It gets attention. And the car attracts with a *double* attraction. It is progress!

Everybody who sees the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan quickly feels its allurement. They all like its beauty. They all like its richness. They all like its power. They all like its price.

It is, you will see, an important new development in better body-building—a finer, smarter, roomier 4-door sedan priced less than a 2-door coach—and there is no question but that a *real* sedan with four doors is the ultimate and most convenient type of modern closed car.

Beneath the style, the charm and the luxury of this great car is a chassis far advanced in strength and balance—and powered by the world-famous Pikes Peak motor, which has established so many new performance records. It is a car built for the years—and the owner's thorough enjoyment.

Quality also talks price in all the other Chandler new models. The Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe at $1795, and the Seven-Passenger Sedan at $1895, are both reduced $400. The Brougham, now $1695, is reduced $350. Open models are lower by $100 to $140. All prices f. o. b. Cleveland.

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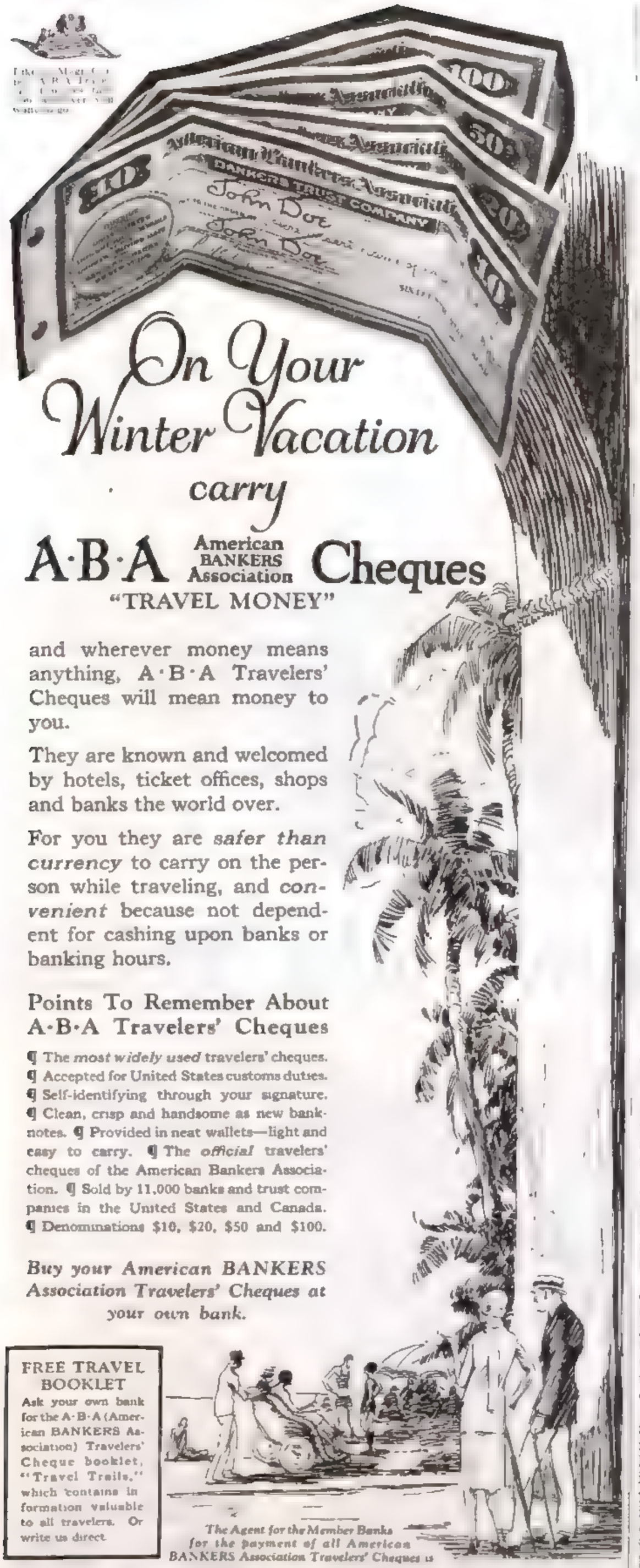

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(Continued from Page 72

Northern Arizona, I was introduced to the watchman in one of the fire lookouts. It was a lonely place, this lookout, with its distant vistas down into the Tonto Basin country, known for its earlier cattle and sheep wars and its still sporty lion hunting.

The incumbent was a middle-aged man of quiet and simple manner, his job a temporary one with only a modicum of pay. His wife, it was said, was working in a restaurant in a mining town. Yet only a year or two before he had been worth, so he thought, several hundred thousand dollars because of his cattle holdings. But not a whimper came from either of these men.

Even in the best of times cattle raising is full of risks and hazards, a highly speculative occupation. In parts of the West there is the danger of excessive cold. In a single blizzard that struck one section of a state last winter, it was estimated that 17.5 per cent of the 500,000 cattle had been frozen or had later died from exposure.

In other parts of the West drought comes at more or less fixed intervals, and it has a dread way of coming when prices are low and profits negligible. In that case the cowman must get rid of his calves at any price, being unable to carry them through until the seasons are more favoring. From earliest days the history of the industry is one of successive droughts. In the late 50's the cattle died off from drought in Southern California, but multiplied so rapidly in the next few years because of the luxuriant grass produced by excessive rains that the price fell to almost nothing.

In addition, there are predatory animals, although these are gradually being exterminated, and poisonous plants. There are sections where lightning kills small herds. There are ranges eaten off by wild horses, and others with forage enough but too far from a shipping point. Even if the herds can be driven long distances without serious loss of weight, the market may have slumped by the time they arrive.

It must be remembered also that the relative consumption of meat appears to have declined. Many factors, including the increasing availability of a great variety of fruits and vegetables and the larger use of dairy products, have lessened the per capita consumption of meat.

Cattle, Cattle Everywhere

Over large areas of the West the cattle and sheep raiser grazes upon public domain, national forests, Indian reservations, railroad grants, state lands and other property which he does not own. His investment is on an uncertain basis, for he does not control his operating plant. Neither circumstance nor tradition makes him any too careful of its use. He feels that he has a prior right, and he is accustomed to command.

Lordly, indeed, is his assumption that the entire West is his domain, especially as he does not happen to own most of it. Naturally others dispute his calm assurance that these areas have no use but grazing.

There is thus, inevitably, an atmosphere of instability, almost of conflict, attaching to ranching in the Far West. Most people jump to the conclusion that there is something obsolete about it all, and though a cold scientific analysis may partly dispel this idea, there is much, alas, that is chaotic and altogether wasteful in the industry.

It is not to be wholly wondered at, therefore, that one finds in Western states a rather general attitude to the effect that land is not in use if it is devoted to grazing—that is, to ranching. This is perhaps peculiarly the case in California, where the increase in population, the multiplication of small-fruit and vegetable farms and the intensive settlement of large land areas have been so marked.

"Are there any cattle around here?" I asked the chamber-of-commerce secretary in a neat little town up in the gold-mining country in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

"Further up," he replied, loath to admit such an anachronism, although he had to concede it in the next breath. "This district has been held back by big cattle outfits. There is the —— estate right near town, and we can't start our irrigation district unless the big holdings go in. The large landowners have been unwilling to join in the past, but we hope they will see the light soon. This country is capable of continuous fruit production. We have a demonstration booth at the railroad station; there isn't a day in the year when you can't pick some kind of fruit."

In a still more remote portion of the state, far back in the Sierras, at a little town close to the Nevada line, I asked the same question: "Are there any cattle ranches here?"

"There are some old fellows down in the valley toward Nevada," replied the chamber-of-commerce secretary, "but an irrigation district is being formed now—20,000 acres."

"We are going into the country now," said a real-estate man who showed me around another part of the state. "The land isn't used."

"Not used!" I repeated incredulously. "Aren't there any cattle or sheep here?"

Where Bungalows Crowd Out Herds

"Oh, it's probably grazed over," he said almost contemptuously, "but it's not improved. Do you know," he added, "every kind of tree and vine will grow around here, yet there is nothing but stock or grain. There are 35,000 acres in wheat and barley. We want to get it subdivided, for we believe it is the best land in the state. We want population here. In time all the good land will be in forty-acre farms. We plan to put all this country under irrigation; it will grow two crops a year."

In the smoking car was a group of county officials headed for their annual convention in a distant part of the state. Every county was to be represented by two men—the most isolated snowbound areas, as well as San Francisco and Los Angeles. There was the easy camaraderie that obtains at conventions, but not all the men were well acquainted, at that.

One of them left the car, and another said to his seat mate, "Where's he from—Blank County?"

"Yes," replied his companion. "It's an awful big county, but not much there—cattle."

One may follow the movement from extensive stock raising to intensive agriculture in a thousand directions. Far out on the Mohave Desert an old-time cattleman now grows pears and apples instead of running stock. Up through the Cajon Pass and on that old and seemingly endless desert route to the Colorado River is a farm with ample water, where weary travelers stopped on their westward journey before the railroad came. For years the place has been used to raise hay, with cattle on the side. But now it is going into garden truck, and will probably soon be cut into little unit farms.

Up in the rugged San Bernardino Mountains there was once feed for 3000 head, but now real-estate subdivision signs meet the eye at every turn. Old cow trails made in the 60's are now covered with pavement and lined with electric lights. Lots for bungalows have crowded out the herds.

Everywhere one hears of the formation of new irrigation districts; their multiplication in California has been one of the outstanding agricultural developments of the past decade or two. An enthusiastic young agricultural expert in one of the northern mountainous counties said he thought by the time cattle come back much of the land in his district will be cut up and water provided for intensive crops.

"One man here ran several hundred head on 800 acres," he said. "A farmer acquired a few acres in the middle of this ranch and made $200 an acre. A lot of these cattlemen can't realize that conditions have

(Continued on Page 76)

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Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 74)

changed; this is especially true of those past forty-five. The cowman is the victim of his own occupation and can't, for the most part, do anything else. You know, it is said he can hardly walk on a pavement.

"A man bought two acres, a choice chunk along the highway. He made $320 in lettuce off one acre and did exceedingly well with cabbages on the other plot. This was more than the former owner had been making on his whole cattle outfit for years.

"This country is going to see a lot more poultry and dairying. Fruit and melons are new here, but they will increase. I tell you these cattlemen have been hit hard. The wife of one old fellow put in nearly 1000 chickens. There are several very large lumber camps near here, and mines as well. In the past all supplies for the lumber people had to be brought in by a very roundabout way from the nearest wholesale market, at Sacramento.

"Well, not long after the old woman put in those hens I went around one day to ask her how they were doing. The old man was sitting on the front porch and his wife was nowhere in sight. So I put my questions to him.

"'Humph!' he exclaimed contemptuously, while he continued to rock. "'They're not mine. Ask the old woman.'

"I went back to town and inserted a little piece in the paper on how well her chickens were doing. Not to hurt his feelings too much, I put in a smaller item on how his beef cattle were selling. In the meantime the winter months had come, with their big demand from the lumber camps, and in one month that woman had made $400 selling to the local trade. Incidentally I may say that in her best month this last winter it was $500. The next trip I made out to the ranch to see how the chickens were doing was in the spring. Again I encountered the old man first and asked him how his wife was getting along with her hens."

Horseback Farmers

"'Oh, it's too hard work for a woman,' he said in a superior tone. 'I've taken over the chickens myself.'

"Right around here, in what from all appearances would seem to be the most typical cattle country in the world, thirteen new chicken houses have been put in in the last few months, and I know of plans for twenty more. Yet they never heard of chickens until a few years ago. I know of one man who owns—or at least runs his cattle on—8000 acres. For two years he has been dead broke. Time and again I have urged him to put in chickens to meet the big lumber camp and mining demand, so characteristic of this intermountain country.

"His only reply is a disdainful 'Think of a man fooling with chickens!' But I bet that he will do it within two years. I urged another bankrupt cowman to put in sugar beets, and his reply was that it was not a white man's job. I tell you what, it's a tragic thing to travel for fifty years on one track and not be able to get off. It's awful hard for these horseback farmers to get down out of the saddle, but circumstances are forcing them out."

If any state is predestined to be a sheep and cow country it is Nevada. Because of the upthrust of the mighty Sierras, it is far too arid for agriculture except in what are, relatively speaking, the tiniest patches. Something like fifteen great mountain ranges rib the state, with seemingly boundless intervening valleys, hundreds of miles long, utterly vacant, sinister and majestic. There is summer feed in the mountains, spring and fall feed in the foothills and a colossal wealth of winter feed on the endless desert.

There is certainly room for sheep and cattle in Nevada. Larger than all New England, with Pennsylvania thrown in, scarcely 77,000 people live in the state, and it is probable that population is actually decreasing. Moreover its social, political and economic development favors large ranches. Great landholdings have been the tradition. Here, even more than in New Mexico and Montana, has been the home of the cattle king.

Yet when the writer visited Nevada a few months ago, one of the first bits of information vouchsafed had to do with the increased production and export of melons and potatoes, and I was gravely informed by a leading citizen of the largest city there that twenty new chicken yards had been started in the neighborhood in the last year. Thus even in his most baronial stronghold—in what his enemies would consider his supreme feudalistic fastness—is the cattle and sheep king retreating!

Old institutions change but slowly, and the cattle ranches of California at least trace back to a dim romantic age. The institution, the system is deeply embedded in history and story. No lover of the past can witness the changes of recent decades without regret, even though millions may now live in comfort in full enjoyment of modern plumbing and education where once a few lords of the manor and heads of the hacienda held in careless grasp lands so vast that they might never see it all, and ruled over a humble and very backward people.

Farms Parading as Ranches

Picturesque as California's ranching tradition is, the flavor and glamour of it all have pretty well been knocked out by the common and popular but insolent and ignorant custom, in that state and its tributary region, of applying the word "ranch," or "rancho," to every little half-acre chicken farm, orchard and vegetable garden. One may see tens of thousands of them in California—mere pocket handkerchief farms, often not farms at all, but merely small homes with back-yard gardens.

Although a few early military explorers may have taken cattle to California in advance of the mission fathers, the great early development was in connection with the missions. These institutions were part of a vast Spanish colonization scheme, of which the military presidios were another feature. By these means it was hoped that California would become a country of towns and farms occupied by descendants of the soldiers, and by the Indians civilized through the efforts of the padres, thus becoming, together with other settlers, "all tribute-paying, God-fearing Spanish subjects."

In 1834, the missions had 424,000 cattle. Some of the rancheros—private owners—not caring for ranch life, gave their cattle to the missions, receiving one a week to live upon. At times it was necessary to kill off horses and cattle, so rapidly did they multiply. Once it was necessary to kill 7500 horses in one month. On other occasions drought did the work efficiently. In 1829, 12,000 animals died at the Santa Barbara Mission alone. The missions were located in the most fertile places along the coast, both for grazing purposes and to enable the padres to raise wheat with the help of Indian labor.

Naturally there was no export of meat, but New England whalers, known as Boston ships, called in great numbers for the hides and tallow, as related in Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. The voyage around the Horn was a hard one, and the ships had to take on fresh meats and vegetables because of scurvy among their crews. In return the Californians obtained their only clothes and manufactured articles from the trading ships. The hides from the missions, taken back to New England, formed one of the bases of that section's subsequent supremacy as a shoemaking center.

From 1822 to 1834 most of the hides for this trade were supplied by the missions, but there was land to spare for all. It was the cheapest thing in California in those days, and the Spanish crown was extremely

(Continued on Page 78)

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liberal in making grants. Many grants were made to citizens of American birth, and they were not discriminated against even up to the time of the Mexican War. Any citizen of California might petition for a grant, the minimum being about 4000 acres and the usual size more in the nature of 40,000 acres.

Boundaries were vague. A ranch meant nothing to them. Frank Marryat, writing about 1855, said:

"The terms of the early grants, easy as they were, were for the most part evaded. After the new settler had portioned out for himself so many square leagues of a fat valley and sent a record to headquarters, he built for himself a house, bought a few cattle and horses, turned them out to breed, and thus became a ranchero."

The Glamour of the Rancho

The three main elements of Spanish blood, the mission fathers, the settlers and the soldiers, did not always agree among themselves. Finally this whole civilization crumpled of its own weight. The missions were secularized and for the most part deserted.

Several of them fell into ruins, only to be restored after a wholly new and alien civilization, that of the twentieth century, had come into being. The great hordes of Indians that surrounded the missions were scattered and long ago died off except for a few remnants. The ranch lands and cattle fell into the hands of private owners, who thereafter supplied the Boston hide trade.

An exceedingly prominent motion-picture actor, resident in Hollywood or thereabouts, whose wife is even better known to the screen, if that be possible, has announced his intention of moving from the city to a rancho in the old style, which he proposes to build on the grandest possible scale. Cattle will be raised and the servants and employes will be native Californians and descendants of the old Mission Indians. Sanitation and plumbing will be the only concessions to modernity; all else will be of 100 years ago. But alas for these brave attempts to restore the dead past, it is said the actor and his wife will commute to their studios by aeroplane!

Time has thrown so much glamour over the old California ranchos that the real conditions are generally overlooked. The buildings were anything but palatial; the floors were earthen, and life-dirty, hard and rough. Marryat tells of visiting one Don Raymond, at whose rancho he and his companion, Thomas, bathed in a stream, had a good dinner, drank much wine, visited with the host's daughters, and were finally shown to their quarters.

"As for Thomas, into whose head the wine of the South had mounted, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevented from embracing Don Raymond in the warmth of his satisfaction. Our host then left us and we were immediately attacked by the fleas with a vigor that was perfectly astonishing.

"As a general rule, the California houses are alive with fleas; they thrive in the cracks of the mud-brick walls and in the hides with which these places are always strewed. No pains are taken to eject them, and Don Raymond remarked, on our mentioning the fact, that we should get used to them; he and his family never gave the little *maldita* a thought."

Following the gold discovery in 1848, population poured into California, and for the first time a market was created for the huge supplies of meat. In less than two years cattle rose from two or three dollars a head, the value of a hide, to thirty or forty.

Buyers from the mining towns and from San Francisco rushed into the southern part of the state and bought right and left. Intoxicated with this sudden fortune, the easy-going Spanish dons became extravagant and reckless in their mode of living and operations.

Meantime in the north another type of cattle grower had developed. These were Americans, sometimes Germans, seeing, like Brigham Young and his followers, more profit in feeding the miners than in themselves mining. They had come across in prairie schooners or around the Horn, and entering the cattle business in the great San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys were nearer the centers of consumption than the southern dons.

These early cattlemen in the northern or central part of the state would meet the oncoming, gold-seeking immigrants on the eastern slope of the Sierras. The gold seekers did not know how to get their oxen and other cattle across the mountains and were only too glad to trade them for horses. The dealers, however, knew how to drift the cattle down the western slope of the mountains, and sold them, tough as they were, for all kinds of fancy prices in the mining towns.

Not only did the southerners have this competition to meet but cattle were driven in from Oregon and Texas. In 1864 came the terrible drought in the southern part of the state, putting an end for all time to stock raising as the distinctive industry of that particular section. It is said that 30,000 cattle died on the ranches of Abel Stearns alone, the owner up to then of nearly a whole county. At one time cattle sold for thirty-seven cents apiece, and it did not pay to restock the herds.

Many of the dons had mortgaged their property to keep up their extravagant scale of living, and at times paid interest of 5 per cent a month, compounded. They could not pay their debts or taxes when due, and incurred fresh obligations. Many were foreclosed on an indebtedness that was originally only a few cents an acre.

It is a pleasant mental relaxation to wonder how rich the comparatively few families of Spanish descent who owned the original sites of the present cities of Los Angeles, Pasadena and Long Beach would have become if they had held on to their land.

Land itself had no value in early days, and no one knew that great cities would arise on these ranchos. Besides, it became necessary to partition and subdivide the original grants for family reasons, which process of subdivision has gone on ever since, although for quite other purposes. Often the different branches of a family could not agree, and it became necessary to go to court to get individuality to the holdings. The old maps of the city are worth studying, because they show how the referees in partition tried to give all the heirs a little good and a little bad land.

Old Maps and Surveys

The original grants were divided into strips, each covering a portion of grain land, irrigable land and submerged land. As late as 1868 a referee reported that certain land near the coast was valueless because of marshy conditions, although today it is worth many millions. The old grants had been vaguely described as being bounded by mountains and streams. Naturally when the United States took over California it became necessary to confirm the boundaries. This was not easy, although in the main the land commission confirmed those that were valid.

One of the many old maps in possession of the Title Insurance and Trust Company of Los Angeles, as of August, 1864, shows a boundary monument entitled Stake and Bones. The old surveys were paid for by the mile, and the surveyor who contracted with the city council to make this map quarreled with the authorities as to who should pay for the iron or stone monuments that ought to have marked the corners. The council would not pay, so the surveyor had his Indians drag up some cattle bones, of which there were plenty lying around in the drought year. Boys kicked the bones away the next day, and it was judicially determined that no monument existed at that point.

Most of the old landowning families lost their ranchos long ago, or have been submerged in the American population, or intermarried, or died off, or descended into poverty and obscurity. But everywhere their names are found, suggesting at every turn by that means at least the romance of an earlier day. Yet they have not wholly departed; and strange as it may seem, with the teeming population, there are even remnants of ranchos close to the city, with two or three of the old homes still intact.

No grant close to the present center of population has remained more nearly intact than that of the Dominguez family, which tract of land lies in a general way between the city of Los Angeles and the ocean, at last accounts still some sixteen miles long by four or five in width. Although cities, ship channels, highways and railroads have been built upon part of the original holdings, portions of the ranch were still being farmed at last accounts.

Four very elderly married daughters of a Dominguez—several of them married to men of American descent—are the owners. With the help of excellent legal advice, the property has remained sufficiently intact for many years past, until now there have been developed upon it several great oil fields. In the winter and spring of this year the writer was informed by oil men directly concerned in development of these fields that the four owners were then receiving in the neighborhood of $200,000 or $300,000 a month each in royalties from the wells.

The drought of 1864 changed the whole economic life of Southern California, for thereafter wheat began to displace cattle as the chief product. This was true in the northern areas as well. Forty years ago a man who didn't have at least 1000 acres of grain in the San Joaquin or Sacramento valleys was a piker, not a rancher.

Only Half the Picture

As time went on, the search for gold became less pronounced and the miners turned to agriculture. When the gold rush was on, population was in the mountains, and the valleys were considered too hot and malarial for human habitation. But when the rush ended, people went into the valleys to live.

The harbor of San Francisco became filled with the masts of ships carrying wheat to Europe. A native daughter, a woman in the late 40's or early 50's, told me that as a child she went with a party of relatives and neighbors to see the first fruit tree ever planted in her county. It was considered an event.

But the wheat did not mill so well as that of the Middle West, and about thirty years ago the grain era had about passed. There are still enormous areas devoted to barley, wheat and other grains in the central and northern valleys, but the characteristic development has been one of controlled water through irrigation districts, with resulting subdivision of property and the cultivation of intensive crops. A typical district would be M——, which was first a mining center, then given up to cattle and wheat, and now is devoted to peaches for the canning trade of the whole world.

This type of development is one of the most distinctive and important in American agriculture. It supports an ever-increasing population, and is in reality almost more of an experiment in business organization than in agriculture in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. Beside it the old-time cattleman, with his crude pioneering, half exploitative occupation, may seem as obsolete a figure as the buffalo-hunting Indian.

But there is danger here in arriving at half truths and seeing only half the picture. Even in California, where modern intensive agriculture is being carried to its highest pitch, ranching on the biggest possible scale still endures and no one can glibly say when it will end.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

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COVER THE EARTH

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PATHFINDERS OF TRADE

(Continued from Page 19)

Turks might buy. But if he traveled across a foreign country with no more important purpose than to chase his dog, it is entirely possible that he'd create trade. People might like his hat. Englishmen traveling for approximately no reason at all have sold quite a lot of English clothes. Returning immigrants have been remarkably effective unofficial sales agents for American goods.

"Our country, of course, certainly is not lagging behind in the matter of foreign colonies. We've got them from Uruguay to China. I judge from talks with some of my own agents that their principal kick is against the apathetic attitude of the public back home. They feel that they are very important and that no one else knows it. Whether they are right or not, they think that our Government would receive just about as much applause as blame if in time of trouble it should refuse to do anything at all for imperiled American lives or interests. They think that a part of our public openly takes the position that it does not care a whoop whether they live or die.

"When a fellow goes a long way from home his patriotism generally rises. He gets tears in his eyes when the band plays The Star-Spangled Banner. And then perhaps it occurs to him that the people back home think he must have been slightly barmy or he wouldn't have left—and that makes him sore. He sees evidence of the solicitous regard of other great countries for their commercial outposts and he feels somewhat like an orphan. His kick, as I understand it, isn't against the Government, but against American public opinion.

"I have an agent in China, a fellow with dry, gruff wit. One day he was sending a member of the staff into the interior. Before giving him his instructions, however, he asked the young man if he had paid his income tax. Our citizens abroad are required to pay it, just the same as those living at home. The young man answered that he had paid it."

Pills That Proved Popular

"'Good!' said the agent. 'Then I can send you. There's been a little disorder out that way and you might possibly get killed; but if you have paid your income tax, why of course your demise would not break the heart of the great American people. Run along now and pack up.'

"Of course he put it rather strongly, but it indicates how some Americans whose business sends them abroad feel. Getting back to the original point, however, I think I could write a book about amusing sales campaigns in the Orient undertaken by foreigners who decided to enter that field after one brief glance at it. Whenever you attempt to sell strangers something that you think they ought to have you are probably inviting grief. It's best to let them tell you.

"In the Orient one of the prize yarns is about an American who set out to sell the Chinese something he had decided they ought to have and presently found himself a long way from the coast with his last five dollars in his pocket. By that time he had learned a few things about what those people really did want, so he bought some chalk and manufactured a handful of harmless pink pills which he offered with the assurance that any family using them would have only boy babies. Girls are not at a premium in China. His pills sold well and he reached home. I cite that case—it's not fiction—by way of showing just what queer ideas people may have on the subject of what they want.

"A small colony of English, French, Americans or Germans residing in a foreign land will inevitably exhibit and demonstrate hundreds of articles brought from their home countries. Quite naturally they venture surmises that certain of these articles would be useful or pleasing to the people around them. About ninety-nine times out of a hundred their guesses are wrong. The rule is that they are astounded when the natives indicate the particular items that caught their fancy.

"Wherever Americans go they immediately launch a spirited campaign for butter, baseball and ice water. Usually none of the three has much luck. Meanwhile the Italians, with a few other nationalities, have internationalized such an unpromising article as garlic. The moral is that you never can tell."

About seventeen years ago I knew a man from Kansas who had been building railroads in Latin America for so many years that he had to translate miles into kilometers before he was sure about distances. His prize story related to a personally conducted campaign for cheap watches and clocks. This subject challenged his attention after a new railroad line and harbor had been constructed. When the ships began coming in there was much more work to be done along the water front than formerly and time assumed an importance it had not previously enjoyed. It occurred to him that watches and clocks, in addition to being needed, have nice shiny surfaces and might go over as jewelry. Most of the population was of pure Indian blood. Having told me this much, he began to chuckle and kept it up for quite a while.

"Well?" I prodded.

By-Products of Foreign Colonies

"No luck," he finally said, still chuckling. "I gave up early, but other fellows hammered away at the natives for about three years—fined 'em, sent 'em away jobless and hungry because they were late, preached to 'em and everything else. Still no luck. They were just simply not interested in the time of day and that was all there was to it. What's more, they made it stick; they won.

"But if a thing happened to interest them, they'd catch on just as quick as anybody. Now you take shoes, for instance. Most of 'em, of course, didn't wear shoes; they wore sandals, and for their purposes sandals were all right. But some wore shoes regularly; and even for a sandal wearer a situation might come up where he wanted shoes. All shoes were bought from the Chinese merchants. I never was right sure whether those shoes were made in China or made by Chinese right there in the port. No doubt about it, though, the shoes were made by Chinese.

"Well, after the boats began coming in the natives had a chance to inspect all kinds of shoes. At first the Spaniards got some trade on price, and the French got some on fancy toothpick toes; but in a little while the great majority of those people bought American shoes. It didn't take them long to find out what they wanted. They're bright enough, and good workers too. Only they just aren't interested in the time of day. If a man works hard, what difference does it make whether he works from one to six or from eight to one? That's the way they looked at it."

One of the most interesting and profitable by-products of a foreign colony that has ever come to my attention was the achievement of a few Englishmen in Chile. They were pioneer railroad builders in that country and the natives were very much interested in their habits and customs, which seemed to attract more attention than their clothes, food or the tools with which they worked. The people who came in contact with these foreigners commented often upon their peculiar way of keeping all sorts of promises, both trivial and important. Apparently even polite phrases uttered casually bound these Englishmen as a matter of honor.

The fact that this interested the Chileans so much is by no means a reflection upon their own sense of honor, but relates largely to a difference in language. There are many polite phrases in Spanish that are not intended to be taken seriously and careless use of them does not cause confusion. In the event that it becomes necessary to make clear whether one means literally what he says or is merely following the polite formula, he clears the doubt by the expression of his face. Among persons speaking the Latin languages the eyes emphasize or discount the words. But with the English, the Chileans observed, it was different. They were bound by exactly what they said, and they had a way of speaking clearly.

On the whole, the Chileans liked this English custom. As a result of their observation of it a new idiomatic phrase was added to the Spanish language as spoken in that country. When one Chilean wished to assure another very emphatically that he meant precisely what he said, and would be bound by it, the expression he used was "*Palabra Inglés.*" Literally, that is "English word." The meaning might be better indicated by translating it "On the word of an Englishman."

This expression was, of course, used even when no Englishman was involved in the transaction. It became a part of the language of the country. The reputation won by those pioneer Englishmen still persists to the great advantage and profit of English interests of all sorts along the west coast of South America. Their sense of personal honor became a tradition, so that on matters involving the unsupported pledges of the contracting parties Englishmen were quite likely to be preferred over all other foreigners. Without the little foreign colony clustered round the railroad, this reputation probably never would have been won. Doubtless the Chileans would have given the English credit for being honest, but that wasn't what impressed them. The delicate sense of obligation in trifling matters caught their fancy to even a greater extent than fulfillment of imposing contracts.

Boys from New Bedford and Nantucket achieved a somewhat similar reputation for their countrymen about a century ago when American whaling ships pioneered in many strange waters. As a rule, when these boys—for most of them were very young—went ashore they made friends, and that was not the rule with sailors at the time. In fact, piracy still flourished. There is ample evidence from the Christian missionaries who came out of New England in later years that the reputation of American whalers—in some instances remembered for more than a decade—won them friendly receptions.

Salesmen of American Education

One of the most notable achievements of Americans in foreign lands during recent times relates to the increasing demand of Latin America for scientific and technical training. This is entirely a by-product of Yankee business activities in those countries.

Americans are exploiters of natural resources. Where someone else saw a goat ranch they see an irrigation project. They look for minerals in deserts and frequently find them. They build railroads, drill for oil, plant new crops and use new processes on ore dumps left by the Spaniards. Briefly, they find wealth where, without technical skill, it simply did not exist. This makes a deep impression upon people who are unskilled in such matters. The Americans in Latin America are not primarily traders, in spite of the fact that much trade has developed incidentally. They are explorers. If they find anything they become investors. But even then they frequently sell and resume exploring. A great many mining properties discovered and developed by Americans have been sold to the English.

Without realizing it, these restless Yankee scouts have been serving as salesmen for American schools and colleges. Without saying a word on that subject, they have been scattering propaganda for at least a quarter of a century. Some of them are not even graduates of high schools, much less technical schools, but acquired their training in the field. None the less, they have had their effect. Thousands of boys, representing every part of Latin America, are now in the United States attending schools, and their number grows every year. Formerly the youth of those countries went to Europe. No one can estimate what may flow from this change. Latin Americans discuss the matter as one of the most significant facts bearing upon their future. In the United States, however, very few persons know anything about it. These Latin-American boys are still a small percentage of the annual enrollment of our schools and colleges; their presence is scarcely noticed.

Recently a business man from Honduras who visits the United States twice a year told me of an incident growing out of the new trend in education. His own son is a graduate of an American technical school. When this boy returned to Honduras after graduation he undertook the construction of a narrow-gauge railroad line across a part of his father's plantation. Ordering the steel and other materials presented a diplomatic problem, since there were several agents available, representing not only different firms but different countries. The father hoped his son would handle this matter discreetly. It was his intention to speak to the boy, he told me, but other business intervened and one day the steel arrived. Also several astonished importers arrived. In fact, the only absent one was the American.

Sent to School in the States

Addressing the others, the young Honduran said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I quite forgot that your countries also manufacture these goods. I was educated in the United States, and naturally, when I wanted steel, I thought only of the American companies."

"How did you happen to send the boy to a school in Massachusetts?" I asked, knowing that the father was educated in France.

"I really made that choice a long time ago," he replied. "As a matter of fact, the decision was made before I consciously gave the subject very much thought. But I will tell you the whole story. Years ago, when I was a youngster myself, it became necessary for my father to employ a surveyor. I was very much interested in that man and trailed after him over the hills. He was an American; and, at the time, he seemed to me to be the very personification of science. Not long after that some American engineers developed a small water-power project and I saw them at work. What they did appeared so very simple that it seemed to me inexcusable for our own people to lack the knowledge required for such a task. Later I read of the great Mexican oil fields that were then being developed, principally by Americans, and I would say to myself, 'For all we know, there may be great oil fields here, too, but without geologists we shall never find out. Even if geologists said that we have oil, we would not know how to drill for it.'

"And then there were the railroads, many of them American built and owned. Yankee skill accounted for this no less than their capital. Long before it was time to choose a school for my boy I had made up my mind that he should have scientific and technical training. When the time came to send him away I really forgot that there are technical schools in other countries. It seemed to me that he would have to go to the United States. I behaved just about as he did in the matter of that order for steel—I forgot. Not that I am sorry; far from it. But at the time it did not even occur to me

(Continued on Page 85)

"I enjoy seeing a man smoke a pipe. It seems so peaceful"... Elsie Janis

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GARLAND
COOKING AND HEATING
GAS - COAL - ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 80)

that there were excellent technical schools in England, France, Germany and other countries. I sent him to the place that seemed to be overrunning the world with skilled men.

"Our cultural ties still link us with Spain and France, but economic forces in our own country and the trend of world events drive us toward the United States. For us this imposes rather severe difficulties. English is not the easiest language to learn, and in many ways we do not feel community of interest with the United States. Still, there are great economic developments that must take place throughout Latin America and we find the Yankees extremely active in such work. They understand it. For us the world is entering a new era, though, of course, it is only we who are entering. The era is not new. Certain things are going to be done, and if we will not do them for ourselves, then others will undertake both the work and the profit. We realize that. Consequently many of our boys go to school in the United States."

Cultural and Economic Ties

"Personally I am very fond of France. Culturally that country remains my home. In reading fiction or poetry I find that I prefer French even to Spanish. But I do business in the United States and couldn't get on so well without knowing English.

"For many Latin Americans the break in cultural ties is much more severe than I find it. This is especially true if Europe to them means only Spain; and, of course, it does to the majority. The present position of that country is to me one of the great tragedies of history. Spanish, I believe, ranks second only to English in the number of persons speaking it. There is a rich literature in the Spanish language and culturally old Spain has much to offer. You must understand that our own poets still use the Spanish language and draw their inspiration from Spanish sources.

"But nowadays we must have capital and steel and cement and ships, markets for our products and technical schools for our boys. Spain cannot supply all those things. Therefore she loses an enormous empire, and we must go through the difficult adjustments forced upon us by having our cultural roots in the Old World and our economic interests in the New. Spain's real loss of Latin America is quite recent, and a far greater tragedy than her loss of sovereignty in the Western Hemisphere. If Spain were leading today in the economic development of the Spanish-speaking countries, her people might laugh heartily over the various successful wars for independence that lowered her flag. Those defeats would constitute mere incidents in the life of a world power of the first rank."

Thus a Honduran summarizes the far-reaching results achieved—but not planned—by a handful of Americans who wandered in foreign lands, no small number of them returning poorer than when they started and not one of them commissioned to boost American schools. They, no less than the geologists of oatmeal fame, proved to be pathfinders for institutions whose welfare was causing them no concern at the time.

During recent years there has been a steadily increasing tendency in the United States to question the motives and activities of individuals and firms engaged in foreign trade. At times criticism has gone so far that the victims of it have endeavored to find out if it was inspired by foreign competitors. Some of them firmly believe that it was, but I am not familiar with any instances in which their suspicions were verified with absolute certainty. Even in the event of complete verification, their natural course would be to lay the facts before the State Department confidentially rather than to make a public appeal. Whenever American business abroad is engaged in controversy, attacks upon it are clipped from American publications and printed at the seat of trouble. There is never any difficulty about finding something to clip.

It is a matter of general report and rumor that Americans in foreign countries do not receive from their Government the same consideration that Great Britain accords her subjects; but when one questions well-informed men with long experience in remote lands, he will usually discover that they think well of the State Department and reserve their criticism for American public opinion. Recently I discussed this point with an American whose business is buying rubber. He has spent more than twenty years in parts of the world that seldom appear in the news.

"To hear some Americans talk," he said, "you would think that Great Britain kept her navy busy bombarding unfortunate people who had insulted Englishmen. As a matter of fact, they have very little trouble on that score. I don't think any of us yearn to be the cause of foreign wars and punitive expeditions. The difficulty we encounter results from the provincialism of our own people. We are vital factors in their affairs and they don't realize it."

An Even Break Before the Public

"Almost anybody can attack American interests right in the United States. If we have any little squabbles in some out-of-the-way part of the world we are immediately under fire at home. Instead of drawing support from American public opinion—which would usually serve as well as battleships—we are likely to find ourselves damaged both abroad and in the domestic market. The usual policy is to keep as quiet as possible, no matter whether right or wrong. There seems to be a sort of tradition peculiar to the United States that men who go out of their own country may properly be viewed with suspicion. Nowadays most of them are selected with great care. No general manager decides to get rid of an undesirable employee by sending him into the foreign field. Those posts are promotions and go to picked men. The average character and intelligence of a foreign colony will be higher, probably, than that of the home population it represents.

"There seems also to be a sort of tradition in this country that a group of men can go to some other country and easily cheat its people. Now and then someone may do that for a short time, but it isn't easy and it doesn't last long. Even in very primitive countries, a foreigner deals with the educated few; he can't sell steam engines to savages. Anyway the desire to cheat isn't what sends men abroad. As a rule they go to buy things needed at home or to sell goods produced at home. Always they are based on home. As for our country, we export no labor, but principally skill and capital. The large incidental trade they stir up is distributed over a wide range of industries, but always goes to their home country.

"A man can get a fairly good idea of what Americans do abroad by observing the foreign commercial representatives in this country. I know a Japanese who buys cotton. He isn't here to cheat our people. He is a long way from home and very anxious to obey all the laws and established trade practices. Moreover, the men who sell him cotton know just as much about it as he does. If the game were not played on the square, they are better situated, ten times over, to cheat him than he is to cheat them.

"We fellows who romp over the face of the earth are, for the most part, doing things that have got to be done. Personally I'm out getting your automobile tires. Others are buying your coffee and gasoline. In the course of a year we incidentally open new markets for everything from flashlights and belt buckles to automobiles and tomato catchup. Therefore our indirect commercial value is rather high, but we're not asking to be pampered. The Government does quite a lot for us. Our plea is simply for an even break before the public. If anything happens to go wrong we'd like for the home folks to say, 'That's very unfortunate and we will look into the matter and see if anything can be done about it.' There you have the usual attitude of commercial countries. But the epitaphs quite a number of Americans have won in the past, without a hearing, are approximately these: 'He was probably a crook anyway.' 'Out for the money and lost.' 'A matter of no concern.'

"Well, the people who say such things are simply in error. Nowadays our country is far from being an isolated nation. Foreign-trade pennies clink in every dollar we've got. Moreover, it is a fair assumption that the people who yielded those pennies also profited in the transaction."

TRODDEN DUST

(Continued from Page 7)

up its head and whickered softly. I glanced behind Slater's slouching shoulders to a great thicket of high brier and saw a woman looking out between the bushes.

I knew her for Enoch Radley's wife, but I had never seen her till now except at a little distance. She had let her sunbonnet fall back upon her shoulders so that I saw her thick, smooth hair, the color of new copper, drawn smoothly aslant across her temples. Her eyes were very dark and yet it seemed to me that there was in them a red glow that matched the hair; for a moment they stared straight into mine and when I looked away a queer tingle ran up and down between my shoulders and I was afraid. Again old Ben whinnied and this time another horse answered him from beyond the thicket. The red-haired woman had disappeared. I saw my grandfather's face go grave and the shiver stirred again between my shoulder blades at the strange words he used, more to himself, I thought, than to me or Martin Slater.

"Her feet go down to death."

I wondered at the tone. He had a woman's gentleness for pain and sickness, but there was no pity in the voice that he used now and something held me back from asking him what ailed Enoch Radley's wife and how he knew that she was dying and why he should look and speak like this. We drove on toward the red sky till we reached the lane that led in to Nathan Daunt's house. My grandfather stopped the horses.

"You might as well wait here, Martin," he said. "There's no need for you to see Daunt, and we'll be driving on, in a little while, to Donald Ferguson's."

Slater climbed out over the wheel without a word and we drove on along the lane to Nathan Daunt's prim little house and the hay barns grouped about the byre where he wintered his sheep. The cropped grass near the house was dry and brown and the garden had been withered by the drought; beyond the fence I could see Daunt's Southdowns browsing in a pasture already nibbled to the dead grass roots, and their bleatings sounded like the cry of fretful children.

Daunt was not about the house or barns and my grandfather's face was curiously dark as we came back to the democrat after our search. He turned the wagon and we were halfway down the lane when Daunt met us. He rode a raw-boned horse; a lean man, neatly dressed, his face lighted in welcome as he reined in beside the wagon, crying out that we must turn and drive back and stay for supper.

"Bachelor cooking," he warned us, with a kind of gayety in his voice, "but better than you would get at most married men's." He winked at me. "Like gooseberry jam, bub?"

I grinned back at him, but my grandfather shook his head.

"Obliged to you, Daunt, but we must drive on to Donald Ferguson's. I stopped to see if you had pasture for your sheep. We have more than we need and if you want to sell ——"

Daunt chuckled.

"An ill drought that doesn't fatten up your purse a bit, eh, Andrew? I knew what you were after as soon as young Mart Slater told me you had driven in. Neighborly, to drive all this way to do me a good turn—at a profit, Andrew—at a profit, of course!" He flung back his head and laughed. My grandfather's face hardened, and he spoke stiffly.

"I came to make a profit, Daunt," he said, "but I think it would be a service too. You'll lose those sheep if you leave them on that pasture."

"Oh, if I leave them!" Daunt laughed again. "But I have ridden over those wild lands of Radley's this afternoon and there is more pasture there than you would think, for all the drought. I will hire them from Radley and patch up the fences; it will come cheaper than depending on your bounty, Andrew."

My grandfather chirruped to the horses. It was never his habit to waste words and I could see plainly enough that Daunt's mocking tone displeased him. Daunt wheeled his horse and rode beside the wagon, insisting that we stay for supper, but my grandfather, thanking him gravely, said again that we must go on to Donald Ferguson's, where there might be sheep for sale at a price to pay us for our journey. At the highway there was no sign of Martin Slater, and my grandfather, after calling him, gave me the reins and climbed down, as if to search.

"He must have gone back to Radley's," said Daunt soberly. "He was skulking in the bushes yonder when I saw him." He wagged his head. "You shouldn't have brought him back to Pokey Moonshine, with that grudge of his against Radley."

"He hasn't gone back," said my grandfather. "See, here is his footprint in the dust. He burned his shoe on a hot iron at the forge, and here is the mark of it. He has gone on ahead and we will overtake him."

He climbed back to his place beside me and we drove on, my grandfather's lips set tightly. I kept an eye out for a sign of Slater, but we came to Ferguson's farm without sight of him and I thought my grandfather's grim look held now a shadow of concern.

Donald Ferguson and his fat wife made us welcome and we had supper in the big kitchen of their house, a noisy meal, with the five children chattering at once and Donald, a patient, gentle man, beaming at them as if he took pride in the impudence with which they drowned his talk with grandfather and giggled at their mother's fluttering, bewildered chidings.

The bound girl Hester sat with us, her back to the stove, rising to fetch us food but never opening her mouth to talk to anyone, a tall, deep-bosomed girl with hair like corn silk and great blue eyes that watched our plates and smiled softly at the brawling children.

Donald had no sheep to sell. His pasture had failed, but he had made a good hay crop before the drought and could feed his stock till the rains came. My grandfather did not press him, although this meant that we had wasted our journey and, a man who laid his plans with careful reasoning, he sorely hated to be proved wrong. He sat silent, his brows drawn together, and now and then I saw his glance turn to Hester as if he thought of her instead of our fruitless errand and the long dry journey home.

(Continued on Page 88

HART SCHAFFNER

Many men like the dignified Chesterfield; it has wider shoulders, wider lapels; narrower through the body

THIS IS IT

The outdoor man needs the ulster; wide collar and lapels; plenty of ease; still a suggestion of trimness

THIS IS IT

& MARX CLOTHES

The style leaders are wearing the tube coat; some prefer the fly front, wide shoulders and slender skirt; very smart

THIS IS IT

Others like the double breasted tube coat; it's the very latest style development; there's nothing newer

THIS IS IT

(Continued from Page 85)

Afterward, when the table had been cleared and the Bible lay on the red cloth beneath the lamp in readiness for prayers, I heard him ask Donald in a lowered voice if Martin Slater had come to the farm. Ferguson, to my astonishment, broke out in the sudden, needless anger of a timid man, declaring that Slater knew better than to set foot on his land, that he would have no thieving jailbirds hanging about. I wondered at his lifted voice and the troubled look it brought to his wife's broad, dully pleasant face. My grandfather quieted him with a deprecating gesture and we drew up to the table for a chapter and the evening prayer.

I climbed to the low chamber overhead where the three boys slept, and shared a straw-filled mattress with the eldest, the two younger ones squealing and giggling on another till the bound girl came to the foot of the steep stair and begged them to be good and go to sleep. They called back impudently enough, but they heeded her and when the door closed subsided into whispers that presently died away. The elder boy was asleep as soon as they, but he stirred and tumbled restlessly, and I lay awake, watching the dim stars in the low window and listening to the throb of crickets and the dreary whistling of a whippoorwill.

The old house was full of stealthy noises of its own, but I was used to these at home, and the furtive creak of timbers did not trouble me. It must have been late when I heard the faint sound of a lifted latch and the whine of hinges. I was drowsing, so that they came to me through a fog of sleep, and in the morning I had only a half memory of hearing them again, long afterward, and of a muffled noise of sobbing beyond the partition of the loft, as if the bound girl Hester wept softly in her sleep.

We were awake and dressed by sunrise, and the bound girl had her breakfast fire snapping in the stove when I went through the kitchen to the tin basin on the bench beside the cistern pump. She did not look at me, but I fancied that I saw a swollen redness about her eyes and fumbled with that half-remembered dream as I splashed in the basin. But I put it from me easily enough and hurried through my breakfast with the others, impatient to help harness our horses for the long drive home.

We were on the road while the sun was still low across the valley. My grandfather had been silent at the table, and he drove now without seeming to know that I was on the seat beside him, his brows together and his lips drawn tight. At the end of Donald's lane he stopped the horses and climbed down to look at the road; I thought he was pleased by what he saw there.

"He has gone back," he said, climbing up to the seat again. "His burned shoe leaves a clear mark in the dust."

He chirruped at the horses and they broke into their lumbering trot, the wheels chattering gayly on their loose boxes and the dust, for once, rising behind us instead of in our faces. So, after a little, we came to Nathan Daunt's lane and saw him cantering toward us on his saddle mare. He lifted an arm and my grandfather drew rein and waited for him.

"I have been thinking overnight, Andrew," he said as he came up to us, "and if you will pay a decent price for those sheep I'll let you have them. I was on my way to Donald's to tell you so."

"So Enoch Radley wouldn't rent his pasture, after all?" said my grandfather, his eyes narrowing as they always did when a bargain was to be struck. Daunt shook his head, grinning.

"I don't know—I haven't seen him." He waved his hand. "The truth is, Andrew, that it would cost me more to mend those rotted fences than the sheep are worth. I only wanted to make you think I could hold out for a good price, but you were too sharp for me. You know I've got to sell. Don't squeeze me too hard, will you?"

My grandfather made him, I thought, a better offer than he had expected, for his face lighted and he agreed without even a show of bargaining. We drove in to his barns, where he had already penned the sheep in readiness for sale, and it was no more than a quarter of an hour, at a guess, before we had counted them as they filed out between the feeding pens and my grandfather had given Nathan Daunt his price, cash down in gold, from the clinking little bag of bedticking that he carried with him as purse.

Daunt, his bridle rein over his arm, helped my grandfather drive the flock down the lane, the stupid beasts crowding between the fences in their idiot fashion, jostling one another and bleating, with the bellwether clanking in the lead. I drove the wagon, bringing up the rear, and heard nothing of the talk between the two men until, after they had turned the sheep at the lane's end, my grandfather stopped Daunt to show him Martin Slater's branded footprint in the deep, untrodden dust of the road that led back toward Ferguson's. Here I halted my team to let them keep on ahead of me.

"I see that you can recognize the track," Daunt was saying, "but the rest is guesswork, Andrew. How can a footprint in the dust tell you what a man was thinking when he left it there?"

My grandfather pointed to the short grass on each side of the narrow strip of yellow road. I could see that Daunt had pastured his sheep on the highway to save his own grass, for only the weeds were left, and there were tufts of wool on the thorns of the blackberries.

"Call it guessing, then," said grandfather. "But with easy walking beside the road I reason that no man would leave his footprints plain to read in that soft dust if he meant harm."

Daunt considered, his head a little slanted and his eyelids gathered at the corners.

"An angry man doesn't always think of such trifles, Andrew. You reason so because it suits your wish, because you fetched young Slater here and would blame yourself if evil came of it. Suppose I choose to argue that the fellow sneaked through the fields, leaving no track and hiding near Donald Ferguson's house till it was dark enough to whistle out that cow-eyed girl?"

I remembered the creak of floor boards, the sound of the latch, that stifled sobbing, and it seemed to me that Daunt's guess was very near the truth.

Daunt pointed at the line of deep tracks in the dust.

"See, here he comes back along the road. My guess is that there was little sweethearting in Donald Ferguson's lane last night. I reason that Slater carried a flea in either ear when he passed this way. Even a bound-out orphan from the poor farm would hold herself above a jailbird, with the bleach of the prison still about him. Slater could have ridden in your wagon if he waited till sunup. Why does he choose to walk unless"—his eye slanted up at me—"unless that big-eyed wench has given him some reason for going quickly and at night?"

My grandfather frowned and moved his head as if to silence him, but Daunt laughed.

"Come! I'll go with you and see if your guess is as good as mine. You'll need help with those sheep between Enoch Radley's fences anyway."

This, I knew, was true enough. Daunt's fences were sheep-tight, but already the silly, blatting beasts were trying, here and there, to crowd between the rails back to the barren pasture they had left. I hated sheep with all my heart, like any man or boy who has to do with them. The poets who write about them have never seen them, surely, except in pictures drawn by men who take their notions from the poets. I make sure that they have never tried, at least, to clip a fleece with the stench of wool half choking them, or to drive a hundred yearlings past a broken panel in a fence, or listened, by the long hour, to the empty, idiot bleat that never stops. Beside the cleanest pet cosset lamb I ever saw a pig is clean and fragrant and wiser, of course, a hundred times!

So I was glad of Daunt's offer, for I knew that it would save me many stumbling chases through Radley's briers to head off strays if he went with us till we came to decent fences. My grandfather thanked him and we started, Daunt still on foot and leading his horse beside my grandfather, who urged the sheep along with gentle, throaty noises and kept his big hands full of clods to throw at those who stopped or turned back or tried, as sheep are always trying, to squeeze through spaces hardly big enough for their empty heads. I held the team a few rods in the rear, breathing dust and dourly regretting that, for all the profit we should make of them, Daunt had changed his mind and let us have his flock.

We made sore work of it, as Daunt had warned us, when we came to Radley's line. Even with him to go ahead and block the gaps where a whole panel had fallen, there were places where I had to leave the team and run to help my grandfather with strays and stragglers bent on taking any path but the plain road before them. So it happened that I was on foot and out of breath and angry when up before us the leaders swerved sharply to one side and then, yielding suddenly to pressure from the rear, dashed forward, keeping to the left, as if in panic. Daunt had mounted to ride ahead beyond the fence, and he gave a great shout, leaping down. We found him staring at a huge figure sprawled face downward in the weeds. I can remember still the sudden choking in my throat as I heard the loud, angry hum of blowflies that seemed to fill the air.

"I had the right of it, Andrew," said Nathan Daunt in a tight, strangled voice. "It's Enoch Radley, stone dead! See, his head's smashed in behind."

He pointed. My grandfather put out an arm to thrust me back from the sight of it. He and Daunt leaned to make sure of what we all knew. I can see them yet, with the stupid sheep scattering past Radley's broken fences, the dust of the road pitted with their hoofprints. There was a smear of soot on Daunt's sleeve when he stretched his arm to feel for a pulse in the big, hairy wrist.

My grandfather straightened and stood looking down at the pock-marked road, his face like a stone mask. After a moment he moved to the broken fence and, crossing it, slipped past the sheep. I followed him till we came back to the road ahead of the bellwether, where the dust was undisturbed except for the prints of Martin Slater's shoes, the branded mark of the horseshoe clear to see in every other one of them. Pointed in the opposite direction I saw another line of tracks, no doubt those of Enoch Radley, walking out to meet his death. My grandfather kept carefully to the side of the road, so that our own feet did not confuse the trail; he bent over the tracks, following them a little way toward Radley's house and then returning toward the sheep, heading them back in the direction they had come. Nathan Daunt stood waiting for us beside Radley's body; he had taken off his coat and drawn it over the dead man's head, and again I saw the smear of soot on the back of the sleeve.

"He has been robbed, Andrew," he said. "See, his pockets have been turned out."

My grandfather nodded gravely. "We must let him lie here for the sheriff and the coroner," he said. "Daunt, you have a good mare there—it would be best for you to ride on to the town and fetch Calvin Tupper. You may overtake Slater on the road. He has left his footprints clear to see."

Daunt swung up to the saddle willingly enough.

"I'll stop at Radley's house and tell his woman as I pass," he called as he clapped his heel against the mare's flank and set off at a canter down the road. My grandfather stood looking after him for a space before he turned to me and told me to drive the democrat back to Donald Ferguson's and fetch him. I did as I was bid, blithe of the chance to gallop horses and bear news, and willing, too, to get away from the evil noise of the great swarming flies.

I found Donald in his tool shed, fitting a new point to a plow. He made a great show of excitement at my news and broke out, in the fashion of unthinking men, in loud anger against Martin Slater and idle praise and pity for the man he had struck down. I remember wondering, as I listened, that a man so tame and gentle should show such sudden rage and hate as Donald had twice displayed toward Slater, but a chance word of his, as he fumed and sputtered, enlightened me a little, for I knew that Donald and his wife set much store by the bound girl Hester.

"Hester will be quit of him, at any rate," he said. "There is one good thing, at least, to come of it." And he turned quickly from me and ran to the house, crying out the news loudly to his wife, busy with her butter-working on the kitchen porch. I had sore work of it to get him started, but he climbed up to the wagon seat at last and took the reins from me. Twisting about, I saw the bound girl run across the dooryard to the meadow and disappear beyond a clump of elder bushes.

Donald lashed at the team with the loose end of the reins and kept them at their clumsy gallop, so that we scared the grazing sheep to sudden, scurrying dashes through the briers as we pulled up beside my grandfather and the red-haired woman I had seen in the blackberry thicket the night before. I remember the smooth order of her burnished hair and the neatness of her clean print dress and apron, but it was at her quiet that I marveled most. There was no mark of grief or shock about her; she stood holding the strings of her sunbonnet and listening to Donald's stumbling commiserations with a kind of weary scorn in the hard, down-curving line of her tight lips.

"I warned him what would come of it," she said when Donald gave over; her voice was hard and cold and I heard no sound of sorrow in it. She turned to my grandfather

(Continued on Page 93)

Sunset Over Lake Maggiore, St. Petersburg, Florida

Decay germs reach ALL your teeth —does your tooth-brush?

Is your brush hitting on ALL 32?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth-brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

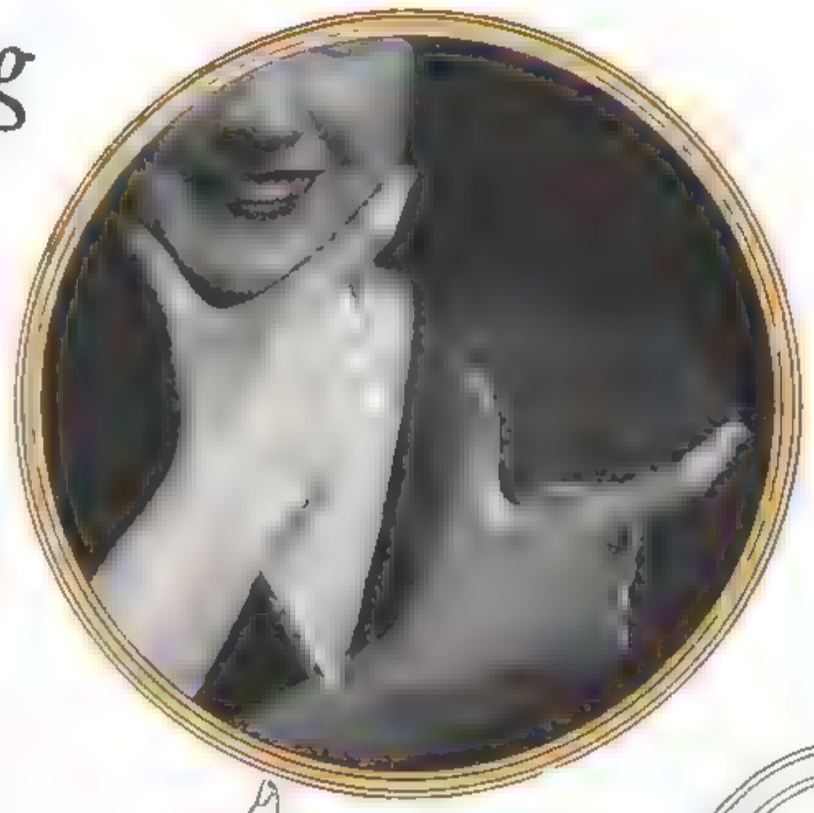
Consider that tooth-brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle follow the curve of your mouth? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

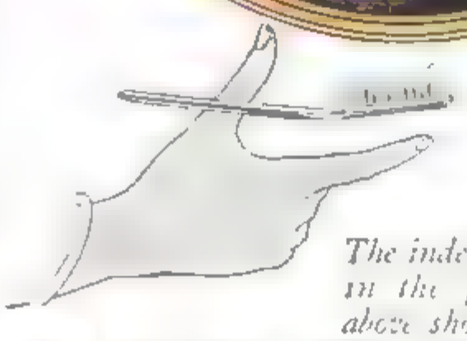
The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.





The index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.

free—

to one lucky reader each month —free tooth-brushes for the rest of his or her life.

FREE Tooth-Brushes for [illegible] to the reader who has [illegible] with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is Decay germs reach ALL your teeth [illegible] your tooth brush. After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

RIGHT—This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the inside contour of the teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between. Note how the large end tuft goes around behind the rear molar. When the teeth are brushed correctly, the bristles clean every curve and crevice thoroughly.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass. Dept. AAJ

Gentlemen: I suggest the following new headline for the advertisement [illegible]

Name

Address

Made in America by Americans

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OUTDOOR

Outdoor Advertising has reached a point in its development where it is available to the advertiser, Nationally, Territorially, Sectionally or Locally on a thoroughly organized, standardized and businesslike basis.

Outdoor Advertising is free of objectionable copy. It reaches man, woman and child. It makes possible the delivery of an impressive message, simply, accurately and economically.

The advertiser today can lay out an outdoor appropriation based upon accurate information and he can place his appropriation through his advertising agency providing it is a member of the National Outdoor Advertising Bureau, Inc.

It is the purpose of this organization to coöperate with the advertiser through his own advertising agency to the end that the best possible use may be made of Outdoor Advertising in coöperation with all other advertising media.

Functioning through its advertising agency members, this Bureau specializes in fitting the medium of Outdoor Advertising to each advertiser's real need.

The National Outdoor Advertising Bureau places at the disposal of the advertiser all of the following standard types of Outdoor Advertising:

1—The brilliant electrical display at the night centers of the big cities.

2—The high spot, de luxe, illuminated, painted bulletin at points of greatest day and night circulation.

3—The universal 24-sheet poster—everywhere.

4—The painted wall in the heart of a neighborhood.

5—The point of purchase wall bulletin, right on the store.

6—The painted road bulletin, to reach those who ride or drive.

From a national campaign to an intensive, localized try-out, this service is complete.

The National Outdoor Advertising Bureau is an Incorporated Association of Advertising Agencies rendering a complete Outdoor Advertising Service through all recognized plants and working in full coöperation with the complete operating facilities of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, Inc.

National Outdoor

A Coöperative Organization For the Handling of

F. T. HOPKINS, *General Manager*
Fifth Avenue and Broadway at 25th Street, New York

ADVERTISING

The National Outdoor Advertising Bureau through its advertising agency members now serves several hundred advertisers, highly representative organizations enjoying consumer preference with products of attested value, *among them are the following:*

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Borden Company, The
Bowman Dairy Co., Chicago, Ill.
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Breyer Ice Cream Co.
Brooks Tomato Products Co.
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Cadillac Motor Car Company
California Conserving Co.
California Packing Corporation
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California Prune and Apricot Growers' Assn.
California Walnut Growers' Assn.
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Chase Candy Co.
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Golden State Milk Products Co.
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Graham Brothers (Trucks)
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Valier Spies Milling Co.
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Williams Oil O-Matic Co.
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Advertising Bureau Inc.

of Advertising Agencies Outdoor Advertising

H. F. GILHOFER, *Western Manager*
Lytton Building, State Street at Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Detroit Office, General Motors Building

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(Continued from Page 88)

and asked him some question of the law upon inheritance and it seemed to me that his answer pleased her, for the redness came into her dark eyes and the corners of her mouth relaxed a little. Donald Ferguson broke out in silly threats against Martin Slater; he would pay, he said, with his neck. The red-haired woman shrugged her straight shoulders.

"I wish him better luck," she said. "He has done me a good turn." And again she questioned my grandfather about her right of dower in the dead man's lands. He answered her with his grave politeness, and I remember that I had a queer sense of guilt and heartlessness that I should stand and listen, with Radley's murdered body almost at my feet, while his widow spoke contentedly and calmly of his goods. Donald Ferguson broke in upon the talk, crying out and pointing down the road. I saw a man on horseback that I knew for Nathan Daunt, and behind him a team of roans that drew a buckboard, with two men on the seat.

"It's Tupper's rig," said Donald, and he ran toward it, waving his arms in needless beckoning as Nathan Daunt cantered up to us and swung down from his saddle.

"I had good luck, Andrew," he said, wiping the sweat from his face with a clean bandanna. "Cal Tupper stayed at Orrin Harney's last night and I overtook him driving home. We followed those footprints on to that old hayrick of Saul Henderson's and found Slater there, asleep."

I saw now who it was that sat beside the sheriff, and a sickness of pity came upon me at the look in Martin Slater's bleached face. I knew that he would surely hang, for our hill juries took the law at its simple word and even our lawyers had not learned to make excuse for murder. Yet, suddenly I had a hatred for the law and the dour men who would do its bidding, even for the sheriff, a great, swollen figure with a round, merry fat man's face. If I could have helped Mart Slater free I would have done it blithely.

The buckboard creaked as Tupper clambered down. Slater kept his place and I saw that his wrist was handcuffed to the iron side rail of the seat. The sheriff waddled toward us, his wide, dull face, I thought, as little in keeping with the grimness of his task as the widow's speech had accorded with her case. He breathed noisily through his open mouth as he bent over Radley's body and lifted Daunt's coat to see the hidden head and shoulders.

"Robbed, too," he said cheerfully as he straightened. "Watch and chain and purse." He glanced at Slater, slouching in the buggy seat. "Must have hid 'em. Ain't on him now anyway." He turned to the red-haired woman. "Was Enoch carrying his watch last time you saw him?"

She shrugged and said that she supposed so, that she had not noticed, that he always wore it. The sheriff blinked his little buried eyes in the sun.

"That's so. Never saw him without it." He plucked a spear of fox grass and held it between his teeth. "What time did he go out last night?"

The woman lifted her shoulders again. "I don't know. I left him playing patience when I went to bed. He would always sit late with his cards."

Tupper nodded. "Must have worried you when he didn't come back, I take it."

She shook her head. "He often stayed away at night. I thought nothing of it till Nathan Daunt brought me word that he was dead."

She might as well have said in words that she had thought as little of it then. Her voice, the look of her tight mouth and her hard, cold eyes sent the queer shiver along my spine again. Tupper glanced at my grandfather and from him to Slater.

"Guess it don't matter. We got the man that did it, and that's all that counts for much."

"What does Slater say to that?" My grandfather's sober gaze rested on the slouching figure in the buckboard.

"I didn't do it," said Slater sullenly. Daunt laughed.

"You'd own up, if you had, wouldn't you?"

"I'd brag about it!" Slater's teeth showed in the bleached paleness of his face. "I don't know who it was that killed him, but it ought to have been me! He needed it!"

"No sense to such talk, Mart," said the fat sheriff gently. "Don't need to help us hang you."

I heard a crackling in the dry leaves at the roadside and looked up in time to see the bound girl come out between the hazel bushes. She had run across the fields from Donald Ferguson's; her corn silk hair had fallen in disorder about her blazing cheeks, her dress was torn by briers and they had slashed the soft roundness of her bare forearms. I could see the quick heaving of her deep breast as she stumbled toward us, crying out in a wild, breathless voice that we must hang her too.

Donald Ferguson would have caught her hands, but she thrust him from her, tearing something from the bosom of her dress and flinging it at the still figure in the weeds. The sun winked up from it, some gilded trinket hung on a fine gold chain. She whirled to face the sheriff, her breath sobbing in her throat as she told a crazy tale of having sent Martin Slater away with murder in his heart, swearing to kill Enoch Radley because she had promised to marry him.

Donald Ferguson cried out at the word. "Marry him! The girl's gone daft with trouble! Enoch Radley was never at my house, and he had a wife ——"

A sudden blaze of hatred came into Hester's face and she spat the word back at him.

"Wife! A hired hussy that he could send packing when he pleased!"

The red-haired woman's mouth twisted downward. She said something I did not understand, of common law, and I saw the sheriff nod in agreement. The bound girl paid no heed; she was beside the buckboard, now, her hands on Martin Slater's ironed arm. I heard Nathan Daunt say below his breath that she had helped to hang him. My grandfather's voice broke in suddenly.

"Slater will not hang, Daunt." The other swung about to face him, and I saw the sheriff's eyes widen and narrow again, as if, for an instant, a wise cunning peeped out from behind a stupid mask.

"You think a jury would acquit him, Andrew, with the proofs in plain sight?"

"I think they are not so plain, Daunt. The sheep have muddled them. I see no proof here that Slater met Radley on this road last night. It stands to reason that a man with blood on his hands would never leave those footprints in the middle of the road, and go to sleep within a stone's throw of the highway."

Daunt spread his hands impatiently. "You reason so because you wouldn't, Andrew, if it were you instead of Slater. What does it matter that he was fool enough to leave an easy track for us to follow? We know that he passed by this road and that nobody else except poor Radley traveled it between his passing and the time when you and I found Radley lying here. Where are the other tracks, if it was not Slater who killed him?"

"I said the sheep had muddled them," said my grandfather quietly. "We have no way of telling if there were other footprints in this dust between your lane and here; we walked behind those sheep."

"Not always, Andrew," said Daunt quickly. "I rode on ahead a dozen times to turn the flock back from the fallen places in the fence."

"You weren't noticing the road," my grandfather argued.

"But I was, as luck would have it. You had pointed to that branded print of Slater's foot before we started, and we had differed about it—you remember. I looked for it each time I went ahead; if there had been other tracks I was bound to see them."

"And you didn't see them?" My grandfather's voice was very still and gentle, but I saw the look of carved stone in his face and I was suddenly afraid, not knowing why. Daunt clicked his tongue impatiently.

"I told you that there weren't any. Why do you harp on this, Andrew? There were no other tracks, I tell you."

"I think there were, Daunt," said my grandfather. Daunt scowled and shook his head.

"Why? You say yourself that a man flying from a murder would take to the fields, where his footprints wouldn't show, and yet you insist that ——"

"Daunt," said my grandfather with a sudden heat, "I say this: I say that no man, running from the body of his crime, would walk at the same pace that brought him to the killing. If there were other footprints in this dust the sheep have trodden they would point toward this place. I say that I believe there were such footprints, and that you left them there, Daunt, when you came down this road last night, before you knew that you would meet Enoch Radley on the way. I say that you killed him, Daunt, so that this woman might inherit as his wife in common law, and that you robbed his body to confuse the look of his murder, just as you sold me—too willingly, Daunt—the sheep you had refused to sell last night, knowing that when I had driven them over this road your footprints would be trampled out. I say that you rode ahead to make sure that I stayed behind the sheep, where I would not see your track."

Daunt stood staring, like a man struck dumb by amazement, his eyes wide, his jaw sagging. He found his voice, however, in an instant, and gave a great mocking laugh.

"A pretty mare's nest, Andrew! You'd put my neck in the rope instead of Slater's because I sold you, at a good price, a flock of sheep I can't feed on my dried-up pasture! You'd hang me because you find his footprints near the dead man and can find none of mine!"

"Daunt," said my grandfather, "you say that you followed Slater's footprints all the way to Henderson's old hay barn, where you took him in his sleep. Tell me this: Did you see those tracks leave the beaten road before they led you to the hayrick?"

Daunt shook his head. It seemed to me that the question puzzled and troubled him. The fat sheriff leaned a little forward and again I saw the curious opening and shutting of the little sleepy eyes. My grandfather was silent for a moment.

"Then, unless Slater threw Enoch Radley's watch and money in some fence corner on the way they must be hidden in that barn, if it was Slater who took them."

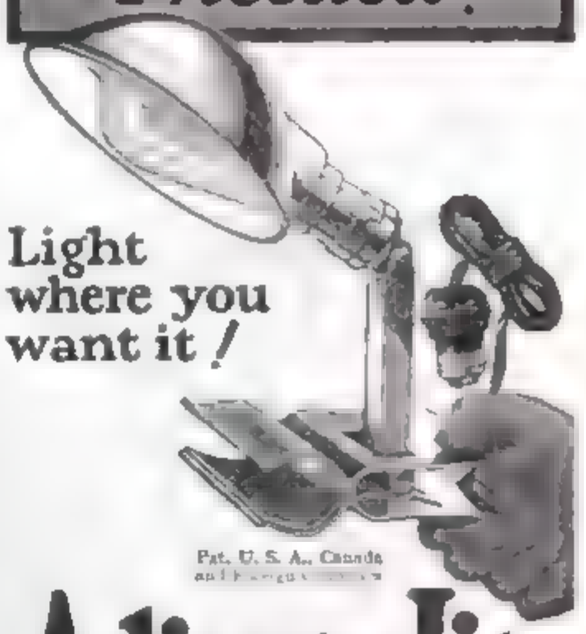
"We didn't think to search," said Nathan Daunt. "But here is one grain of sound sense in your crazy guessing, Andrew. They must be hidden in the barn and I will ride down with you all and help you find them."

"You would have to, Daunt. But first you would need to ride home and take them from behind the loose brick in your chimney where you hid them when you came home last night, before you saw a way to hide your footprints in the road and hang Martin Slater in your place!" He pointed at the smear of soot on Daunt's jacket, spread above the dead man's head. I heard the swift catch of breath in Daunt's throat. He sprang like a cat toward his horse, but Calvin Tupper, for all his awkward bulk, was even quicker. Daunt's straining wrists came together in one of the huge hands and I heard the ugly click of steel jaws snapping shut.

"A good guess in the dark, Andrew!" said Calvin Tupper over Daunt's shoulder. My grandfather shook his head.

"A guess, perhaps, but not in the dark," he said. And he led the way a little down the road and showed us, plain in the yellow dust, the mark of Enoch Radley's great, broad boot, where he had set it down, last night, above the heel of Martin Slater's branded footprint.

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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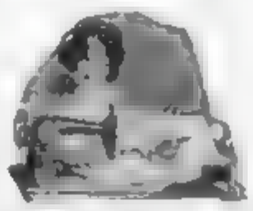

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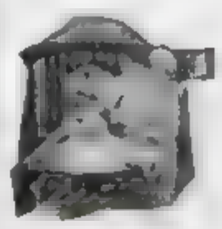

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BUS TIRES

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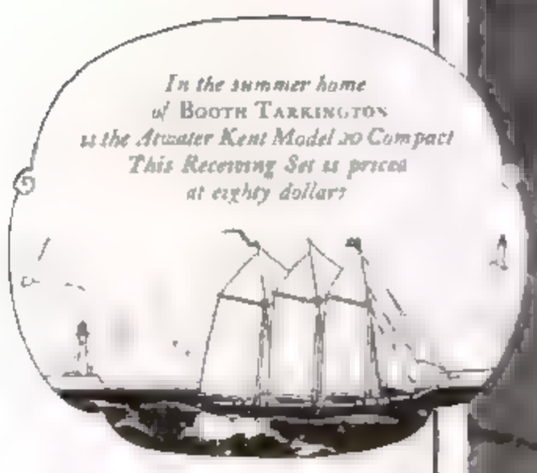
ATWATER KENT RADIO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This Receiving Set is priced
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This is a new influence in Radio

In many ways the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact is a new influence in the progress of radio.

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So now Radio needn't disturb any room. You can fit it agreeably into your present arrangement of furniture and decorations, without buying anything new.

Already the Model 20 Compact has won its place in the fine homes of many famous people. It is the radio of today—and of tomorrow.

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.

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WGR	Buffalo
WWJ	Detroit
WSAI	Cincinnati
WOC	Davenport
WRAP	Washington
WTAG	Worcester
KSD	St. Louis

KEEPING TIME

Continued from Page 35

enough for Chicago and New York would probably be good enough for them, a contract was signed with the St. Louis directorate for the entire season at their local exposition. And as Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Sr., president of the Trocadero Company of Chicago, believed if we were good enough for the World's Fair, Manhattan Beach and St. Louis we were good enough for him, he engaged me to give a series of concerts at the Trocadero in Chicago at the end of our St. Louis engagement

These engagements took up nearly the entire year and every day was guaranteed almost from the start of the season to its close. It was a great achievement for the second year of my organization. During the Trocadero engagement I brought out The Liberty Bell. I had finished the march, but had not settled on its title. Happening to go into the Auditorium, where they were giving a spectacle entitled America, I was impressed with a most artistic scenic drop depicting the Liberty Bell. At the end of the performance I went into the office of the Auditorium Hotel and my mail was handed me. In it was a letter from my wife informing me that our little boy, Philip, had paraded that day in Philadelphia with his kindergarten class in honor of the Liberty Bell. I called the march The Liberty Bell. It was successful from its first performance.

While we were at the Trocadero Mr. Blakely had several interviews with Mr. Michel De Young, a leading spirit in the forthcoming midwinter fair to be held in San Francisco, beginning January, 1894; but Mr. De Young balked at the figure Mr. Blakely demanded for the band and the negotiations fell through.

About the first of December we returned to New York from Chicago and began planning the '94 tour. Early in January, Blakely received a telegram from Mr. De Young which said:

"How soon can you reach San Francisco?"

Blakely replied:

"In three weeks. Come at terms discussed in our last interview."

We got our men together and started to cross the continent, giving concerts on the way. When we reached San Francisco we found the band they had engaged had not succeeded in satisfying musical San Francisco, and to placate the populace they had engaged us.

Success in San Francisco

Of course, we were in splendid condition. When Gilmore died we took into our organization about nineteen of his best men—such men as Herbert Clarke, Gustave Stengler, Herman Conrad, Joseph Raffyola, William Wadsworth, Albert Bode and others; and together with Arthur Pryor—who had been in my band since its inception—Henry Koch and some others, we had a wonderful host of brilliant players.

The musicians of San Francisco were delighted with us and at the end of the first week gave us a magnificent banquet. One of their number, called upon for a speech, said he had been deputized by the Musicians' Union to attend the first concert of the band and report on value received.

"Well," he added, "when you fellows played your first piece I knew it was Tannhäuser because the program said so; but I soon found out something I never knew before, and that is that the clarinet and the flute and the oboe can be played just as softly as a muted violin, and the rest of the band can play an accompaniment to them even softer than they play. I never knew that clarinets and flutes had soft-pedal keys on them until I heard you fellows play."

This was received with great applause by everybody, and from that day to this there has always been a warm friendship between the musical fraternity of California and my band.

While we were at the fair, Fritz Scheel, an excellent musician and conductor, was giving concerts in a large auditorium at the fairgrounds, which I think they called the Vienna Prater. The public attendance was ordinary—I might say very ordinary, though ours could be counted by the thousands. So someone in authority suggested to Mr. De Young the advantage of boosting the enterprise by giving a double concert with Scheel's Imperial Orchestra and our band.

I was asked my opinion and told them I was engaged by the exposition, and if they saw fit to have me play in conjunction with the Imperial Orchestra, I would not object. They needed money, and if I was instrumental in bringing money to the Vienna Prater people and the exposition, I would be extremely happy. So the concert was announced.

Scheel, who was a very nice fellow, had evidently been told that I was dictatorial and would ride over him if he didn't watch out, and apparently he believed it.

An Orchestral Duet

Mr. De Young sent me a note to meet Mr. Scheel in the Publicity Building to arrange the program. We met. Mr. Scheel asked me how many soloists I intended to introduce.

I said, "Only one—Mr. Arthur Pryor."

Then he said he would introduce only one—Mr. Franz Hell, who afterward became a member of my band. It was agreed that we should have two numbers by the entire aggregation, two numbers each by the separate organizations and the two solos.

"What is your piece for the combined orchestra and band?" asked Mr. Scheel.

"I'll take Tannhauser," I replied.

"*Nein, Nein!*" cried Scheel. "I must have it."

We argued, both getting pretty angry, when Frank Truesdale, the publicity man of the exposition, whispered to me, "Let him have it. Don't wrangle any more."

I quieted down, and Scheel said, "What is your next piece?"

"The Second Rhapsody of Liszt," I said.

"*Nein, Nein!*" he said. "I must have that."

"Very well." And so it was written.

"What is your opening piece?" asked Scheel.

Not to be caught with an objection again, I asked, "What is yours?"

"Mignon Overture."

"Good!" I said. "I congratulate you, and I'll take William Tell."

It was finally settled that Scheel should open the program with Mignon, I should follow with William Tell; then Franz Hell was to play his solo, followed by Arthur Pryor; then I would do the Feremors music, he would do the Liszt rhapsody, then the combined bands would play Tannhäuser with Scheel conducting and I would conduct Rienzi.

Scheel, as I have said, was an excellent conductor. Years afterward we became very close friends, and he died while occupying the position of conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

The concert started with a packed house at high prices. Scheel's orchestra played Mignon and played it very well. He got a small amount of applause and he bowed off the stage. His men immediately left and my men filed in.

There had been some friction between the men at the morning rehearsal over the studied indifference of some of the foreigners in Scheel's orchestra, and they had been very bluntly told by Henry Koch and a few of my men that there would be a row if they didn't give their best attention when I was conducting.

To make matters a little worse, one of the San Francisco papers had a cartoon depicting a great big six-footer labeled "Scheel," leading by the hand a little two-footer labeled "Sousa," intimating that the Sousa Band and its conductor should feel highly honored to be allowed to play on the same stage with the Imperial Orchestra. This, of course, didn't add to the gayety of nations or the exhilaration of my bandsmen, and they were a grim and determined lot when they filed on the stage to play our opening number, the William Tell Overture.

We started, and if William Tell was ever played near perfection, it was that night. The musicians' fingers never moved with more agility, and the clear-cut execution of all the parts was a marvel.

It swept the audience off its feet, and at the end of the number I heard the most spontaneous applause I have ever heard. I bowed and bowed and bowed. Still the applause rang out.

I then did the meanest thing I have ever done in my life. I whispered to the band, "The American Patrol." I mounted my platform and we began, almost inaudibly, the beginning of the Patrol, working up to a great crescendo, suddenly launching into Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. The audience began to applaud, and then as we went into Dixie, they yelled as if every one of them came from south of the Mason and Dixon Line. We gradually reached Yankee Doodle and finished the number. Like the Chinaman of Bret Harte, the subsequent proceedings interested Scheel no more.

It was a mean thing to do, but Scheel and I, years afterward, laughed over it and he forgave me. The rest of the concert passed off decorously. Financially and for excitement, it was a great success. We were compelled to give a second one. There is never a love like a first love. There is never a kiss like a first kiss. It was not to be expected our second concert would duplicate our first in thrills. It was a good concert, and toward the end was brought to an abrupt termination by the electric lights suddenly leaving the hall in darkness.

A March That Every Band Played

At the end of our engagement in San Francisco we made a long tour, reaching New York for our second season at Manhattan Beach, where I received a very beautiful medal from Mr. Corbin for breaking the record of the beach for attendance at the concerts. From Manhattan Beach we proceeded to St. Louis for a second year at the exposition. I was there presented with a medal for having broken the attendance record at that place.

At this time the march rivaling The Washington Post in popularity was The High School Cadets. I had written it for the company of high-school-cadet students in Washington and they had paid me twenty-five dollars for the dedication. I never knew the value of money and at that time I did not know the value of my compositions. I had sold Semper Fidelis, The Picador, The Crusader, The Washington Post, High School Cadets and a number of others under a contract I had made with a Philadelphia music publisher, for thirty-five dollars each, and, in addition, agreed to furnish three arrangements—one for piano, one for orchestra and one for band.

The Gladiator March, my first great hit, I had written for a publishing firm in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, offering it to them for fifty dollars. They rejected it and returned the manuscript. I sent it to the Philadelphia publisher and he got it for thirty-five dollars. It was that march that put me on the map. I believe every band in America played it.

When I was a boy in Washington, the pay for a fourth-class clerk in a government department, $1800 a year, seemed to be about as much as anyone should earn or require; in fact, in our neighborhood an

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Automotive engineers have decided the tank gauge at the rear must go. The K-S Telegage is now included as standard equipment on the following well-known cars:

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Paige
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Studebaker
Wills Ste Claire 6
*Oldsmobile
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Reo Sedan Bus
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The K-S Telegage is exact and dependable. Its red column gives you the exact number of gallons in the tank, down to a fraction. You can use it to check your gasoline consumption against your motor mileage. Have the Telegage put on your car without delay. It will save you many hours of worry—and perhaps from disaster.

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Gentlemen: I enclose check money order for which please send me K-S Telegage, with complete directions for installing on my car, checked on list herewith.

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$1800 clerk was a nabob and stood somewhere between an emperor and a Croesus. I believe that boyhood idea had much to do with making me a poor business man. Up to and including 1892, I had sold all my compositions outright, some for as low as five dollars and the very highest at fifty dollars. Many of them became immensely popular and coined money for their publishers. I was more interested in producing pieces that the public would take to its heart with avidity than in what I received for them. I had understood from Mr. Blakely that he would undertake the publication of my compositions, as he had a large private establishment in Chicago. A line in our contract caused many a heartache years afterward. The first piece I wrote after I went with Blakely was the well-known Belle of Chicago March. I offered the manuscript to him and he refused it. I asked him why.

"My dear Sousa," he began, "a man usually makes one hit in his life. You have made two, The Washington Post and The High School Cadets. It is not reasonable to expect you to make another."

The Philadelphia house published the Belle of Chicago and The Beau Ideal, which followed, and they made another little ripple on the river of success. Because they did not electrify the country as The Washington Post and The High School Cadets had, the head of the firm believed I was through as a writer of popular hits. When I'd ask him how the marches were going, his invariable reply would be, "Well, they're moving along slowly."

Introducing King Cotton

In 1895 we started a tour, reaching Manhattan Beach for the season; then went to St. Louis again and then to the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta, where we were to play. I had written King Cotton while on tour, as the official march of the exposition. This march proved to be a wonderful success. About a week before we were to arrive in Atlanta, Blakely received a telegram from the manager of the exposition:

"Impossible to carry out contract. Consider canceled."

Blakely came to me and said, "What's to be done?"

"Done?" I answered. "Telegraph them you will open at the exposition at the time named in the contract."

This he did. If he had done otherwise, we would have lost at least $10,000 in bringing the band back and rearranging our tour after Atlanta. Blakely sent his assistant to Atlanta and told him to explain to the manager the impossibility of canceling the contract, to advertise our opening date and exploit us as fully as possible.

We reached Atlanta on the morning of our opening. Blakely's man said he could do nothing with the board of directors. They had two famous bands from New York, neither of which had drawn any money. The board had been forced to borrow from a public-spirited citizen enough money to carry on the exposition, and the outlook was very bad.

"We will open today," said Blakely.

We did open and had a splendid crowd, the next largest since the opening of the exposition.

Blakely was delighted and said, "Just watch them; they'll come around with an apology on a silver platter."

We went to dinner. We had just sat down when a bell boy entered the dining room and handed Blakely a large official-looking envelope.

"Bully!" he said. "I bet it's an apology."

He opened the envelope and it seemed to me his chin whiskers almost touched the ground. He handed the letter to me. The note was from some petty official connected with the exposition, and it read:

"DAVID BLAKELY,
"Manager Sousa's Band.

"*Sir:* The exposition paid three dollars to carry your large instruments from the hall to the band stand. Kindly reimburse us on receipt of this and hereafter make your own arrangements for the transportation of your instruments.

"Very sincerely,
"____"

"I'll show them what's what," he exclaimed, "at the end of dinner!"

I went to the evening concert and Blakely remained in town. When I came back from the concert he introduced me to a gentleman whom he had engaged as his lawyer to look after our interests. This gentleman knew the general manager and the board of directors of the exposition and had made an appointment with them to meet us and discuss matters the next day. We met the board, a number of fine men who seemed distressed over their inability to carry out their contract. One member told me they had borrowed money and that 80 per cent of what came in daily had to be paid over to the people they had borrowed the money from, leaving the exposition but 20 per cent to carry on business. Finally, after talking over various plans to have us stay that countenanced the fact they didn't have the money to pay us, I made a proposition. It was that we would release the management from the contract; we would give a series of concerts in the Festival Hall, charging an admission of fifty cents, and either side could terminate this agreement by one week's notice.

It was accepted, and the next day we gave our first concert indoors at the exposition. I got a great number of abusive letters upbraiding me for charging the populace for music when they already had to pay fifty cents for admission to the grounds. One paper had a cartoon in which I was shown in a glass case, with the legend, Drop Fifty Cents in the Slot and Hear Sousa.

Our plan worked beautifully. Though the public was angry, still they came and filled the hall. We played the week out, and on Sunday gave a musicale at De Grive's Opera House. The exposition was making money on us and it wasn't costing them one penny. The second week was as good as the first, and on Saturday night the management and board of directors received the following from Mr. Blakely:

"Sousa's Band will terminate its engagement with the exposition next Saturday evening. "Very respectfully,
"DAVID BLAKELY."

The fellow who had written the three-dollar letter was the first to come to expostulate

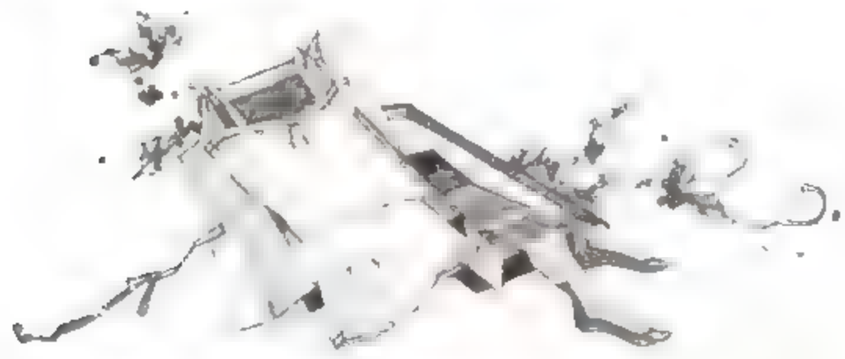
"What are you stopping for? You're making money and we are making money, so why end the concerts?"

The Perennial El Capitan

"I'll tell you," was my reply. "After we had come to an agreement to give these concerts without any expense to you, Mr. Blakely sent his assistant ahead to book and make contracts for the band in various towns between here and New York. He has been successful in doing so, and we open in Spartanburg, South Carolina, a week from Monday."

Months before, B. D. Stevens, manager of the DeWolf Hopper Opera Company, had come to me with a libretto. He said that Mr. Hopper retained a happy recollection of the music of Desirée, which I had composed and in which he had made his inaugural appearance in comic opera, and had said if I saw enough in this libretto to write the music for it he would produce it. I took the libretto, which was written by Charles Klein and was called El Capitan. I read it carefully and liked it very much, sending Stevens and Hopper my opinion that it was an excellent vehicle for musical treatment. Klein was not a lyric writer, so we called in Tom Frost, who enjoyed some reputation as a versifier. I marked out the places for music, and Frost and I wrote the lyrics. I wrote the words and music of the El Capitan song, Sweetheart, I'm Waiting; The Typical Tune of Zanzibar; and quite

(Continued on Page 101)



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Luxurious silk undergarments that women love. Silk stockings and socks in the smart shades decreed by London, Paris and New York. They come boxed separately, or in "sets." Christmas brings extra joy when it brings also these Noe-Equl gifts. For Noe-Equl lingerie and hosiery reveal their superb quality at the very first glance. To make satisfaction doubly sure, every lovely undergarment . . . every pair of stockings, every pair of socks . . . is guaranteed for wear. And because you buy direct from the Noe-Equl Mills, you buy at a saving which you could not otherwise obtain.

Orders taken for Noe-Equl pure silk lingerie and hosiery *in your own home*

One need not shop endlessly to find just the right thing for Christmas giving. Noe-Equl merchandise is brought to you in the newer and more modern way. It is a way which not only spares you effort, but which makes for economy because of the elimination of round-about channels of distribution between you and the mills The Noe-Equl representative who comes to your home is bonded and wears an emblem of identification on the coat. Look for it. It is an emblem of authority and responsibility, and the trade-mark of the Noe-Equl Mills—the largest mills in the world selling pure silk lingerie and hosiery direct to the consumer. There is a Noe-Equl office in your city. A phone call will bring a representative to you if you wish, or drop a postal to the

Noe-Equl Textile Mills, Inc.
Reading, Pennsylvania

Noe-Equl Bond

Giving Good Gifts

CHRISTMAS!—Softly glowing lights. . .ropes of tinsel. . . glittering globes of gold and silver . . .music of voices, gay and laughing. . .joyous shouts of children. . . mounds of snowy packages tied with festive ribbons. . .the very symbol of Christmas!

What a lovely thing it is—the Christmas spirit—that prompts men and women to forget self and open hearts and purses that others may be made happy. But sometimes that very spirit—beautiful as it is—sweeps one into gift-giving which is embarrassing. In our efforts to spread gladness as far as we can reach we frequently send gifts to those who have much "gold, frankincense and myrrh" and who would appreciate a kindly Christmas thought more than an expensive gift.

At the Wayside

In a beautiful Christmas story, we are told of a Fourth Wise Man who was turned from his high purpose of bearing offerings to the new-born King by a compelling impulse to help the suffering at the wayside. Yet in the end was his honor all the greater. The allegory is plain:—the worthy desire to give costly gifts to those we love should not keep us from helping the unfriended and the needy.

When well and happy we are apt to forget the sick and suffering and needy—men and women and little children to whom Christmas has brought nothing but heartbreak and hopes denied, whose lives, drab at best, are made even more dreary by contrast with the gladness and cheer of the Yuletide season.

Try a New Plan this Year

This Christmas, give good gifts—not as custom dictates, but as your heart prompts. Give lavishly as your means will permit. Give to those you love and those to whom your gift will bring gladness. Give as far and as widely as you can. But in your giving set apart something—a little or much—for those who are in *need* of Christmas gifts.

How wonderful to play Santa Claus to boys and girls whose parents, through poverty or sickness, are unable to give them the dolls and drums and wooden soldiers they long to have!

It is not necessary to have a great deal of money to extend your gift-giving beyond your immediate circle. Perhaps you can spare only a dollar, or a twenty-five-cent piece, or a dime. When your dime or dollar is added to other dimes and dollars the amount is astonishing. A dollar alone is weak, but working with others it is strong.

Give Wisely

If you do not know any unfortunate families who need your help, or if you feel that the amount you can give is too small to be of use, give to one of the many well-organized relief and welfare societies. They are in a position to investigate needy cases and will use your money to do the greatest amount of good. They supply warm clothing, they furnish nourishing dinners and distribute toys to eager youngsters who have written confidingly to Santa Claus. It is impossible to calculate the good which these charitable agencies do in giving new hope and cheer to those sick in spirit and in body. They need your help.

—This Christmas, give good gifts—the gifts of happiness and cheer and encouragement. When you are making merry around your tree know the joy of feeling that others are having a brighter Christmas because you have given from your heart.

You who are well and happy this Christmas—who are looking forward to a day of gladness spent with your dear ones—won't you help spread cheer and comfort among those stricken with Tuberculosis?

All over the world today are thousands and thousands of sufferers from Tuberculosis. In this country alone it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 men, women and children afflicted with this dread disease.

Christmas Seals help to support more than 600 hospitals and sanatoria, with nearly 70,000 beds; more than 600 clinics and dispensaries; 3,000 open-air schools, fresh air classes and outdoor camps for children predisposed to Tuberculosis; 10,000 nurses who are giving treatment and health instruction.

The cheery little Christmas Seals which are used to fight Tuberculosis offer an instance of useful giving. Whether your income is $50,000, $5,000 or $500 a year—here is a definite way to help others. Won't you do this simple, gracious thing—buy at least a dollar's or a dime's worth of Christmas Seals? They cost only a penny apiece. Others, seeing your Seals may be reminded to join in the noble work of fighting the Great White Plague.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 98)

half the lyrics of the piece. I wrote the El Capitan song while in Atlanta.

There was a newspaper man on The Constitution of whom I became very fond. His name was Robert Adamson and he became quite a famous man during the time Mr. Gaynor was mayor of New York. He came into the hotel to see me one morning and I said, "Hopper has written me for a different song for an El Capitan entrance. He doesn't like the words and music of the one I sent and I have written a new one, words and music."

I sat at the piano and played it while Mrs. Sousa sang it.

"If that doesn't make a hit, I'll eat it!" he exclaimed. He didn't eat it, so it must have made a hit.

In the third act there was a cumbersome and expensive change of scene. B. D. Stevens—who sometimes, owing to his initials, was called Breakfast-Dinner-and Supper Stevens—was a careful and not a wasteful manager. He did not see the necessity of spending a large sum on scenery that might prove of no value, so he wrote me and said:

"Hopper wants a knock-out song for this act. Send it as soon as possible."

I remembered some verses I had written a few years before for a now defunct magazine. They were called The Typical Tune of Zanzibar, and going from Omaha to Chicago I wrote music for them, and wired I would be in Philadelphia in a week to see Stevens. He and Klein were there and I played it for them. It struck their fancy and has remained one of the many hits of the perennial El Capitan. It was produced in Boston and made an instantaneous hit, although the critics were not all unanimous in their praise of the work.

Composing the Queen of Hearts

El Capitan is played almost every year and vies with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in revivals. Only two years ago I saw it and it sounded as fresh in words and music as it did the first time it was played.

After Desirée, I had composed with Ned Taber a one-act piece called The Queen of Hearts, representing the nursery story of the queen of hearts who made the tarts and the Jack who ate them. It was produced in Washington and made a moderate hit. El Capitan was my fourth opera and my first positive success. The march of the opera stirred the country and is today one of my most-played marches.

When we reached San Francisco our lady violinist, Miss Currie Duke, was quite ill, but with that courage and ambition common to the American girl, insisted on appearing. We were to be there for a week.

She said, "I'll not disappoint your audience, but I prefer to play one of my lighter solos until I become myself again."

Of course I agreed; so that night she played a Hungarian fantasie by Natchez, which, throughout the week, owing to her illness, she repeated at every performance. Of course the programs had all been printed for the week, and it was impossible to alter the names on the program and we made no announcement to the audience.

We started eastward. When we got to Missoula, after days of snow, the chinook winds had descended and were melting the ice and snow and had carried away the bridge. We finally got across, but later in the day we found another bridge carried away by the melting snow and ice and had to wait until a plank walk was constructed. Instrument trunks and music trunks were carried over by hand, and leaving our Pullmans on one side of the river, we took a passenger train waiting for us for our concert in Butte. We reached there at 10:30. I immediately went to the theater. It was packed with people who had patiently waited for us since eight o'clock.

The manager said, "Go out and tell them you're here. It will quiet them down."

I went before the curtain and cheerily said, "How do you do, everybody? We have been fighting the chinook winds since we left Missoula, but if you will bear with us for a few minutes we will give you the best concert we have ever given in our lives."

We began the concert at eleven o'clock and played the last note a little before one.

At the close of the Manhattan Beach engagement in 1896 I needed a rest, so, with Mrs. Sousa, sailed for Europe.

London was our first stop, where I had the pleasure of hearing Hans Richter's Orchestra. At that performance there was given an almost entire Wagner program, with the single exception of one of Haydn's symphonies. Our own Lillian Nordica was the vocalist and sang the Elizabeth song from Tannhäuser.

At the end of the first part the orchestra left the stage. At the conclusion of the intermission and the beginning of the second part of the program, which opened with a Haydn symphony, instead of the hundred men forming the Richter Orchestra there came on the stage an orchestra in size such as Haydn employed in his day. There were six first violins, four seconds, four violas, three cellos, four double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two trumpets and tympani. The contrast from the heavier fare of Wagner in the first part to a delightful miniature orchestra was most exhilarating and pleasing. It showed rare showmanship on the part of Richter to do this. After all, men in every walk of life succeed—if they have got the proper goods—by showmanship. Men may object to being called showmen, but the history of mankind is continual showmanship from the very beginning.

From London we went to Paris and then down to Switzerland. When we reached Interlaken, coming from my room in the hotel, I went to the major-domo, the high-much-a-muck, who had more gold braid and a stiffer back than anyone else in all Europe—there's one of these supergrandees attached to every European hotel—and with becoming deference, but in my rather easy American manner, said, "Is there anything interesting to see in this burg?"

He eyed me benignly.

"Come with me," he said, and he waved in a grandiloquent manner to the door. I followed him up the street about half a block, and then, dramatically pointing up, he said, "Look!"

"Yes," I replied. "What is it? What is it?"

He almost shouted "It is the Jungfrau."

High up in the heavens stood the Jungfrau, snow-clad and grand, the sunlight glistening in the snow. It was sublime in its beauty.

The Washington Post Abroad

"The Jungfrau?" I inquired wearily. "What do you call it?"

"A mountain, sir; a grand mountain," he answered.

"A mountain?" I echoed. "My friend, don't make fun of me because I come from far-off America. A mountain? That a mountain?" I repeated slowly; then turning solemnly to him I intoned: "My friend, do not try to deceive me. Why, in America we have holes in the ground taller than that!"

More in sorrow than anger, he walked off murmuring, "*Mein Gott im Himmel! Mein Gott im Himmel!*"

We stopped in Switzerland some days and then went to Italy; first to Florence, then to Venice.

Among the attractions at Venice at that time were the concerts given in the Piazza by Castiglioni's Band. Mrs. Sousa, some friends and myself were attending the concert, listening with great interest, and we were very much delighted when the band struck up The Washington Post. Near the band stand was a music store. I walked in and said to the proprietor, "The band just played a piece I should like to buy. Will you kindly have your clerk ask the bandmaster what the name of it is?"

He sent the clerk to the stand and he returned in a few moments and said, "The last piece the band played was The Washington Post."

"I would like a copy," I ventured.

He looked in a folio, found to his regret he was out of copies, but assured me if I would return in an hour he would have one for me. In the hour, Mrs. Sousa and I returned and the shopkeeper had an Italian edition of The Washington Post, by Giovanni Filippo Sousa!

I took the copy, went to the piano, played the first two measures and, looking smilingly at the shopkeeper, said, "Yes, that's it—that is the piece the band was playing. I see here on the title-page it is composed by one Giovanni Filippo Sousa. Who is this Sousa?"

"Oh," said the shopkeeper, "he is one of our famous Italian composers."

"Indeed! I am delighted to hear it. Is he as famous as Verdi?"

"Well, I should not say so famous as Verdi; he is young yet."

"Have you ever seen him?" I inquired.

"I do not remember."

Under New Management

"I would like, with your permission," I said, "to introduce you to his wife. This is Signora Giovannia Filippo Sousa."

And Mrs. John Philip Sousa said, "Permit me to introduce my husband, Signor Giovanni Filippo Sousa, the composer of the march The Washington Post."

Explanations and laughter followed, and the shopkeeper charged me only the wholesale price for a pirated copy of my own march.

We went from Venice to Rome and were there the night Mr. McKinley was elected to the presidency. The bell boys evidently for a few years had not received a great number of tips, owing to the shortage of opulent American tourists, and had evidently heard some good Republican say that prosperity would come with Mr. McKinley's election. That night of the election they went around shouting, "McKinny and prosperity! McKinny and prosperity!"

While we were in Naples, preparing to go to Sicily, I bought a Paris Herald and sat in the hotel to read it. Suddenly an item caught my eye. It was a cable from New York saying that David Blakely, the well-known musical manager, had dropped dead in his office the day before. The paper was four days old when I bought it, and at first I tried to make myself believe it was some other Blakely, not my manager. Then I recalled I had not let my office know my itinerary. I immediately sent a cable to find out the truth, and the answer came back from Christianer confirming the passing of my manager, with the further information that it was necessary for me to be responsible for the coming tour of the band.

I answered, telling Christianer to represent me, saying the tour would be carried out as contracted for, and that I would be responsible for whatever money was required; that I would go immediately to Paris and would stop at the Continental Hotel, where they could reach me by cable. When I reached the Continental Hotel I found a large number of cables sent by Low's Agency trying to locate me all over Europe. I quickly procured passage on the Teutonic and sailed for America the following Saturday.

As the vessel steamed out of the harbor I was pacing the deck absorbed with the contemplation of my manager's death and my urgent need to get to New York as soon as possible. Suddenly it seemed as if a band was playing in my brain, and it kept on playing, playing, playing, and for the entire time we were on the ocean that imaginary band kept on playing, playing, playing, and the same themes echoed and reëchoed over and over again. I did not put a note on paper while on the steamer, but when I got ashore I recalled the notes that this imaginary band had been playing for me, and not a note from that time to this has ever been changed. The composition is known to the world as The Stars and Stripes Forever, probably one of the most popular pieces ever written. A short time afterward I wrote the words that are sung to it in countless schools and by countless singing societies throughout the world.

We started in 1897 under the management of Everett R. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds had been the manager of the Long Island Railroad and the Manhattan Beach Hotel all the years I had played at the Beach. When Mr. Corbin died Reynolds was superseded by someone else, and I appointed him my manager.

When we reached Providence, Bob Fitzsimmons, who had in the March before attained the position of champion heavyweight of the world, came to the theater where we were giving a concert and said to the ticket seller, "I'm Bob Fitzsimmons, champion of the world. I want a box to see the show."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Fitzsimmons," said the very respectful ticket seller to the champion of the world, "but all of the boxes are filled."

"Then give me an orchestra seat."

"I regret exceedingly that I haven't one left; in fact, we have only standing room."

"Well, give me a standing room."

He came into the theater and stayed with hundreds of others to the end of the concert. He then went to my manager and said, "I want to shake hands with that little fellow that led the band. I just want to shake hands with the man who can draw more than the champion of the world. I had a rotten matinée today!"

He came back to my dressing room. I, being an American boy, could talk of prize fighting, past and present, and finally he, Ed Corliss, Wallace Reeves and myself retired to my room at the Narragansett Hotel. Of course the conversation drifted to the late encounter between Jim Corbett and himself. Fitz was rather severe on Jim, for the memory of the little playful rubbing of the laces of Jim's gloves on Fitz's nose whenever they broke away was irritating. Fitz confided that his nose was like raw beef for days.

"Trooping the Colors"

Ed Corliss weighed at least 200 pounds. Ed, inspired with great interest, wondered how Corbett could do it. Fitz got up, pulled Ed over to him, placed one hand against his mouth, the first finger of his right hand pressing under Ed's nose, and, with the other hand pressing against Corliss' back, raised him off the ground. When he let Corliss down the latter instantly felt his nose, for he believed it was torn off; but it was there. For a month afterward Ed told me it was so sore he couldn't touch it.

We went to dinner, and agreed to meet after our respective performances and sup together. It was during the time leading up to the Spanish-American War and nearly every conversation would either begin or end about Spain and Cuba. The day of the destruction of the Maine was nearing.

My father, who had accidentally been born in Spain, was an excellent student of the history of that land and I had imbibed a great deal of his knowledge from him. I began to tell salient points of Spanish history and found Fitzsimmons a most attentive listener. I finally got to the Saracens and began to expound on the glories of the last Moorish king, commonly known as Boabdil, who finally was defeated by Ferdinand of Aragon and was forced to leave the land where he and the Saracens had been masters for 500 years.

"'Whipped and disgraced, Boabdil,' I recited, 'riding toward the mountains, turned to take a last lingering look at Granada and cried in despair, "God is great," and then burst into violent and uncontrolled tears. His mother, standing beside him, said angrily, "If you didn't cry like a woman, you'd fight like a man."'"

Fitzsimmons had shut his eyes during this narration of mine. I thought he was dozing. Suddenly he shook his head and

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"Out of the darkness, the first grey light of breaking dawn and then — the new day."

A New

Day-

See the Next Page
for an important message
from a leading manufacturer
of high grade automobiles.

(704)

—a new day is here

AUTOMOBILES in a solid four-mile line during a New York rush hour ferry jam!

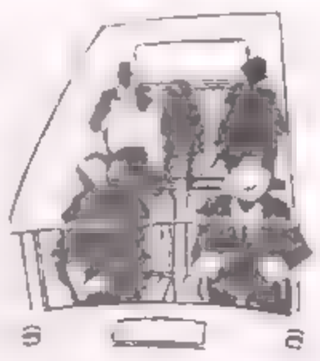
Upwards of 60,000 cars flashing past a given point every day on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago!

In a single month, 36 miles of *new* cars delivered to residents of Detroit—poured into streets already crowded!

In truth, a new day is here. It has come swiftly—so swiftly that thousands scarcely old enough to vote can remember when Old Dobbin was the sole available form of horsepower and a trip five miles from home was a memorable event!

The Passing of the Hitching Post

Nor has this new day dawned on our great cities alone. There is scarcely a town worthy of the name in all America that has not its traffic semaphore, its congestion of cars, trucks and busses, its system of "Stop Streets" and its other expedients to grapple with the problems presented by a world on wheels



The old iron hitching post has rusted away; the drinking trough in the public square has been replaced by a traffic tower; in many a roomy and cobwebby old barn the battered stalls yawn emptily and the hay loft holds discarded oil cans instead of fodder.

Millions Here—and Millions More to Come

And still new cars come off the end of the assembly lines in thousands, tens of thousands and millions. No one today dares to doubt the prediction that a few more years will see 30,000,000 motor vehicles on the highways of the nation.

The world has tasted a new freedom of movement—a new mastery of time and distance that has changed our whole manner of living. As well attempt to push back the resistless ocean tide as try to check the motorization of America!

The problems that the automobile has brought must be and will be solved. New and better roads, wide thoroughfares, scientific methods of traffic control—all these are helping to maintain the usefulness of the motor car, to assure to every owner a full measure of service and enjoyment

An Answer from Within the Industry

But the entire problem of modern motor transportation must not be left to those outside the automotive industry! The automobile has changed the face of our civilization. *The time has now come when the automobile must adapt itself to conditions for which it is itself responsible.*

For years, a great automotive organization—one of the first ten in the industry—has been devoting its best skill and its tremendous resources in men and money to a tireless study of new day motoring requirements and to meeting them through the development of new day principles of design and construction.

Great News is Coming Soon

A definite announcement of the utmost importance and significance will soon be issued by this organization. It is not too much to say that this announcement will, almost overnight, give to tens of thousands of motorists a new conception of what a car can be and should be and that it will exert a profound influence on the entire trend of motor car design

To a limited number of business men of high standing this new-day car presents an opportunity to join a firmly established, highly successful distributor organization. For particulars of this unusual opportunity address Post Drawer B, Porter Street Branch, Detroit, Michigan.

(Continued from Page 101)

looked around and said, "Sousa, tell us again about poor Boabdil and his mother." Someone attempted to interject a remark, but Fitz pointed a finger at him, saying, "Don't you say a word. Let the little fellow talk," meaning me.

About this time Mr. Reynolds and I began planning a European tour in 1898. We sent Col. George Frederick Hinton to look over the ground and make arrangements. The idea was to play mostly on the Continent, and Mr. Mapleson, the well-known manager, became interested in our tour; but the Spanish-American War broke out and changed our plans. Mr. Mapleson cabled that there was an anti-American feeling on the Continent and he did not believe the band should come to Europe at that time. The band made a tour in January, February, March and April in the States.

I wrote a show piece called Trooping the Colors, starting with a company of trumpeters proclaiming, in a fanfare, "Liberty throughout the world!" Then each nation friendly to the United States was represented by a song or tableau—the British Grenadiers for England, the Marseillaise for France, and then came Cuba, Belgium, and all the rest, winding up with Columbia entering, singing The Star-Spangled Banner, with band and chorus. The effect was electrical and the performance was an enormous success financially.

The Charlatan in London

I sent John Braham, the well-known Boston conductor, ahead to rehearse the chorus. Cuba was represented by a company of Cuban patriots protecting a pretty yellow girl from the onslaught of the Spanish. Braham telegraphed from Louisville:

"Fine chorus, but they will not appear if you have colored girl in production. I believe in holding out."

As John was born in New England and lived there all his life, I could understand his desire that everybody on earth should be considered equal; but as I was born south of the Mason and Dixon Line, I knew no Southern lady or gentleman would ever agree with him, however well disposed they might be to the African race. I telegraphed back:

"Request the prettiest girl in the chorus to make up for the darky, but be sure you ask for the prettiest one."

When we gave our performance feminine Cuba was represented by a dazzling beauty rouged in rather an Indian copper.

That summer, as I had given up my engagement at Manhattan Beach, expecting to go to Europe, and not going, I leased a farm up at Suffern, New York, and there wrote the lyrics and music of The Charlatan. It was produced in Montreal on August 29, 1898, by the DeWolf Hopper Company. It did not make so great a hit as El Capitan, but musically it was considered superior.

It went from Montreal to New York and was produced at the Knickerbocker Theater on September fifth. It was one of the hottest nights I can recall. Why anyone went to a theater that night is beyond me. The favorable reception the piece met with in Montreal was lacking on the part of the audience: it was an awful test for a new piece. The comments of the critics ranged from ordinary praise to loud acclaim.

After The Charlatan had made a tour of the States, DeWolf Hopper went to England and produced there successfuly El Capitan and The Charlatan under the name of The Mystical Miss. On his return to America he continued the season with The Charlatan. The first reports that came from London were not unanimous in praise of El Capitan. I was worried, so I wrote an English musical friend whose judgment I believed in, and asked him if the piece was a success. He cabled back:

"Don't worry. London indorses El Capitan."

Whether it was propaganda that somebody was trying to work, I never knew, but every now and then it would appear in some paper that Hopper was going to put on Wang, one of his former pieces, to replace El Capitan in London; but as El Capitan and The Charlatan were the only two pieces that ran during Hopper's entire English season, evidently there was no necessity for a change and no intention to make one.

In December we started across the continent on one of our long tours, and on my way out I was particularly struck with the disregard of the finer amenities of social custom on the part of some of the minor employes of either the railroads or the Pullman Company. It was almost a daily occurrence for a porter, conductor or one of the division hands to walk into my drawing-room totally oblivious of the privacy for which I was supposed to be paying. I had used the quiet and satirical, and had gone so far as to indulge in the explosive invective, but to no avail.

One morning we stopped at a little station. I was just out of my berth and indulging in my morning bath, when, without warning, a key was turned in the door of my drawing-room and in stalked a six-footer with a bucket of ice to replenish my water cooler.

The thought occurred to me, "Now here is an opportunity to teach this barbarian something by example."

Hastily throwing a robe around me, I said, "My young friend, you have noticed that when you came into this room without rapping or invitation, I was in the same defenseless condition as when I came into this world. Now suppose that instead of your coming into my drawing-room I should this morning have called at your house, inserted a key in the front door, walked without warning into your wife's bedroom and found her as unpresentable as I was when you came in here. What would you have said?"

He rested the ice bucket on my shirt, looked pityingly at me, and then with an evident wish to set me at ease, thus deposed:

"Don't worry about that, boss; we don't mind a little thing like that out here."

Mr. Klein's Brief Speech

Sometime after the first performance of El Capitan, the Lambs Club invited Klein and myself to a dinner party. Though Klein was an excellent talker and raconteur when seated among a few friends and good listeners, it seemed utterly impossible for him to think on his feet; his brain refused to work when he was called upon. At this dinner, after I had said a few words of a more or less funny nature, the toastmaster called on Mr. Klein. The poor fellow got up, looked about him, staring helplessly into vacancy, waited an unusually long while, said "I am yours truly, John L. Sullivan," and stopped another minute. And then, in a voice tinged with agony, continued, "Will somebody kindly hit me with a bottle?"—and sat down. There was a roar of laughter from the diners.

Charlie Klein, after El Capitan was produced, shot forward into the world of success as a playwright with great rapidity. His Lion and the Mouse, The Auctioneer, The Music Master and several others enjoyed immense popularity and brought to the playwright very substantial returns.

Poor fellow, at the height of his success God called him home. He sank with the Lusitania. Those who knew him best, loved him best.

When war was about to begin between the United States and Spain I was touring the States and reached New York on April tenth for my concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. The war fever was intense, and the New York Herald thus described the scene at my concert; it was thrilling and never to be forgotten by those who were there:

"There have been some lively scenes in the theaters of late, when The Star-Spangled Banner was played, but none of them equaled the extraordinary demonstration of last night at the Metropolitan Opera House, when Sousa's Band played the national anthem and then swung into Dixie.

"During the playing of the former piece the demonstration kept up, and when it came to a conclusion with the final crash of music from the band, the scene beggared description. An encore was demanded, but Sousa stood calmly awaiting quiet before he would go on. Then when he could be heard he said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, it seems the only appropriate encore I can give in these days is Johnny Get Your Gun. But stop. There's another air we all will cheer tonight ——' The musicians swung into Dixie."

A Demonstration for Dixie

"If there had been orderly enthusiasm before, there was bedlam let loose now, and while the cheers went up as heartily as ever, there burst from certainly a thousand throats the famous rebel yell. It came from all parts of the house. For quite a time this continued, men and women joining in the uproar, the ladies leaning out of the boxes and waving their handkerchiefs while the Southern air was played.

"The audience had hardly quieted when a man in one of the boxes leaped over the rail and yelled, 'Who says we're not ready for war?' and the house went wild again with another combination of Union cheers and rebel yells.

"Then someone in the orchestra jumped into the aisle and called for three cheers for our 'flag and our country, the North and the South—we're all ready,' and the previous scene was repeated.

"When The Stars and Stripes Forever was sung there was still another demonstration and then 5000 tired and hoarse individuals took themselves home."

These scenes were repeated in nearly every town we visited. In Chicago the Interocean said:

"The spectacular feature described as Trooping the Colors is a stunning affair, cleverly arranged in detail, calculated to arouse patriotic fire in the most phlegmatic. First came the trumpeters 'America proclaiming liberty to the world.' Then came the invincible Continentals playing 'Yankee Doodle, the Spirit of '76.' The national allotment then proceeds, God Save the Queen, Die Wacht am Rhein, The Marseillaise, The Wearing of the Green. The Scottish bagpipes, playing The Campbells are Coming, entered the auditorium through one of the tunnels, marched down the aisle and up to the stage. The Cubans marched to the air You'll Remember Me. When the boys in blue and the Marines came marching to the front to salute the flag the enthusiasm was uproarious. The Star-Spangled Banner was encored three times. There were 200 young women in the chorus that made a striking background for the brilliant color of the fine costumes. Trooping the Colors is one of the most remarkable displays of its kind ever seen on the local stage."

But with all this enthusiasm, in a very little while the country had virtually shouted itself hoarse. A victory was assured and expected; so when we returned to New York for our final concert it was a very decorous and music-loving audience that greeted us, and not one that was moved to patriotic fervor.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Sousa. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

UNITED States Senator Copeland, himself a former physician, was recently quoted as saying that "Half of what you eat keeps you alive; the other half keeps the doctor alive." In this statement regarding diet lies a great truth—a truth which is impressing the women of the Nation.

Research has added greatly to our knowledge and the balanced ration undoubtedly prolongs life. Surprising facts have thus been brought to light about Sauerkraut—which is fast gaining its place on every table and in every home.

New authorities add their testimony as to its value almost daily. Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Health Commissioner of Chicago, has spoken of it as a dish that should be on the menu regularly.

Dr. R. Blume, Chief City Food Inspector of Cincinnati, recently said: "I am glad to put my official O. K. on Sauerkraut. It contains the important lactic ferments that work to keep the intestinal tract in condition."

The French longago realized—according to Winifred Stuart Gibbs—that raw cabbage has a wonderful cleansing quality and they named cabbage "the broom of the stomach." "What raw cabbage can do," this dietitian adds, "Sauerkraut—because of its lactic ferments—accomplishes to an even greater extent."

But Sauerkraut not only helps to keep you in prime condition, it is wholesome and tasteful—and no dish offers greater economical possibilities. There are 49 different ways of preparing Sauerkraut described in our booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." Send for it. It is FREE. Use the Coupon.

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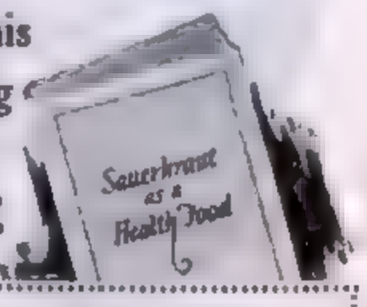

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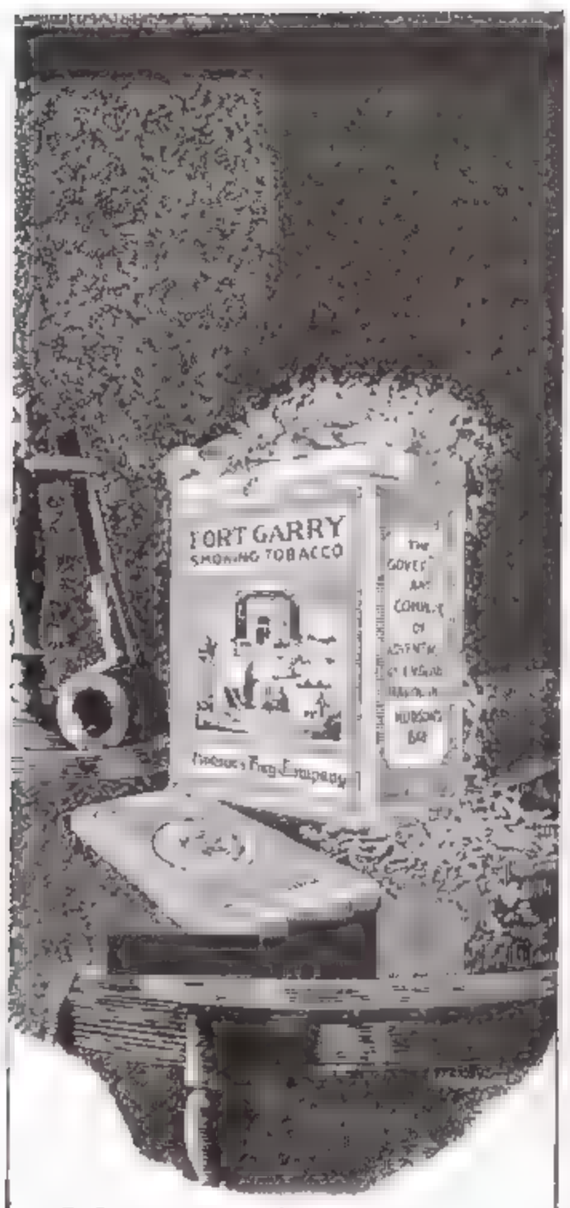

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cool and full-flavored

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PLEASE, NO PUBLICITY

(Continued from Page 15)

Before I knew what he was about he had clasped and kissed me violently twice.

"Mr. Smeaton," I said, wrenching myself loose, "you have gone too far. I never wish to look upon your face again."

He staggered back as though he had been struck a blow in the face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I mean exactly what I say," I answered in a stern voice. "I do not care what happens to you. You have proved yourself unworthy of a girl's trust. You call yourself a man; you are merely an excuse for one. Go, and never let me look upon your face again!"

He stood there dully.

"Do you really mean that?" he said at length.

"Yes," I replied firmly, "I mean just that."

"And you do not care what happens to me?"

"No," was the response. He made a last appeal.

"Please reconsider those cruel words, Miss Hodgkinson, for I am desperate—desperate." I gave a little heartless laugh which seemed to irritate him. "You are a vampire," he said. "Yes, a vampire. You made me love you—I didn't want to do it—and now you cast me off." And placing his hands over his face he began to sob.

I do not know what got into me, Little Diary, but my only answer to this appeal was to laugh again and even more heartlessly than before.

Mr. Smeaton straightened up with the words: "You were my last hope. As far as I am concerned now my life is over. Good night. If you care to look in the papers tomorrow morning, you will find out what you have done."

And with these words he staggered to the front hall and then walked convulsively to the door. As he opened the latter I laughed heartlessly again.

Why did I act this way, Little Diary? Was it not simply terrible of me? Why, when I stop to think of the consequences of my treatment of poor Mr. Smeaton my heart practically stops beating. Suppose he leaves a letter explaining all—a letter which will accuse me of being the woman back of his rash act and which will be printed on the front page of every newspaper in America. What will become of poor little me? Doubtless the sensation-loving press of Chicago will practically force me to write for them daily under some such title as The Vampire Girl. Then no matter what love crimes are committed, I will be forced to report them and give my idea of the right and wrong in the case, with a small photograph of myself inserted each time in the upper left-hand corner of the article. And perhaps in addition I will have to repeat my opinions for some broadcasting station. Oh, I can never endure it!

As I sit here blinded with tears at the thought of poor Mr. Smeaton writing his last message to the world and mentioning my name, my only comfort is to look up at the immensity of the heavens and the gorgeous galaxy of stars and remember that we are one and all merely puppets moving across the checkerboard of nights and days to the eternal goal.

I had a letter from Lon today, but I will merely copy the P. S.

"Say, Dixie," he writes, "saw George Billings and he wanted to print an item about your being in Pearl City, but following your instructions I made him promise not to print same."

Oh, Little Diary, that is Lon all over. He does not understand that newspaper notoriety in Fort Atkinson means little or nothing to me, and that what I am really concerned about is the dreadful scandal which, as the result of Mr. Smeaton's rash act, may burst upon me at any minute. Good night, Little Diary.

I rise from my couch, Little Diary, to tell you that none of the Pearl City papers printed anything about me today either. How glad, glad, glad I am!

PEARL CITY, WEDNESDAY.

I do not know how I can describe this day, Little Diary, because it has been a succession of tumultuous emotions such as I am sure have never before been experienced.

It began in the morning, when, with hands that trembled, I glanced over the two Pearl City A.M. papers and did not find anything about my visit to this city or about the demise of Mr. Smeaton.

You cannot know, Little Diary, how relieved I felt at the knowledge that I am completely in oblivion as far as the press here is concerned, and also that I am not responsible for a tragedy which would have saddened the rest of my life. At the same time I had the queerest feeling that I knew why poor Mr. Smeaton had—momentarily—postponed his rash act. Lon may scoff as much as he pleases at my intuitions but——

There are more things in heaven and earth, Hamlet,
Than are dreamt of in your psychology.
Shakspere.

Something told me that Mr. Smeaton was waiting for a last despairing interview before crossing into the Great Beyond. And I was right, Little Diary, I was right. But I will tell you all about this in due course.

At eight o'clock in the evening, after a long period of indecision, I decided to accompany Mr. Cherry to Lunette Park. I came to this conclusion after an interview with Mrs. Wolray during which I asked her point-blank if Mr. Cherry was married.

"I am not answerable for nothing," was the ungrammatical response. "Mr. Cherry pays his board regular and that is enough for me. But if I had a dollar for every good-for-nothing married man today that passes as a bachelor, I would never do another tap of work as long as I lived."

Thus it was with the hope that I might meet Mrs. Cherry and in her very presence tell her husband what I thought of him that I finally accepted the invitation.

He was waiting for me in the parlor, his dark handsome face showing the usual traces of dissipation.

"Well," he said, with a sensuous leer, "all aboard for Lunette Park."

"Let us start," was my response in a restrained voice, for I had made up my mind on no account to encourage him.

There is little to say about the evening except to note the unhealthy and prying curiosity he showed as to my private life.

"Mrs. Wolray," he said, "told me that your first name is Dixie. What part of the South does your family come from?"

"We are from Southern Wisconsin," I replied with quiet dignity, "and have never lived anywhere else, and that is why I am called Dixie. What is your first name, Mr. Cherry?" I went on, determined to change the subject.

"It is Ralph," he answered, with a sensuous leer, "but don't tell anybody, because it is not my fault. They slipped it to me when I was too young to stand up for my rights."

Something in the manner with which I received this revelation must have showed him that he had better not get fresh with a girl such as I—or me—and for the rest of the evening he was respect itself. But I am well aware that he is merely biding his time. I am not afraid, however, for I have determined to show him up in his true colors and for the sake of his poor wife will risk all.

When parting, he remarked that he would be out of town again until late tomorrow evening. My reply was to venture discreetly that I had enjoyed the fireworks greatly and wondered when they would have some more. Then we said a mutual good night and I sought my couch, thinking the day's events were over.

But no, Little Diary: the most exciting was yet to come.

I had hardly reached my room and opened the window when from the night without I heard a low "P-s-s-t!"

"Whom is it?" I asked in a subdued voice.

My intuition had been correct as usual. In the moonlight below Mr. Smeaton was standing, and at my sudden appearance he grew visibly paler.

"Come down," he said. "I must speak with you. It is a question of life or death."

"Is it Mr. Smeaton?" I asked, with well-stimulated surprise.

"Yes," was the response.

"Mr. Smeaton," I returned in a whisper, "I will not come down under any circumstances." And, Little Diary, I would have kept my word if I had not been afraid that he would make some sort of scandal. Therefore, having hastily changed my blue frock for the cerise, I gave a last touch to my hair and hurried from the house. He was waiting at the front door.

"Miss Hodgkinson!" he said in a voice which seethed with emotion.

I greeted this advance with a scornful but musical laugh. Why did I do this, Little Diary? Echo has no reply.

He buried his face in his hands, at the same time saying passionately, "Why do you treat me this way?" I shrugged my shoulders without answering. "Have you no heart?" he continued.

"No," I said frankly. "You merely amuse me."

This innocent remark seemed to rouse him to fury.

"You have played with me," he said, "and I will make you regret it. I came here to give you a last chance. If you will not listen, you will be sorry the rest of your life."

My only response was peal after peal of musical laughter.

"I am not afraid of anything you may do," I said, "because it is absolutely nothing to me what becomes of you."

"Do you know what you are saying?" he demanded in an intense voice.

"You are of no importance," I remarked, "either to myself or to anyone else. And whatever rash act you may commit, I forbid you to mention my name in connection with it."

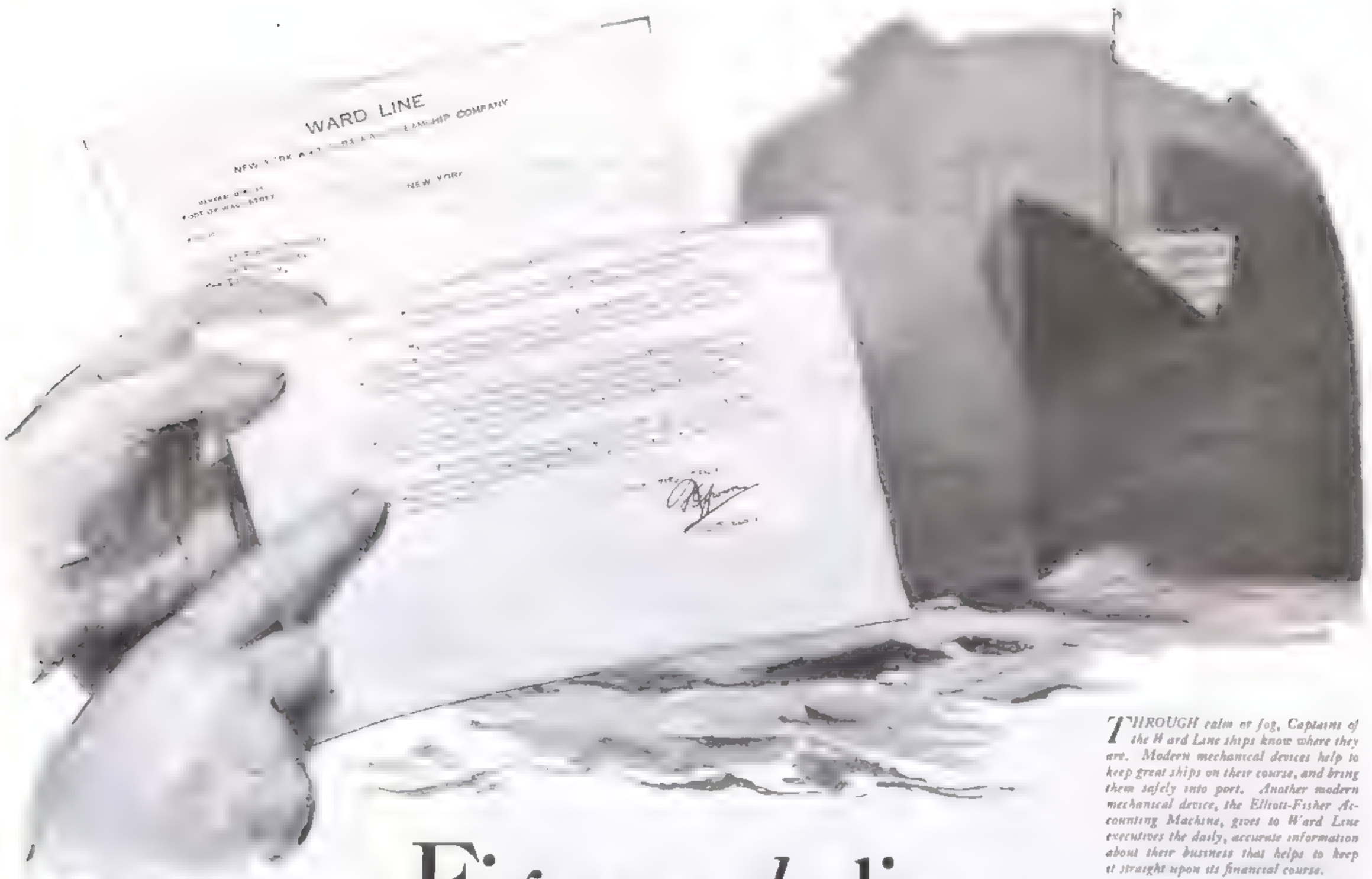
"Oh, is that so?" he said in a fierce voice. "Well, you will find that you have nothing to say in the matter. You have driven me to it, and I have told all in a letter which will be found on the body."

My only reply was a last burst of scornful merriment as with a toss of the head I turned and entered the boarding house. Peeking back through the door, I observed him bury his face in his hands, and after sobbing for a moment as though his heart would break, walk convulsively away.

Oh, Little Diary, was not my action in this matter just simply terrible? Why did I treat Mr. Smeaton so? What had he done to me? Heaven knows I would go to any lengths to keep him from committing the rash act he seems to have in mind, but when I am in his presence I seem to have no control whatever over my actions. Hence the foregoing.

If he mentions my name in his farewell letter, as now seems only too certain, the movie people will probably get hold of it and as a public character I will doubtless be forced to enter that profession. How dreadfully my poor parents will feel. Though, of course, I will provide largely for my father, who is now getting old and gray, and in fact I may move the whole family out to Los Angeles, where I will give them a nice little bungalow in Hollywood. There are some movie actresses

Continued on Page 110



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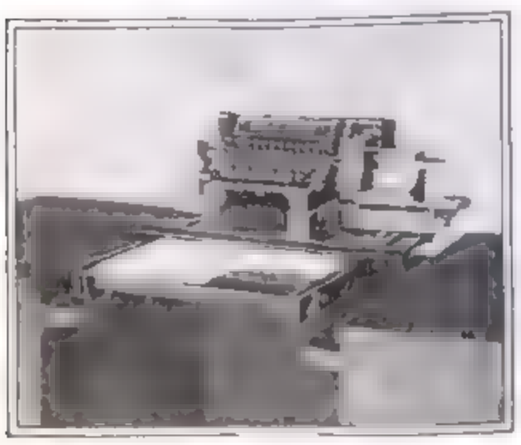

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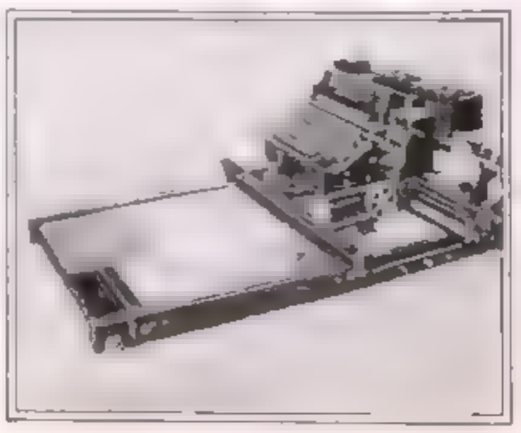

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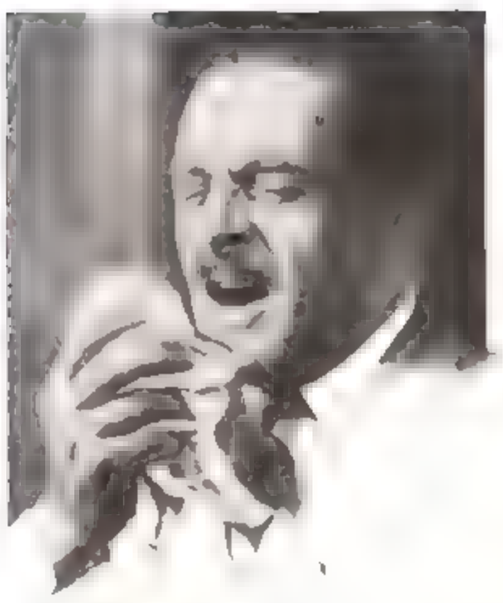

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Continued from Page 106

whose work I do not care for at all, but I will never tell them what I think, because I have suffered too much myself to willingly be the cause of suffering to others.

PEARL CITY, THURSDAY

Nothing happened today, Little Diary; absolutely nothing.

I got up early to look at the papers but apparently the body has not yet been found. I hope Mr. Smeaton did not mention my name in the letter, but who can foresee the acts of a desperate man?

Mr. Cherry was absent all today.

This afternoon a conflagration occurred in the boarding house, but it was not serious. It did not reach the second story. I hope this conflagration was not caused by a cigarette which I tossed into a pile of rubbish in the lower hall shortly before the alarm was given. If such were the case I should be haunted all my life by this careless action, though fortunately the damages were but a few hundred dollars, and what is that compared with the Great Chicago Fire which my grandfather saw from the roofs of Kenosha in 1771. Whilst standing in the street looking up at the second story, or perhaps at the immensity of the heavens, old Mr. Wolray was run over by the hook and ladder and became visibly paler though the doctors say he suffered nothing but internal injuries. I hope his injuries are merely internal, Little Diary. I hope so with all my heart.

There was nothing noteworthy in the evening papers. Poor Mr. Smeaton. Perhaps he jumped into the river and was carried away by the unresting current and will never be found, or if so his farewell letter will be quite illegible. Oh, Little Diary——

I have just come back from the telephone, whither I was summoned by Lottie, the dining-room waitress.

"Whom is it?" I said.

"It is me," was the ungrammatical response.

On eliciting the fact that it was none other than Mr. Smeaton, I hung up the receiver without a word farther except to make a date with him tomorrow morning at Horticulture Park.

I am so glad that despair did not lead him to commit the rash act that would have brought down upon my head a simply terrible quantity of distasteful publicity, and tomorrow morning I will tell Mr. Smeaton and in the plainest of plain language exactly what I think of him.

FORT ATKINSON, MIDNIGHT, FRIDAY.

I have been sick for a long while, Little Diary. Anyway, it seems a long while, because it is hard to imagine that all the happenings of today can be compressed into a few paltry hours. But such is the case, and now that I am alone with you once more, I am going to try to patch together the broken threads and take up life anew. That is all there is left.

The day at the Wolray's boarding house began much like other days. I put on my heavy walking shoes because it had rained during the night, and came in for breakfast, to find Lottie grumbling as usual because she wished to close the doors and thus avoid a little extra work. I had just put her in her place and glanced through the society columns of the morning papers without finding anything of interest, when Mr. Cherry entered, his dark handsome face, which showed traces of dissipation, betraying a certain embarrassment.

"Good morning, Miss Hodgkinson," he said, with well-stimulated surprise. "What luck to find you here. I supposed I should have to breakfast all alone. By the way, I'm thinking of cutting work this A.M. for a little constitutional. How would you like to be among those present?"

If I accepted, Little Diary, it was simply to draw him out and hear once and for all what he had to say and to let him find out for himself the way in which a good girl reacts to the base designs of an unworthy admirer. Which of us it was who suggested going out to Horticulture Park I do not remember, but I recall meditating how terrible it would be if we should meet Mr. Smeaton there, and if the two men should engage in a life-and-death struggle on my account which would be written up in all the sensational press, with the necessary photographs.

The park was superb. Little birdies sang sweetly in the trees while small white clouds floated across the blue immensity of the heavens. Mr. Cherry was silent and seemed embarrassed. I too was silent. And I might add, Little Diary, that I tingled with indignation as I waited the expected insult.

"Miss Hodgkinson ——" he began.

"Yes, Mr. Cherry?"

"I asked you to come out here so as to speak to you without being interrupted." And with these words his face assumed a sensuous leer—— No, Little Diary, I must cross out those last two words, because they are not the truth. Oh, Little Diary!

"Miss Hodgkinson," he went on ungrammatically, "I'm going to be frank. I'm earning four thousand a year, with prospects, and in addition I have a loving heart and an automobile. If your father or mother would like to investigate me I'll give them every chance. You know I've been running around in circles ever since I first saw you. How about it?"

I had only enough presence of mind to remark, "But, Mr. Cherry, I was given to understand that you were already married."

"It's the first I've heard of it," he said, "but maybe you're right. I've got a brother who's a minister and he might have done it when I wasn't looking. But don't say a word and nobody else will suspect. How about it—am I yours, Miss Hodgkinson?"

I do not know what I said, Little Diary, but I gave Mr. Cherry definitely to understand that it could never, never be, and he withdrew crushed, but bravely withholding the tears which doubtless he wished to shed.

Meanwhile I made my way toward the farther end of Horticulture Park, where I had arranged to meet Mr. Smeaton.

"Miss Hodgkinson!"

"Whom is it?" I asked, aware of the sudden presence of a familiar but desperate figure. "Mr. Smeaton," I continued, my heart beating almost to suffocation, "how dare you approach me? I have told you never to speak to me again." He grew visibly paler.

"Is that your last word?"

"It is," I said. "Everything is definitely over between us, and I hope you will not do anything rash; or if so, I hope you will not mention my name."

He laughed hoarsely and the next minute I observed glittering in his hand the ominous form of a revolver.

"Do you intend to commit your rash act here and in my presence? Think, Mr. Smeaton—it will get into all the papers."

"Yes," he said.

"And my name will be mentioned in connection with it."

"It will be," he responded grimly.

"Mr. Smeaton," I said, "what can I do to keep you from this?"

He said, "You can retract the cruel words you have spoken."

Little Diary, I will never forget that moment, as I stood there with two human destinies in my hand, trying to decide my duty to myself and to society.

"Mr. Smeaton," I finally remarked in desperation, "do not tell me you have gone so far as to write a letter explaining all and giving my name as the person responsible."

"Yes," he said, "and you can be sure it will be found when they find me."

"Mr. Smeaton," I said, with the resolution of despair, "you are simply trying to scare me. You know you would never dare to carry out your threat. You are not man enough."

He was silent for a moment, and then in a choked voice said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" I replied, merely to be courteous, and covering my eyes, which were blinded with tears, I watched him retire to a small clump of shrubbery some twenty-five yards away.

"Good-by!" he called once more, and then a shot rang out on the still air.

For a moment I stood paralyzed at the thought of the simply terrible consequences, because for the first time I saw that I might be suspected of the act and on trial for my life and written up all over the civilized world as the Mystery Girl in the Smeaton Case. And perhaps some kindly millionaire would be attracted by my innocence and after the trial we would sail around the world in his private yacht, ever striving amid the palm trees of Europe to forget the wretched past. And I thought perhaps I would invite Edna Linton to go with us, but probably not.

Carried away by this emotion, I made a last despairing effort.

"Mr. Smeaton," I cried, "desist! Desist, Mr. Smeaton!" And at top speed I ran to the little piece of shrubbery.

Mr. Smeaton was still standing, the smoking revolver at his feet. His eyes were closed and he was swaying slightly.

"Too late," he said; "the act has already been committed."

"Where did you hit yourself?" I cried.

"I don't know," he remarked, after a short silence.

"Where does it hurt?" I asked.

For a minute he did not respond, but swayed so that I thought he was going to fall. Then he said in a dull voice, "I don't think I hit myself that time. I must have missed."

I could hardly believe my ears, and with an instinctive movement I scooped up the revolver. What Mr. Smeaton conceived my intentions to be I do not know, but uttering a vicious exclamation which I shall not here inscribe, he simultaneously grabbed for the weapon. There was a brief struggle during which the revolver broke open, ejecting two of the cartridges into my hand.

Little Diary, both those ejected cartridges were blanks.

Unable to believe my eyes, I stood there stunned and speechless while the world whirled about me. I cannot even describe my various conflicting emotions. Suffice to say, however, that I would have broken into tears and probably sobbed for some time if at this moment Mr. Smeaton had not attempted to put his arm around my waist with the words, "There, there, little girl, I am all right."

This simple statement gave me the same feelings that I have often experienced in the midst of a hard-fought game of basket ball. I do not know why I did what I did; but, carried away by an uncontrollable impulse, I placed my right arm on Mr. Smeaton's neck—in front—so that the elbow connected with his Adam's apple, and at the same time inserting my right foot behind his left, I shoved. Then whilst he was still writhing upon the ground I gave Mr. Smeaton a good hard kick twice in the same place, Little Diary, after which I walked sadly away, never, never to return.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Wolray when she saw me packing. "I thought you were going to stay two weeks."

"I have already stayed a lifetime," I replied, my eyes blinded with tears; but her poor puzzled brain did not get me.

Lon met me at the train, his conversation, as might have been expected, being entirely about the desirability of getting married and a baseball game to be played tomorrow. Poor Lon

I have just looked into the mirror, Little Diary, and I see I am becoming aged and in a short time will probably be nothing but one of those simply horrible old hags who, whenever there is a large party, are reported merely as being among those present. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters. George Billings was also at the train and asked me for some Pearl City impressions. At first I refused; then, seeing it was no use to fight any longer against publicity, I gave him a few of my impressions—entirely unfavorable. And tomorrow, Little Diary, I shall send a marked copy to every newspaper published in Pearl City.

The sign of a Lifetime

America has long wanted and needed this fountain pen set

Here is a brand new kind of gift for busy men, and women also—another Sheaffer achievement. It is a rich and beautiful desk set, holding two fountain pens, so that they are always ready for *instant use.* The pens, of course, are the famous Sheaffer Lifetimes, made of the jewel-like Radite and made to give hard service for a lifetime. The base is of finest plate glass and the sockets are of lustrous and imperishable Radite, holding the pens in vacuums, so that they cannot dry out. Both black and red ink always at hand. This splendid gift, made also in single size shown above, now at better stores everywhere.

Prices, including long pens, from $10 to $30

SHEAFFER'S

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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

FORT MADISON, IOWA

I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 30

as his feet touched the ground he staggered. Instinctively she put out a hand to steady him. Farlow, though, asked no help of her; and he had caught, too, the significance of her remark. If it was merely to eat they had halted it meant they still were going on; and his eye smoldered with the rage drumming sullenly within him.

A growl came from him. "I've gone as far as I'm going!" he muttered, his tone ugly. "I want no breakfast; I want nothing else, either, from you. You and your men are armed, I know; but to hell with that—to hell with them too. I'm going back to the railroad or I'll know the reason why!"

"Very well," she replied calmly.

She was, in fact, moving off, her pony following at her heels, when he stopped her. "You tell me something, you hear!" He faced her, his face black. "I want to know what you think you are doing!"

"I?"

She gazed at him inquiringly, her face unruffled; and Farlow could have cursed her for her indifference. "Yes, you!" he returned. "You and your men!" His look vindictive, he flung another speech at her, "I intend to find out about this—why I've been run up into these hills, knocked on the head, shanghaied! Are you going to say why?"

Her mouth drew itself into a thin, rigid line. "We won't talk of that, Rand. The thing for you to do is to get some food into yourself; I want to see how badly you're hurt too. I'll look at that cut when you calm down."

"Never mind my hurt!" retorted Farlow. "You heard my question; are you going to answer it?"

"Please, Rand!" she said quietly.

The appeal was lost. He was in no mood to temporize, much less did he mean to bandy words with her, added to which her tone, too, had been that of one dealing with a rebellious child. Who did she think he was anyway? Reckless, at any rate, of how he might rouse either her or her two bullies, he raised his voice sharply. "Don't try to play with me!" he warned. "Back in that town yesterday you led me to think I was to go East, go home. I was a fool, of course, to have listened; but I'm no fool now. All you said was mere rot, I see now; stuff meant to trick me; but what I mean now is to learn what you were up to, what you're doing now. Well?" he demanded hotly.

She watched him a moment from under her lids. "Are you sure you don't know?" she returned, her voice cool, as undisturbed as ever.

He know? In spite of himself, in his astonishment, his anger, too, he stuttered. How should he know anything? "I warn you!" he threatened; "I mean to make you and those thugs of yours pay for this!"

"Thugs? Mine?"

Her lips parted, her look politely inquiring; and Farlow jerked a hand toward the two men with them. "Those blackguards there!"

Judy Caswell cast a glance over her shoulder at the two. Then she looked back at Farlow. She was smiling amusedly.

One of the blackguards—it was the fellow known to Farlow as Hog Eye—had the pack unsaddled from a pony; and delving into the contents he was singing aimlessly to himself:

"Sister Mary walks like this:
Tick tack, tick-a-tack!
Broken leg 'nd twistered back!"

As for the other ruffian, he was down on his knees, his hat in his hand and his round red face filled with anxiety and concern while he fanned into life a fire he had built of twigs. A spark at that instant alighting on his hand he said "Ow!" painfully and licked the burn; and throwing back her head the girl laughed. Then, the laugh ending abruptly, she looked steadily at Farlow.

"Blackguards or not, those two are the best friends I've ever had. They'd do anything for me I asked."

No doubt of it. With a gun butt one of them already had stretched him out senseless; and he curled his lip again. "Perhaps that's why they're here—to finish me off," he remarked.

His air was contemptuous; the look that went with the speech was equally light. However, even if he had believed what he'd said, Farlow could hardly have been prepared for her reply. It was preceded by a shrug; and though her face did not alter, what she said lost little effect in the saying. "Well," she drawled, "maybe you'll think so before we've finished with you."

Then, before Farlow could find words to reply, Judy Caswell spoke again.

Her speech came slowly, the drawl still in her words; but her voice cracked like a whip. "Look here, son; I'll have a little talk with you. Back in Pinto a while ago I warned you you'd been runnin' wild a lot and if you didn't get back to pasture someone would ride you down and put an iron to you. Of course I didn't figure then I'd be the one myself that would do it, but since I was I'll give you a little look in on why. Out on that railroad track yesterday we did a bit of palavering, you and I did; and probably that's what you're hanging on to at the minute, trying to put some head to it. Well, I'll tell you. No matter what you think, I wasn't borned yesterday—the week before either; and since something was said about you marrying me and I marrying you, I'll just set you straight about it. Now don't say anything!" she interposed, raising a hand to check him. "It's not often that I start talking, and when I do, son, you'd better hitch up an ear and listen. That's right. From here on I won't be talking much; so while we're at it you'd better get fixed right about what was said. You thought, if I have my guess, that I was just honing to be tied up to you by a parson, taking you for better or for worse. You believed, too, if I have any sight of the facts, that I'd jump at any chance to have you tote me along with you back East. That's it, now isn't it?" she drawled. "You figured I was raring to go, didn't you, just?"

Perhaps. He had settled, at any rate, on some such conclusion; and though he made no reply, the girl didn't seem to expect one.

She smiled, her look reflective. "I saw yesterday what you thought. It was as plain to me, brother, as that rock standing there." Lithe, one foot forward and her gloved hand resting lightly on the hip of her chaps, she was gazing at him from under her lowered lids, her air almost comical. "Well," she remarked laconically, "you must have thought me funny. It's what other folks round here think me anyway. Highfalutin' is what they call me; only I'm not talking about that. You come from back East and you're what they call a gentleman—borned one, at any rate; and I, I come from Pinto and I'm what you've seen I am." Like her eyes, her voice flickered here; then she went on steadily: "A biscuit shooter's what I am—a girl hustling pies and doughnuts up and down a sloppy lunch counter. Such being so, if I'd gone along back East with you, I ask you what would have happened? Can you answer that?

"Just figure what I'd look like in one of those big houses, those homes they tell about," she drawled; and closing an eye, her air one of judicious reflection, Judy Caswell proceeded to draw for him one of the homes and houses she had in mind. "Big, Rand. White marble for floors and the halls. Pictures on the walls, palms and flowers standing round; and a wide iron and stone staircase. That's the sort you live in, isn't it?"

He? He wondered if she were having fun with him. One way or the other, though, it had nothing to do with the moment, with what she and her two roughs had done; and a low growl escaped him.

"What're you talking about?" he said sullenly.

She opened her closed eye and glanced at him. "Isn't that the sort you live in?" she inquired innocently.

He gave another growl, the growl unintelligible; and she smiled obscurely.

"It's not just the houses though; it's the people in them too. I could see how they'd look, Rand, once they got an eye on me. Why," she exclaimed, "so far's I can make out you've got to handle your teacup and saucer just so, your knife and fork the same! And just think," she added; "how would I look trying to wear one of those dresses those women wear—your kind of women—those low-necked, no-sleeved didoes they call gowns!" She laughed. "For one thing, my neck's all burned and tanned—freckled, too, if you come to that—a regular sight; and—and—well, I guess you know. You do, don't you?" she inquired abruptly.

Yes, he knew. Though again he didn't say so, that, too, had been a part of his reflections the day before. "Did you say something?" she asked after a moment.

As he hadn't, she added, "But you'd be ashamed. Now own up you'd be, wouldn't you?"

"Well, what of it?" he growled.

If he had said yes the effect could not have been more instant.

She stiffened rigidly. It was as if she winced. The color, too, swept up into her face; then it drifted out as swiftly. The square line of her jaw hardened. "Well," Judy said slowly, each word deliberate, "if you'd been ashamed of me, I'll ask you something. Just figure for a minute how I would have felt, how I'd have liked it—going East—married to a fellow like you!"

"What!" said Farlow.

She looked him in the eye. "A low-down, no-account loafer," said Judy Caswell.

She turned away. Leisurely, her chaps flapping, the rowels of her spurs clinking and her pony trailing at her heels, she strode toward the meadow, where she proceeded methodically to unsaddle the pony, hobble it, and turn it out to graze. Ten minutes later or so, beside the camp fire, the round-faced, red-visaged fellow hovering over the coffeepot and the skillet stood up and shouted "Come 'nd git it!" But though the coffee was steaming and the air was fragrant with the scent of bacon sizzling in the pan, the man at the other end of the camp did not stir. His face a study, he sat with his back to the camp fire, staring at the ground.

A footstep roused him presently; and he looked up to see one of the men squinting down at him, the fellow known to him as Hog Eye. In one hand Hog Eye held a tin plate heaped with food, while in his other hand was a cup. "Eatin' any this morning?" Hog Eye inquired amiably.

As Farlow didn't bother himself to reply, Hog Eye grinned, then set the plate and the cup on the ground beside the silent figure. "Wal, thur ye be. Take it or leave it, as you wants."

Then, his tone still agreeable, Hog added, "You c'n choke to death, though, feller, fur all o' me."

No doubt of that.

But low-down and no-account! The horses had been rounded up, the packs and saddles were cinched on their backs again, and the morning camp had been cleared when Farlow looked up once more. Judy was standing at his side, gazing down at him. "Come!" she directed.

Farlow got up doggedly. He could have fought; but, as he realized, what good would that have done him? He felt limp and sick.

"Where are we going?" he asked doggedly

"Yonder," she answered, with a flip of the hand indicating the direction.

Then she drawled, "If you want to know, son, the feller I fix to marry will be straight and steady and a man."

A lot Farlow cared. Sullenly he heaved himself into the saddle. By now he'd begun to have an inkling of what was in store for him.

IX

THE trail still led to the north. Springing on, it climbed anew from the level of the park; and toiling laboriously to the crest of another rocky saddleback, it plunged down into a long narrow valley, only to climb and go on again. One by one the hours passed.

The wayfarer on a hunt for scenery might have marveled at the profuse bounty of it here. Awed, the eye dwelt on it. So far, too, from thinning out with the distance, the farther the ponies pushed on, the higher and more profound grew the abatis of sky-stepping pinnacles and crags. Who knows what chaos must have created them? Who can picture, either, the devastation out of which they sprang? Enough to say, it must have been some convulsion out of the ordinary when the rocky bastions were flung high into the air; though aside from that, it was for no enjoyment of just scenery, it seemed, that the pack train threaded its way among the hills. If it moved slowly, its way disputed at every mile, its progress still was steady and unabating, not to call it hurried; and it halted only once during the day, this time at noon, when another meal was cooked and eaten hastily. Of the four, however, only three consumed the food. The fourth, impressed by his thoughts, whatever they may have been, sat aloof and dark.

"Rand, you'd better eat," said the girl.

Farlow looked up at her. Then he looked away. In the same silence afterward he heaved himself back on his horse; and the pack train went on.

The belled horse still led. Long used, evidently, to the service, it picked its way among the rocks or threaded in and out of the dark thickets of fir and jack pine, leaping and scrambling over the down timber like a cat. It was, in fact, only occasionally that one of the riders took the lead, then only when the trail skirted the high escarpment of a precipice or led hazardously along a steep slide of broken rock. "Meanin' no offenses to hawses," drawled Hog Eye Peters as he fell back after one of these experiences, "I figures hawses is some like folks—some hawses 'nd some folks, anyways. If you lends 'em a hand fur a little, why, that's all they needs—they's up 'nd doin' again. Hey thur, you fool jack rabbit! Wot you a-doin'? Tryin' to heave me down in th' gulch?"

It was to his pony that Hog Eye spoke. Misplacing a foot, the pony had slipped over the edge of the trail, its scramble to get back dislodging a shower of loose stone that sluiced into the gulf with a startling crash. Awakened, Farlow looked up dully. Though Peters rode on whistling, another foot, and both the horse and himself would have gone hurtling after the bounding rocks. That was it, however. Life and the way these men faced its chances was the difference between them and the man with them; and dimly the man in question had begun to realize it. It was, after all, not what happened, but the way the happening was faced that counted. Be that as it may, though, as the hours wore on and the first shadows began to draw along the floors of the valleys and the gulches, the brisk, careless indifference in the air of the two men seemed to wane, and they grew silent As for the girl, she, too, rode on through the gathering dusk, her look preoccupied and intent Absorbed in a close, prolonged study of the trail ahead, for the first time now she seemed at a loss.

Through the day Farlow had not again spoken to her. He was aware, though, as

(Continued on Page 117)

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The AC Air Cleaner prevents dust from entering the motor through the air intake of the carburetor

Dust is the same as an abrasive compound and causes excessive wear of all the moving parts

AC Air Cleaners are original factory equipment on the [illegible] models of Nash, Buick and [illegible]

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Miss de Wolfe, who has achieved a unique position in the world of art as an interior decorator, is designing for Kolster Radio a number of fine period cabinets.

The Kolster Eight pictured above is one of four beautiful models, of which there are two Eights and two Sixes. Each is housed in a cabinet of rare charm, designed by leading authorities. A Kolster is a pleasure to the eye as well as to the ear.

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Kolster Radio brings a new and rare combination of perfected reproduction and fine cabinet work

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KOLSTER Radio owes its hidden magic to the many achievements of F. A. Kolster, the noted scientist.

His accomplishments in tonal perfection are the sensation of the radio world.

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A set so simple to operate! No dials. Just turn from one station to another by name.

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Full, rich, natural reproduction. Amazing clarity. The hitherto "Lost Chords" now developed—rich, clear.

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One station after another parades by as you turn the Kolster regulator. No meaningless combination of numbers, but the actual names of the stations.

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Humphrey Radiantfire eliminates all the shortcomings of auxiliary heating. By the successful Humphrey application of the radiant heat principle, it gives you abundant warmth whenever and wherever desired, and at the same time permits the air to remain cool and refreshing.

With ordinary combustion a large percentage of the heat passes up the chimney or vent. The air, moreover, soon becomes over-heated and "dead." When coal or wood is used you have the added annoyance of dirt, dust and soot.

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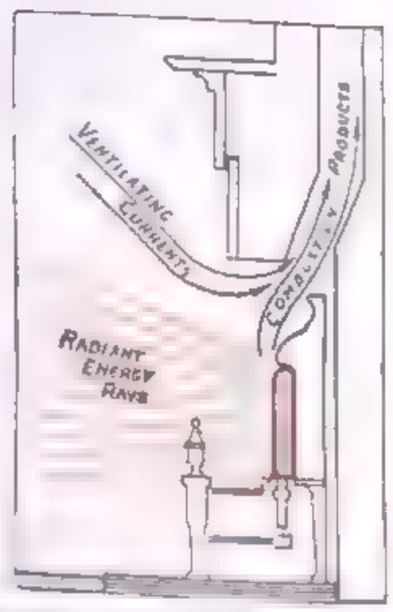

Radiant rays like light rays cannot be turned aside, nor can they go up the chimney. They come steadily forward warming not the air, but only objects with which they come in contact. They keep you warm, and at the same time set the air in motion and provide perfect circulation and ventilation

There is only one genuine Humphrey Radiantfire. It will pay you to insist upon that trade-mark instead of accepting an imitation. Models range in price from $18.00 up. Booklet upon request.

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NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY
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CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

(Continued from Page 112)

his pony strode on, its quick, active leaps and scrambles often almost upsetting him from the saddle, that her eyes were fixed on him. He paid no notice though. The long day, the lack of food and the rest had begun to tell now; and his fatigue weighted him like a drag. Out of his haze of thoughts, though, he was roused by a sudden sharp word, a cry of hasty warning; and he looked up to find his horse squatting, its ears flung forward and its flanks quivering in alarm. Left to pick its own way unhindered, it had stepped out on a narrowing ledge of shale, only to have the whole ledge move, swaying as if it were about to slide off into the open, taking horse and rider with it. "Stop! Get back!" ahrilled a voice.

There was a swift scramble of hoofs. Edging in, Judy reached from the saddle and caught his pony by the head; and as the two horses slid back, her face was strained and colorless. "You'd better watch where you're going!" she advised harshly. Then, her gesture brusque, she waved him to go on.

Farlow's face, too, was white. It was not from the peril though. How long was he to be ordered on, driven? More galling even than that, however, was her air Not alone was it brusque, masterful. In her eyes he had read at the moment something else—contempt for his incapability, a disdainful pity. That a woman, a girl, should look at him like that, her compassion, if contemptuous, roused by his futility, was new even to him; and as he rode on he grew hot and cold by turns. Low-down and no-account! Safe to say, there was little of that incapability in her own self. Even he had marked that by now.

Upright in the saddle, her head back, her slim figure weaving sinuously with the active movements of her horse, one would, in fact, have had difficulty in identifying her with the girl of late installed in that midway outpost of civilization, the junction lunch counter. A product of the range and hills, she seemed to belong as little in the lunch-room's homely atmosphere, in civilization, either, as he, Farlow, belonged here, the screaming wild in which he now found himself. But never mind. Half a mile beyond, a small stir all at once ran through the cavalcade. Out ahead, one of the two men—it was the horse wrangler—headed off the lead horse; and with an uplifted hand he turned and rode back. His bronzed face, too, was turned apprehensively over his shoulder as he picked his way toward them, his eyes roaming uneasily up the long slope of the rock slide. "Cain't be did!" he announced fixedly; "we gotta hike back, go round t'other way!"

"Go back?" Judy Caswell's voice was sharp. "We won't; we're going on!"

"Cain't be did!" repeated Lippitt stubbornly.

His round face hangdog, he jerked a thumb toward the crest where a cornice of frozen snow overhung the summit, its bulk undermined by the rivulets that dripped steadily from its edges; and as she, too, glanced toward it her face twisted into a frown.

At that instant Peters spoke. "Hey, I hear sumpin!" he said sharply.

His head was raised, his ear bent. "Thur it are again!" he exclaimed.

"Havin' dreams, Hog?" asked Lippitt morosely; and Peters raised his hand.

"Sh-h-h!" he warned.

Dusk was coming fast. Out in the rocks the marmots whistled, their thin cry weird; and in the vacancy of the wild surrounding them the solitude grew engulfing. Then out of it rose another sound. Faintly, a whisper, it came from the gulch far below; and the three stared at one another. Someone else was wandering among the hills that walled them in; and as he picked his way along he was, of all things, making music—making it, what's more, on a mouth organ:

There's where's my wife,
She's the pride of my life,
And the child in the grave with its mo-oth-er-r-r!

From under his hat brim Lippitt looked at Judy Caswell. Uneasily his eye wandered to his bunky. Peters was staring at him. "It's him," said Lippitt.

"Yeah," confirmed Peters; and she looked at them in surprise.

"Who?" she murmured.

"Truby Cole, Miss Judy."

She gave a low exclamation. "Truby? What's he doing here?"

For a moment Lippitt didn't answer. Then, his voice awkward, he answered, "Wal, you oughter know, Miss Jude."

Farlow fumbled with his bridle. Who the Truby Cole in question was or what he had to do with her was outside his comprehension. He neither knew nor cared; and he touched the pony with his heel. He was, in fact, already well out on the slope when a cry, followed by a shout, broke the quiet. "Hi, thur, you dum head! Are you crazy?"

Squatted in the saddle he clucked dully to the horse.

Above was the high wall of the cliffs, and on their crest hung the tottering cornice of snow. Below, at the other edge of the trail, the skirting slide rock reached downward in a dizzy slope. As the pony picked its way over the stone, the rubble slid and glissaded beneath its feet; and nervously it whinnied. By now, however, the shouts of warning and alarm had abruptly ended; and his face sardonic, Farlow shot a glance behind him. As mocking as he may have felt, though, he was not prepared for what he saw. Its ears back, one of the ponies there was fighting away from the slide, quivering as its rider spurred it along. The rider, however, had the upper hand, and a moment later both horse and rider were close behind him.

On the way across she spoke only once. "Keep on—don't stop for an instant!" But Farlow had no idea of stopping. Reckless and undaunted as he may have shown himself, as they neared the edge of the solid ground beyond, his eye crept uneasily up the long slope to its summit, the crest high overhead. Then, with a final scramble and a heave her pony and Farlow's were over; and halting, with a sudden cry she wrenched her horse around. Across the slide the other two, left behind, had decided to follow; and she gave another cry, a shrill shout of alarm. It hardly had left her when with a thunderous roar the whole hillside shook, then seemed to slip out from beneath their eyes.

A cloud of dust and powdery snow hung like the smoke of an explosion high above the avalanche; and as it surged by, then launched itself on the strip of trees below, the tall trunks of the pines and firs were mowed down before it as if they had been wheat stalks. Afterward, with a final roar that boomed off into the distance, the wall of intermingled snow, rock and torn and twisted trees hit the floor of the narrow valley; and heaving upward on the opposite slope it subsided briefly, the air still quivering from the sound.

Judy's face was white. Across the slope the two men and the ponies had managed to scramble to safety; and as the dust subsided and she saw them, she caught at her breath, a half-uttered sob escaping her. It was only for an instant, though; and in the dusk she turned and glanced at the man beside her.

Her face was queer. She was looking at him fixedly; and after a moment she spoke, her words slow, "I—I'm sorry. I beg your pardon."

His pardon? That was news. "I've changed my mind, Rand; you're not what I said. I'm glad you did that just now, showed them you had nerve!"

Nerve, no doubt of it. It had taken nerve to risk it; but though it had, Farlow gave no hint of how he took her praise. He was shaking, but not just from their close escape. In place of the hot fever that had burned all the day, he was cold, chilled to the bone. She again was speaking when she stopped. "Why, what is it?" she cried sharply.

Farlow turned to her dully. He was swaying to and fro. "I'm sick—all in," he mumbled. "I ——"

That was as far as he got, however. The lines dropped from his fingers and he pitched forward in the saddle. Afterward, of what happened there on the hillside he had only a vague remembrance.

Voices sounded, a medley of words shrill but unintelligible; and he felt himself bolstered up in the saddle, a rush of air about him as he was hurried along. How far he went he had no means of knowing; but night had fallen, the darkness impenetrable, when he pulled his wits together. Above him were the white walls of a tent; he was lying between blankets on a bed spread upon the ground; and, as if in a dream, he had a vague impression of someone moving about near by in the dark. There was a murmur in the air, too, of subdued voices; but fagged and spent, his body aching in every joint, what he wanted was sleep; and he closed his eyes again. After that it all grew blank again.

Outside, the fire was burning low and the two men were talking guardedly when the flap of the tent was pushed aside. Judy Caswell came out. She was still in her chaps; and as she came toward them Lippitt and Peters looked up at her. "Wal?" inquired Lippitt.

She gave a shrug, the movement indifferent. "Sleeping," she replied briefly; and a grunt came from the horse wrangler.

"Are he? Now ain't that reel nice of him?" he drawled. But Judy made no response. She was delving into one of the pack saddles standing near by; and producing from it a large parcel tied stoutly with twine, she returned to the tent. Lippitt and Peters watched her closely. She laid the package inside the tent and returned to the fire, another bundle in her hand.

"Huh!" growled Lippitt. The bundle was a battered, seedy set of tweeds; and without comment Judy laid it on the fire, watching while it went up in smoke. Then she turned to the two men.

"Boys, I won't want you after today," she said quietly. "I'm much obliged to you; and tomorrow morning you can turn and go back to the Cayuse."

Lippitt looked at Peters. His bunky's jaw was drooping; and the same wonder in his own face, the horse wrangler looked back at Judy. "What say, ma'm?" he inquired.

"Just what I tell you," she replied; "we've got this far, and that's all I needed. I'm going on alone."

It took a moment to digest. Once more the two men looked at each other, after which Lippitt spoke, his voice hesitant, not to call it unbelieving. "Meanin' with him—that feller?"

She nodded calmly. "Up the Clawhammer, Dozey. We'll cross the divide, then hike over to beyond."

"A-luggin' him along with you?"

He seemed unable to grasp it; but once more she nodded calmly. "It's this way, boys. I've figured with you along, you two doing most of the work and all, I won't get anywheres. This is no picnic; it's business. You know that. He's got to face the grit by himself."

The horse wrangler was plucking his chin. Doubt, not to speak of other conflicting emotions, was written on his face. As for Peters, he listened open-mouthed. "Hit's sixty mile up thataway to th' head of Clawhammer. Then hit's another twenty over th' pitch. Do you know th' way?"

She gave a shrug. If she didn't she could find it; and as she said so Lippitt hitched in his breath. "Wal," he said ponderously, "I know you, 'nd I knows, too, once you've got your mind set, it ain't no use to say nothin'. Juss th' same," added Lippitt, "if wot you're a-doin' don't fetch that feller, I don't know what will. If hit don't kill him I'm a liar!"

She smiled briefly.

"Kill or cure, Dozey."

x

KILL or cure, no doubt of that. From the first this evidently had been the plan; and the morning seemed to make no change. It still was dark, though a faint

(Continued on Page 118)

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(Continued from Page 117)

glow touched the high pinnacles of the hills when a hand shook Farlow by the shoulder.

"Time to be up, brother!" said a voice.

He was not sleeping. For a long time he had been lying awake and staring up at the white walls of the tent; and as he stirred the voice spoke again.

"Hop to it, son; we're going on."

Were they? That was as he'd imagined, though; and he made no reply. Hunger now was his chief sensation. For nearly two days he had not eaten, added to which the crisp air of the morning already had wafted to him stray scents from the crackling camp fire; and scrambling out of the blankets he was on his feet when she spoke once more. "You'll find new duds in there if you'll look." In the same laconic drawl she added, "I burned the others."

"You did what?" he inquired.

"Like I said—burned them," she returned calmly; "they sure were a sight!" A moment afterward she added, "You brisk up and hurry, hear?"

Quiet, drawling, undisturbed. It seemed evident she'd made up her mind to take everything, anything, as a matter of course; and while he lit a match and looked for the new clothes the expression in his face grew mixed. It hardly altered, either, when he found the things she'd provided, all new and, if rough, serviceable. She must have planned carefully even this detail; and there was a lurking grin in Farlow's eyes when he pushed back the flap of the tent and stepped out into the open. The grin, however, faded into a look of puzzled bewilderment when he looked about him.

The camp was laid in another small park, an opening at the foot of the steep pitch down which they had come the night before. Through the gulch ran a brawling stream; and on either side the slopes were cloaked with straggling thickets of jack pine, above which hung the same dizzying ramparts of rock, cliffs and slides he remembered having wandered among the day preceding. It was not the scenery, however, that held his attention. Out in front was the camp fire; and over this hovered Judy Caswell. Intent on a fry pan sizzling among the coals, she apparently hadn't seen him; and his look of puzzled wonder grew. She was the only person visible, and he was quick to see something else besides. Only two of the saddle animals were grazing with the six pack ponies in the meadow. The horses of the two men were gone too.

All at once the figure at the fire sensed his presence. Over her shoulder she shot a quick glance at him, then she bent back to the fry pan. "You'll find soap and a towel down by the stream, brother," she remarked.

Farlow was still gazing about him. "Where are your two friends?" he inquired.

"The thugs?" She gave a light laugh, the laugh easy. "Why, they've pulled out, Rand."

Gone? It took a moment for him to grasp it. "Where?" he asked.

She had the skillet in her hand. Her smile hadn't altered. In the skillet was a flapjack, its upper side bubbling with tiny craters; and eying it judicially she gave the pan a dexterous flip. As the flapjack turned over in mid-air and somersaulted deftly back to the skillet she answered him. "Why, they've gone home, son."

"You mean we're here—alone?"

She nodded. "We sure are!"

Thoughtfully Farlow walked down the bank to the stream.

On a rock beside the water was a cake of stout yellow soap and a towel; and throwing off his coat he picked up the soap. His mind still was busy with his discovery. If those two men had pulled out and left them, what then? That was the question, though; and his face more than ever queer, he rolled up his sleeves and bent down over the stream. She must have been pretty certain of herself and her abilities when she let them go.

The water, drained off the snow-capped peaks above, stung like steel. The yellow soap was not less potent. Manfully he stuck to it, however, though the pain from that whang he'd had on the head was still acute. Wincing visibly, he was striving to get rid of the blood still matted in his hair when he heard a sound, a rattle of pebbles. Judy Caswell had come down the bank and was striding toward him. "Here, let me take a look at that," she directed briskly.

Farlow went on dabbing at his head. "Thanks, don't bother," he returned.

His voice was curt, and her lips thinned into a line again. "You mean you won't?" It was exactly what he meant—he still asked no help from her; and as Farlow looked around he found her watching him, one hand on her hip and her eyes narrowed. "I see," she drawled; "off the reservation, still running wild, are you? Son, you'd better come in and be good," she advised.

He went on vigorously currycombing himself with the towel. Its coarse, rough texture rasped like a file; and the tang, too, of the water and the soap was like a tonic. "I know what you mean," he returned. "Last night when I was all in I heard you talking; but what if I've got something to say about it?" He grinned as he spoke. "What if I don't intend—to put it your way—either to be killed or cured?"

Judy's eyes gave a flicker. "Oh, I see! So that's the way the cat's jumping this morning, is it?" If so, however, she gave him no chance to acknowledge it. "Well, before we take any time to that, son, the main thing for you to do is to get yourself outside some food. We'll have plenty of time to talk, don't worry," she added; and stalking to the bank, she drawled, "You can eat or not, as you like; but breakfast'll be ready when you are."

Farlow made no reply. With a shrug he resumed his interrupted ablutions. Five minutes later from over the bank the same drawling voice called leisurely, "Come and get it, you!"

Briskly he did as the voice directed.

Afterward, when he came to look back on his experiences and all that lay behind them, Farlow would have occasion to remember particularly that one morning; the camp, too, in which it began. From that moment a change was evident, something new in the atmosphere; and in him especially it was noticeable. He was, in fact, smiling when he lolled up to the fire, where she again was hovering over the skillet, intent visibly on the flapjacks. "Changed your mind any about eating?" she inquired casually.

His grin widened. "Try me and see," he returned.

Over her shoulder Jude darted a sudden look at him. Just then, however, Farlow had his eye on the coffeepot and the monument of steaming flapjacks beside it; and as his face seemed innocent enough, she bent back over the fry pan. "Every fellow for himself; pitch in when you're ready," she directed.

There was bacon as well as the flapjacks, and with a jerk of her hand she indicated a tin plate and a cup stacked with others in a box. Without further ado Farlow pitched in as he'd been told; and the plate on his knees, the cup beside him on the ground and a stick of down timber to prop his back against, he began visibly to enjoy himself. Between bites he watched the tall figure in the chaps. With her back to him she was busying herself around the fire; and presently he spoke. "Aren't you breakfasting?" he inquired.

She gave a sniff. "Had mine. Ate it long ago," she answered shortly.

Farlow's grin widened. "You said something about going on," he remarked; "do you mind if I ask which way you mean to head?"

"Yonder way."

Without looking up she jerked a thumb toward the north, then gave the fire a vicious dig. Farlow asked another question. "Going far?"

"You'll think so!"

Over the edge of the cup from which he was drinking his eye wandered to the distance. It was the same succession of ragged skyscraping peaks and crags he had beheld the day before; and he looked back at her. "Quite a country, isn't it?" he observed.

From the fire came a sardonic drawl. "You'll let on it is before you're through," she announced; and he set down his cup.

The grin still lingered in his eyes. Not even the glance he had given that drowning waste of rock and its snow-capped summits seemed to have altered the grin. "Look here, Judy, I wish you'd stop poking at that fire," he said quietly. "You're knocking it about as if it were someone you didn't like. Can't you sit down for a moment?"

She gave the fire another jab. "I told you once I'd eaten," she replied.

So she had. "You can take a cup of coffee, though, can't you?" he inquired; and she turned, looking down at him from over her shoulder.

"What for?" she asked.

Farlow smiled at her pleasantly. "Well, for one thing it might be polite. For another, I'd like to talk with you. We've got a lot of things to talk over, you know; but I can't do it while you're standing there with your jaw stuck out, scowling. We ought to be pleasant to each other, I think, don't you? Especially," added Farlow, "as we're going to be together for days."

She gave a start, a jerk almost. "What?"

"Days, perhaps weeks," he added.

She stared down at him, her jaw set. "How do you know it'll be—weeks?"

Farlow smiled still. "Take a cup of coffee, won't you? If we're going to talk, Judy, there's no time like the present. There, that's better," he remarked.

She had bent down and picked up the coffeepot. Without speaking, she poured out a cup.

Her curiosity evidently had been aroused by what he'd said; and with the cup in her hand she walked around to the opposite side of the fire and found herself a seat on another length of down timber. "Well?" she prompted.

"Well, what, Judy?" returned Farlow; and she gave him another glance. The glance was uneasy, not to say suspicious.

"You said you wanted to say something," she replied; and he nodded.

"Yes, but you might look pleasant," he again observed. "I can't talk when you keep on scowling. I haven't done anything to you. It's the other way round, if anything. Try to look a little pleasant, can't you?"

If she did, it was not evident. "Look here, fellow," she said brusquely, "I've got no time for fooling. We've got a ways to go before night, and I'm fixing to get there. If you've got anything that has to be said now, say it. If not, I'll tend to packing up."

She rose as she spoke. Farlow, however, halted her. "I'll tell you what I have to say. It's what I said just now down by the stream. You may have set out to kill or cure me, as you say, whatever that may mean; but now that I've got my head and wits back, what I'd like to know is how you mean to do it. Another thing: In doing all this, just how far do you intend to go?"

Judy gave him another look. "How far where?"

Farlow laughed, the laugh sharp. "Either way. Take it any way you like," he answered; and he saw her face set itself again, her jaw hard and resolute.

"I'm not going to talk of that," she said.

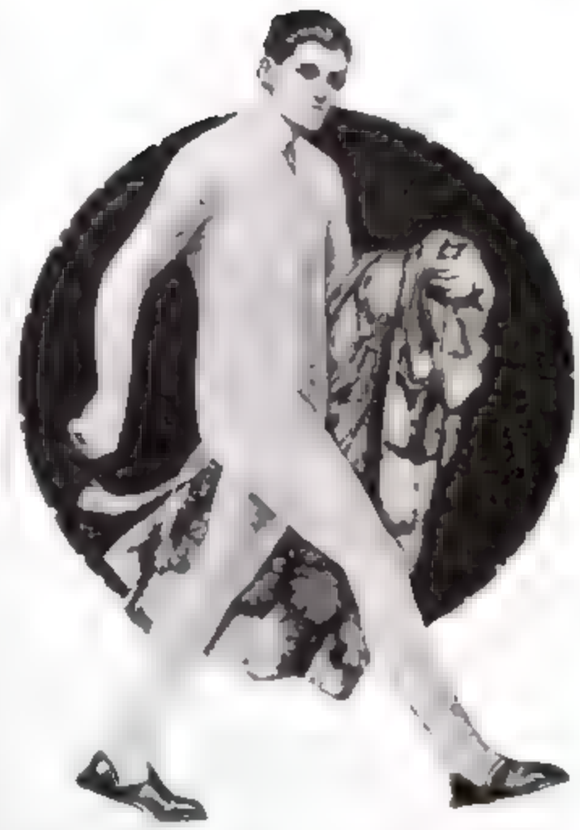
"Yes, you are, Judy!" Farlow got to his feet, too, as he spoke. "I've got some voice in this, you know; and I mean to learn where it's heading. You see, I may have enough of it. It may be that I'm fed up on it, finished. What if I've made up my mind to quit?"

For a moment her eyes flickered, though the square line of her jaw didn't change. "You mean pull out? Hike back to the railroad?"

Farlow nodded. "Your men have gone, haven't they? If I turned back you might have trouble in stopping me, you know."

He still was speaking when a sharp laugh came from her. "You think so?" she inquired.

As she spoke Judy Caswell set a hand on her hip again; and lolling back she looked



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him over quizzically. "Well, I dunno," she drawled. "I've never mixed it up with any fellow, but I've mixed it up with hawses, more than one; and if it came down to tacks I might take a try. I could make it real rough, too, I shouldn't wonder; only that won't be necessary, I figure." She jerked a thumb over her shoulder. "Take a look around you, man. Have a peep at those hills, this country hereabout. It's sixty-odd miles back to the railroad; and d'you think you e'd make it? Afoot, remember. Or if you had a hawse, would you even find the way? Just take a look again, I advise!"

He didn't. Instead his grin broadened. Aroused now, evidently, she raked him with another glance, giving him no time to speak. "Listen, you!" she directed. "I'll tell you what, now. I may not know men—your sort, anyway; but I know hawses. Hawses was what I was brought up with; and I know all the kinds—young hawses and old ones; hawses bridle-wise and broke; the ones running wild as well. You may not be any hawse, of course; but here's what I'm aiming at: You've been running loose a lot, like I told you before; and as nobody can say much about any hawse or what he is till he's broke to leather, why, I set out to rope and train you, figuring to find out what stuff you've got, if any, and what gaits you'll show when you're bust. That's what I'm after, if you want to know! I'll bust you too! Any hawse, mean or not, never scairt me; and I've never been scairt at any man! D'you get that? Before I'm quit and finished I'll—I'll —— Say, who are you looking at, anyway?"

It was Farlow who was looking at her. "I'm looking at you, Judy." He laughed as he spoke. "When you're all worked up, do you know how good-looking you are?"

She gave another start. Again it was almost a jump. "What's that?"

"I said you were pretty," nodded Farlow.

A retort leaped to her lips, but it was never uttered. Slowly the fire went out of her face and from under its tan the color crept until her face looked colorless. Awkwardly she turned away and stalked out to the edge of the meadow where the hobbled horses grazed. "I say," said Farlow, calling after her, "if you don't mind, will you fix this cut on my head now?"

"Fix it yourself!" she snapped.

Farlow didn't smile. His air grave, he walked toward her quietly. "Judy, listen; tell me something. What's the use of all this bother? Just tell me that, won't you?"

Over her shoulder she looked at him again, her face harsh.

"What bother?"

Farlow looked at her steadily. "I know what I am, Judy. I've had plenty of chance to learn; and I'm not trying to fool myself. Putting it bluntly, I've been what you say I am—low-down, no-account; but that's what makes it all confusing. Why waste time on any rotter? Why go to all the trouble you seem to have taken? In the first place, you have all that money, the money my uncle left you. If I'd been decent, straight, I might have had that myself—a part of it, anyway; though that's not it. With the money you ought to be able to get anything you want, girl."

Anything she wanted? One hardly would have thought so from her look. As he spoke, like a spurt of flame the color leaped again into her face. "Do you know what you're saying?" she said, her voice rasping.

Farlow was startled. Anger was written all over her face; and to his astonishment he saw her gray eyes brim suddenly. "I know what you mean. You're saying I could get nothing unless I had money."

"Why, Judy!" he exclaimed.

She stopped him with a gesture, a movement as savage as the look in her face. "Don't you talk to me! Don't you dast say another word! Let me alone, you hear!"

Farlow, though, spoke again. "We'd better get ready, Judy, if we're going on," he said; and there was a pause.

He heard her draw in her breath. She had been tense and rigid in her moment of anger; but now a ripple seemed to run through the tall, slim figure and the line of her mouth drooped. Then she turned slowly and looked at him, a dim air of wonder in the look. "What's that you said?" she inquired.

"I said we were going on," he answered.

She frowned as if she still had to comprehend. "You mean you want to?"

"Yes."

"You're not putting up any trick to run away?" When he shook his head she gave him another quick look. "Kind of funny, the way you've changed your mind. Why?"

"Simply this," he answered: "it may be you're right—that I'm no good, as you say. I want to find out. Anyway, I don't want to go back a dead loss to myself and everyone else. That's plain talk, isn't it? At any rate," added Farlow, "if you're still of a mind to put through what you've got up your sleeve, why, go to it! I'm ready."

She still was looking at him intently. "You're sure?"

"Perfectly."

"You promise you won't skin out?" She swept a hand about her as she spoke. "You'd better take a look, you hear? You can't tackle these hills, not by yourself. You'll get hurt if you try it."

"Don't worry," he returned.

Judy stirred abruptly, her face harsh. Her voice, when she spoke, was like it. "Well, such being so," she said, a new determination in her tone, "you pack your duds and pull down that tent. I'll round up the hawses, then we'll go on."

Half an hour later, facing to the north, the pack train once more picked its way among the hills.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PITCHER AND THE WELL

(Continued from Page 11)

"I met a feller in Custer the other day that I give the refusal to," Dave says. "He's gathering up a few head to help out a shipment he's making. Name of Dunwoody. You know anything about him? Could I take his check and stand a show of getting money for it? He's apt to be here 'most any time now."

"Casimir Dunwoody?" I asks.

"That's him," says Dave. "Cas was what the feller that was with him called him."

"I reckon his check's good," I told him. "In all matters, excepting of females, Cas Dunwoody is reliable, and his word is as good as his bond."

"What's that about females?" Olivia wanted to know.

I told her, bearing light on the boy's infirmity and excusing him all I could without sacrificing the truth. Olivia seemed real interested.

"Is that so?" she says. "Is—that—so-o-o?"

"I'm afraid it is," I admits sorrerfully. "There can't hardly be no mistake about it."

"Hundreds of 'em?" says she, her eyes wide.

"I don't think that hundreds would be overstating it," I replies to her. "But we'll say a hundred and fifty—or we'll call it an even hundred and be well on the safe side. But even so, that's excessive."

"And you say he can't help it?" she asks. "Ain't that too bad now! Can't nothing be done for him, pore feller?"

"Best to leave it to the kind hand of time," I says, a-shaking my head. "Twenty or thirty years from now he'll prob'ly get over it and be as reasonable as me."

"I wonder if that ain't him now," she says, looking out of the window. "There's a couple of men with some cattle stopping out by the road. One of 'em is a-riding up to the bars now. Yes, he's coming in! Pa, you go right out and see him—and don't bring him in the house, whatever you do, if you value your daughter's peace of mind and happiness. My, but he's bow-legged!"

Dave and me got up and went out, and there, sure enough, was Cas. Well, we stood and chinned a while and then went and looked at Dave's steers, and him and Dave finally come to an agreement about the price and Cas allowed that he'd write a check if Dave had pen and ink. So while they went into the house, I santered over to where Lars Claussen was a-holding the cattle and asked him how was tricks.

"Ay ent got no kick," says Lars. "Ay ban vork my claim some this spring. Me unt my voman put in tventy acres unt Ay tank ve get pooty goot crop."

"You don't tell me that you're living on your claim now!" I says.

"No," Lars answers, "Ay ent qvit Cas before next spring, but t'en Ay tank ve qvit unt vork for Lars Claussen. Das faller he got a planty vork for me. Oxcoos, please."

One of his steers was making a break to get back to his home range and Lars rode away to head him off, so I went back to the house, and here, by jucks, was Cas, a-setting up to the table and piling into a dish of ham and eggs that Olivia had cooked up for him. I took notice that Olivia had a bow of blue ribbon in her hair that hadn't been there when Dave and me left the house. She was standing over by the stove and letting the flies do their worst with Cas; but she was giving him her best attention, just the same, and Cas was regarding of her with the old, old wheat-ear-and-daisy gleam in his eyes that I knowed so well.

"I'm afraid you're a flatterer, Mr. Dunwoody," Olivia was saying, as I come in.

"Me? Honest to goodness, Miss Ransome, I wouldn't be guilty of no sech a thing," says Cas. "I'm one of these persons that can't tell nothing but the everlasting, rock-rib bed, unsparing truth, and let the chips fall where they may," he says. "I'll leave it to Mr. Stegg here if I ain't that kind of a person. He's known me for years and he's a friend of mine, so he wouldn't go out of his way to avoid hurting my feelings; also he's a truthful man himself and can reco'nize and appreciate truth. Ain't that so, Steggy?"

"You never tried to flatter me," I says. "I'll say that for you, but ——"

"There you are!" says Cas. "What did I tell you? And it ain't just the way you wear your hair, Miss Ransome, if you'll excuse me for being pers'nal, but it's your hair itself. Only one thing I can think of that it's like, and that's what I should call spun gold. You take gold—the pure stuff, without any alloy into it, and you draw it out, similar to wire, only fine—as fine as the finest silk—and you take a heap of that and curl it up and put a bow of blue ribbon onto it and ——"

"Your eggs is getting cold," she interrupts him. And then she says, "How many girls have you told that to?"

"Not a one," Cas answers, prompt and convincing. "Not a single, solitary one. Mind you," he says, "if I had ever met up with a lady with hair like yours—I'll be perfectly frank with you—I'd prob'ly told her the same thing, if I had happened to think about it, being truthful. I'm free to say I would have—in the intrusts of the holy, rock-ribbed truth. But shucks, there never was a lady with nothing like the hair you've got! That's simple, straightforward fact, and I'm telling it to you just as I might tell you that these here eggs was laid by hens. . . . No, I thank you ma'am; I've had an elegant sufficiency. Pie? I doubt if I'm going to have time if I'm going to get as far's Ogilvie's tonight."

"Why not stay here overnight?" suggests Dave, who had just come in. "You could turn the cattle into the corral, and there's plenty of hay and plenty of room. Stegg is a-going to stay and we could have a little four-handed game, mabbe. You're more'n welcome."

"If it wouldn't be putting Miss Ransome out ——" says Cas.

"Not any," says Olivia. "Pa's real good company, but he lacks variety, and I'll be tickled to have you stay—Mr. Stegg and you and the other gentleman."

"Mr. Stegg is a-going to pull his royal American freight inside of fifteen minutes, although it wrings his sad heart to leave you," says I. "Duty calls, and them barrels of vinegar will sour on me if I don't get 'em up to Custer tonight." And resisting all prayers and tears, I went out to the corral, Cas going with me to lend a helping hand. On the way out, I took the opportunity of putting in a word or two of warning.

"Cas," I says, "I want you to remember your weakness, with respects to the young lady we've just left. I think you've got time a-plenty to get them cattle to Ogilvie's long afore I get my vinegar to Custer, and you can get an early start from there and be home in good season, with practically a day saved. Ain't that so?"

"Mabbe it is, and then, again, mabbe it ain't," he says. "Anyway, them steers will be in better shape if they ain't hustled, and so will I. I'm a-getting along in years, Sam, and I ain't no longer equal to these here long rides."

"You think you're lying, but you ain't altogether," I told him. "I notice that you're a-getting gray above the ears, sure enough, and it's about time you quit acting like a kid of eighteen and begun to consider your latter end."

"That's the end I'm considering," says he. "I've been in the saddle sence afore dawn this morning."

"What you're considering is Miss Olivia," I told him, "and you want to quit it before you get into trouble. If you was serious in your intentions I wouldn't say a word; but this here breaking a country heart for pastime, or doing your level best to, is plumb ridiculous at your age, not to mention that Dave Ransome is apt to break your neck. I'm telling you for your own good."

"Your kindness will never be forgotten," says he gratefully. "I'd sure take your advice if the lady you're speaking of was like all other ladies. I'd light out for Ogilvie's as soon as Lars has snatched a bite if it wasn't that she seemed to me different in some points, and she might be in others if a feller could get real well acquainted with her. I'd like to get her off alone by our two selves—buggy riding, or something—where we could sort of commune soul to soul, as it were. But living to hell and gone out here, I reckon that ain't feasible. Anyway, it ain't going to do any harm for her to be in my vicinity for a few hours. Up and a-coming, ain't she? And I wasn't giving her no song and dance about her hair. Spun gold is what it is. I wonder how come I thought of that. Sometimes I think I get what you might call inspired. You'd be plumb surprised the things I say sometimes."

"I wouldn't," says I. "No sort of drivel out of you would surprise me."

"Now you're talking unkind," he says, smirking. "I wouldn't wonder if you was jealous. Well, I reckon you've had your day—prob'ly a regular devil twenty or thirty years ago; but just because a girl has been raised to be polite to company, you hadn't ought to get notions into your old bald head. I'm telling you this for your good, Sam."

Well, I seen it wasn't no use arguing with him, and I knew Miss Olivia had too

(Continued on Page 125)

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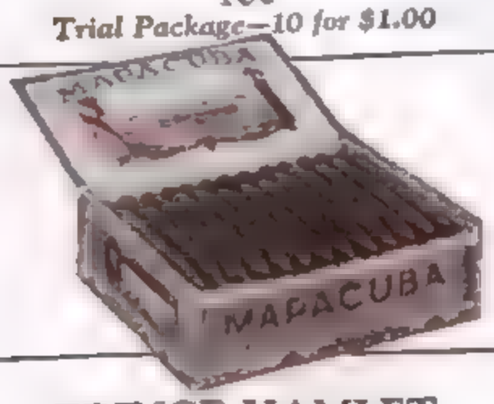

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—no other tobacco is like it!

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852

(Continued from Page 120)

much good sense to take up with a feather-headed idiot like him, especially after what I'd told her even by way of variety and for an evening's amusement. Seemed like Cas was due to get a jolt whether or no, and I hoped it would be one that would loosen his teeth. But it done me good when Miss Olivia come running out to the bars with a big chunk of angel cake for me to lunch on.

"And to remind you of me," she says, not even looking at Cas. "And don't forget me after you've et it either; and if you ain't back soon I'll get pa to let me take a good horse and go look for you."

Fine and dandy! Of course I didn't fool myself, but I like 'em to like me, anyway, and I seen she liked me real well.

Well, I got to Custer along about nine o'clock, and the next morning I unloaded my freight and got a couple of my oxen shod and put in the balance of the day sort of recreating and relaxing in a temp'rate way; and the morning after that, I took the trail bright and early and got to Dave's a little afore noon.

"My, how the time's dragged sence you've been gone!" says Olivia, after Dave and me had got to the house. "What's kept you all these ages and ages?"

"I've been a-sp'iling of the Philistines and Egyptians, my dear," I told her, presenting her with a pretty I'd bought out of some of the proceeds of Joe Pilcher and Bobby Wood in Pat's back room. It was just what she wanted too. I know that, because she told me so, and there's no doubt but I got my money's worth from her. I told her that I'd been some uncertain whether I'd find her to home, and Dave put in.

"It never rains but it pours," says he. "Here she's been beefing about the scarceness of males in this section ever since she come, and now Steggs and Dunwoodys are a-striking her like bolts out of a clear sky, and it's one steady shower of necklaces and buggy rides and what not. But you young fellers want to watch out. She's got a record back in Dallas."

"Now you quit that, pa," says Olivia. "He's lying, Mr. Stegg."

"Ain't that so?" says Dave. "Didn't I hear you telling Mr. Dunwoody about them Texas beaus of yours? There was a couple of hundred of 'em, wasn't they?"

"I did not," Olivia declares, some plagued. "I might have let him think there was quite a few that was sort of interested and pestiferous, but I didn't brag about 'em and I didn't mention no number. It just sort of come up, Mr. Stegg," she explains. "I hinted that some of the things that he told me about myself wasn't no latest news to me, having been informed about them by others—like my hair and eyes."

"One of them others might have alluded to your dear little fist," says Dave, winking at me. "He was a considerable struck with it, according to what I heard. Rudolph Ebbsmith, wasn't it?"

"He deserved to be," says Olivia, coloring up a little. "Fresh!"

"Stegg, you feel of them muscles in her arm," says Dave, sort of prideful. "I'd just like for you to feel 'em."

I hung back. It was a nice, round, tempting sort of arm, but I'm a modest man. Hows'ever, she come forward, smiling and rolling one sleeve higher up, and I overcome my bashfulness a little and—by jucks, that arm! Like braided rawhide under the white skin. I'm tol'able tough and wiry myself, but she made me feel flabby; and I certainly felt sorry for this Rudolph Ebbsmith, although I presume they fixed him up all right at the hospital.

"That's one reason why I sort of humor her and let her have her own way a good deal," says Dave. "I had ought to wear a shingle out on her ever' once in a while, but I guess mabbe when she gets her a husband he'll keep her in order. By the way, did you say that rooster Dunwoody was tol'able well fixed? Reckon he could s'port a wife in the style she'd be'n accustomed to, if she wasn't accustomed to too much?"

"I wouldn't have him if he was the last man on earth," says Olivia, and I told her I hadn't no idee Cas had got along that far. "And what's this I hear about buggy riding?" I asks, and Dave answers me.

"Dog-gone his hide! He allows he'll bring his rig around some of these days and show Miss Olivia the scenery around Sylvan Lake and Calico Cañon. I figured I'd see what kind of a game of poker he played the other night, but he didn't give me a chance. I can tell a heap more about a man after I've played poker with him; but he sat over in a corner with Olivia here and I couldn't budge him. I had to play seven-up with the Swede. I had a devil of a time in the morning, starting him off without seeming anxious to get shut of him."

"Pa means he didn't drag him by the collar and kick him off the ranch," explains Olivia. "I was ashamed of you, pa, hinting the way you did. I don't see why either. I thought he was real nice—interesting."

Before I left, I got a chance to ask her if she was, honest to goodness, going buggy riding with Cas.

"Why not," she answers—"if he comes? I think I'd like to hear some more about myself—how my eyes remind him of stars shining in the blue-vaulted heaven above and how my ears are like the pink shells on the yaller sands of the sounding sea, and how my voice is like the melody that's sweetly played in tune. There ain't no denying that Mr. Dunwoody is an elegant conversationalist. You tell me he's had practice? Hundreds of 'em was what you said, wasn't it? No, a hundred; that was it. Ho-hum!" She studied a moment or two. "But what's the reason none of these Dakota girls have landed him a-gasping on the verdant bank of the silver river? Oh, I know he'd a heap rather not; but why haven't they married him, whether or no?"

"Prob'ly because he ain't never asked none of 'em," I answered her.

She give a ladylike snort.

"I thought you'd had some experience too," she says. "Well, I s'pose we've seen the last of him anyway."

"I presume likely," says I. "If you wasn't more'n ten or fifteen miles away, he'd be apt to call on you; but, as it is, I doubt it."

She smiled—a funny kind of a smile.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked her.

"Pitchers," says she. "Pitchers and wells and things."

I started off as soon as I'd knocked the ashes from my after-dinner pipe, and not having no load, I figured I'd make Dudley's sawmill afore dark. About three o'clock I was past Bailey's, and there I seen a dust away off on the road ahead of me that was a-coming my way at a mighty lively rate. As it come nearer, I made out it was a buggy, and getting my field glasses out of the grub box to see if my suspicions was correct, I found they was. It was a sidebar buggy with a red trim, and a few minutes later Cas Dunwoody pulled old Selim to a stop alongside my wagon and give me greeting.

"Well, well!" I says. "I thought you was on your way to Ogallala to ship them steers, and here you are, all dressed up within an inch of your life and—honest, Cas, I smelt you afore I seen you. What kind of sheep dip have you been putting on that handkerchief of yours?"

"It's lily of the valley," he says. "I got kind of tired of white rose and new-mown hay and vi'let. Pretty slick, ain't it?" He pulled out his handkerchief and sniffed at it as if he enjoyed it. "Why, I let the boys take them steers," he says. "I had some business at Custer to 'tend to. . . . Did you stop at Ransome's as you passed?"

"I did," says I.

"And how is old Dave?" he asked. "Steggy, there's one of Nature's noblemen. I think a heap of him. It's a pleasure to do business with a man like Dave Ransome."

"She's in tol'able good health and spirits," I replies. "I think a heap of her myself, and I agree with you that she's a perfect lady and a little lulu to boot, and it's certainly a pleasure to converse with her."

He haw-hawed like the jackass he was.

"Can't pull the wool over your eyes, can I? That was certainly a hot one! Well, not to conceal nothing from you, I don't know but what I will call on her while I'm out this way. I sure had one elegant time after you was gone. Every girl I ever went with has had something sort of special that kind of attracted me—Nora Bretson, for instance; she had the cunningest little mole right below her lip in the adzack center and above where the chin bulged; and Belle —— Well, with some it's one thing and with others it's something else, and with Miss Ransome it's brains. She's got looks, too, but brains is her specialty. She can understand a man."

"She ought to be able to," I says; "she's had enough experience."

"What's that?" says he, sort of sharp. "How's that?"

"You don't think that you're the only man she ever attracted, do you?" I asked him.

"Oh, as far's that goes, mabbe so," he says, kind of relieved. "But that ain't like saying she's had enough experience. Putting it that way, a person might suppose she was a flirt, and that's a heap different. She told me herself that there was one or two men who had paid her compliments, and that ain't out of the way; but she ain't no flirt. If there's anything I despise," he says, real earnest, "it's a girl who flirts."

"What?" I hollers. "You despise a flirt? You?" I just whooped; but he looked down at me without cracking a smile.

"That's all right," says he. "A man's a man and a woman's a woman, which is different. One man's all a woman's entitled to, and she ought to stick to that one, after she's made her pick. If that wasn't so, there wouldn't be no foundations to the republic nor society nor yet to the American home, which is a woman's place."

"Have it your own way," I says. "But I'm willing to bet that a week or two from now you'll be crazy about some young lady with a cunning little goiter or a front tooth missing that makes her look real cute."

"I'd have a right to be if my taste run thataway," he says, picking up his whip, which had a bow of blue ribbon tied onto it. "Well, I must be moving," he says. "So long. Come and see me, Steggy." And with that, he spoke to Selim and the dust began to fly again, and I spoke to Buck and Bright; and so the gap between us widened, and didn't close until a month later I took in a dance at Perry Spencer's on Coffee Flat.

He was the first object my eyes lit on when I come into the room, and he was a-setting all by his lonesome in a corner, watching the dancers in a waltz that was instigated by Johnny Miller and his accordion. He was all slicked up, same as usual, and his mustache looked like it had been curled by a barber; but he didn't seem by no means happy, and, as I said, he was a-setting by himself, although there was a bunch of mabbe five or six girls on the opposite side of the room without partners, and there was ample room for another couple on the floor—if it was a slim couple. Anyway, he could have been telling one of them girls about her eyes. It didn't seem noways natural. Then, follering his solemncholy gaze, I seen it was directed at a girl in a blue dress, with a blue ribbon in her hair. I furthermore seen that the girl was Olivia Ransome, and she was a-tripping her ten light fantastic toes with Orson Evans, from Pass Creek.

I walked up to Casimir and stood right by him for a couple of minutes, and he didn't take no more notice of me than if I'd been a thread on the back of his coat, so I slapped him hearty on his shoulder and told him to cheer up.

"Because it's always darkest just afore dawn," I says, "and it's a long lane that hasn't got no turning, and in trouble to be

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troubled is to have your trouble doubled, and every cloud has a silver lining, and it's an ill wind that don't blow nobody no good, not to mention that when things are at their worst they're sure to mend. So why be downcast?" I says.

He just looked at me for about half a minute. I reckon I ought to have wilted, but I didn't.

"I ain't downcast," he says. "What makes you think I am?"

"I reckon it's your lip," I replies. "You want to pick it up afore you go out on the floor or you're apt to step on it and stumble."

"I could tell you something about your lip," he says. "There's too dog-gone much of it, and it's going to get you into a mess of trouble, shooting it off like you do."

"Tut-tut!" I says. "You seem to be real touchy this evening. That ain't no way to talk to a sympathizing friend. You'll get to dance with her yet. Orson ain't got much stamina, the way I figure, and he'll tucker out before we get to the Virginia reel."

"He ain't got something else that he's a-going to get," Cas mutters. "If he loves the bright sunshine and the song of the little birds and the taste of vittles and drink, he'd better take a tumble to himself before earthly sights and sounds is closed to him forever. Listen, Sam, I've had one dance with her and that cock-eyed coot has had three. That's what she's give me. Of course," he says, "she ain't so much to blame. Not any, for that matter."

"And you can't blame the boys for wanting to dance with her," I suggests.

"No, I can't blame 'em for that," he admits. "Just the same ——"

"Well, what's the trouble then?" I asked him. "Why don't you sashay over and pick you another girl?"

"I would, darned quick," he says, "only there ain't a one that I seem to want to pick."

"That's mighty cur'ous too," I says. "They look to me like they was all different in some way or another, and they must be mostly strangers to you up this way."

"I'll break his dog-gone neck," growls Cas, glaring at Orson, who had just waltzed by us, looking down and a-murmuring soft nothings into Olivia's sea-shell ear.

"There's prob'ly something about her that interests him and he can't help it," I remarks. "Prob'ly it's her brains." Cas didn't say nothing to that. "I'm afraid Olivia's flirting with him," I opines. "Leastaways, she finds something interesting about him."

"That part of it is all right," says Cas. "We done settled that, her and me. She says—and it's so—that a girl's got rights just the same as a man has to enjoy the society of the opposite sex—until she gets married, she means, of course. Somebody had been a-tattling to her about me and Cora Davis and Helen Somers and Rose Enderby and some others; but she understood how that was and didn't hold it against me, having sense. But I will say," says Cas, with a heap of force, "that I didn't expect she was a-going to enjoy the society of a lop-eared, half-witted, beefy-faced lummox like Evans. It ain't the first time, either, but it's a-going to be the last, 's far's he's concerned. I'll just naturally stomp him into the ground so hard and thorough that there won't be nothing but a few stains to show where he was."

"I reckon the best thing you can do is to see if you can't get Olivia to marry you," I advises him. "Then mabbe she'll quit experimenting."

"Well, as to that now," he says, "sometimes I've had a notion to ask her, and then again, I know how I am; and a woman, if she marries a man she thinks she owns him, body, soul and breeches, her own personal property, exclusive, and he can't so much as pass the time of day with another female, pleasant and polite, but she gets the idee her property is in danger and there's a rumpus. I don't know how it is, but a married woman just naturally figures that every other woman, married or single, will steal her husband if she's give half a chance. I don't say Olivia would be that foolish, but there's always a risk that I've never been willing to take. No, I'm a-going to stay single."

Johnny Miller jammed the last of the wind out of his box in a final bray and stopped, and Cas started up right away and made a bee line for Olivia. I tagged along, thinking there might be some trouble worth witnessing, but Orson just handed his partner to her seat and was pushed aside by the rush. I got there in time to hear Cas believing that the next was the honor and pleasure of his dance and Olivia wanting to know where in the world he got such a totally mistaken idee of the facts in the case, and just then she seen me, and I want to say the smile I got like to made me dizzy.

"The next dance is Mr. Stegg's," says she, giving me her hand. "My," she says, "how pretty you look! I didn't have no idee!"

And my, how pretty she looked, all in a glow with the dancing and with a light dew on her face and the blue dress and the ribbons and the necklace I give her and all! I hadn't no idee, either, and I had always extended her liberal credit for her general appearance.

"Well, seeing it's Sam, I'll back down this time," says Cas, tol'able good-humored. "None of us boys stand any show when he's around, and he certainly does look pretty. You ain't treating me right, just the same, Olivia," he tells her. "That last waltz was mine, fair and square, and you know it."

"I thought you'd like to dance it with Alice," says Olivia. "You acted as if you would. Why didn't you? The change would have done you good."

Cas sort of looked down his nose: but before he could think of anything to say, Perry hollered choose your partners for a quadrille and I crooked my arm to Olivia and we stepped out.

"That pitcher you was referring to the last time I seen you seems like it was some cracked a'ready," I says to her, as we took our places.

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest notion what you mean," she says, looking at me square and innocent. Then, all of a sudden she winked one of them shining-stars-in-the-heavens-above eyes of hers and laughed like the melody that's sweetly played in tune. "You really think so?" she asks.

"From the way it's been a-leaking tonight, I judge so," I says. "And what are you a-going to do about it when you break it, if you don't mind confiding in an old friend?"

"I'd tell you if I told anybody, but I wouldn't tell nobody that afore the breakage, if any," she replies; which was about the answer I'd expected.

"S'lute your pardners!" Perry hollers, and I didn't get a chance to say nothing more until the side couples was forward and backing, and then I asked her how she liked the scenery at Sylvan Lake, and she told me it was sure some beautiful scenery, especially when you viewed it with a kindred soul.

"A good, dependable horse, Cas has got," I remarks. "Real intelligent. He can do everything but talk, Selim can."

"If he could do that, I reckon Mr. Dunwoody would have to shoot him," she says. "That's a funny name—Casimir. I thought it was dress goods when I first heard it."

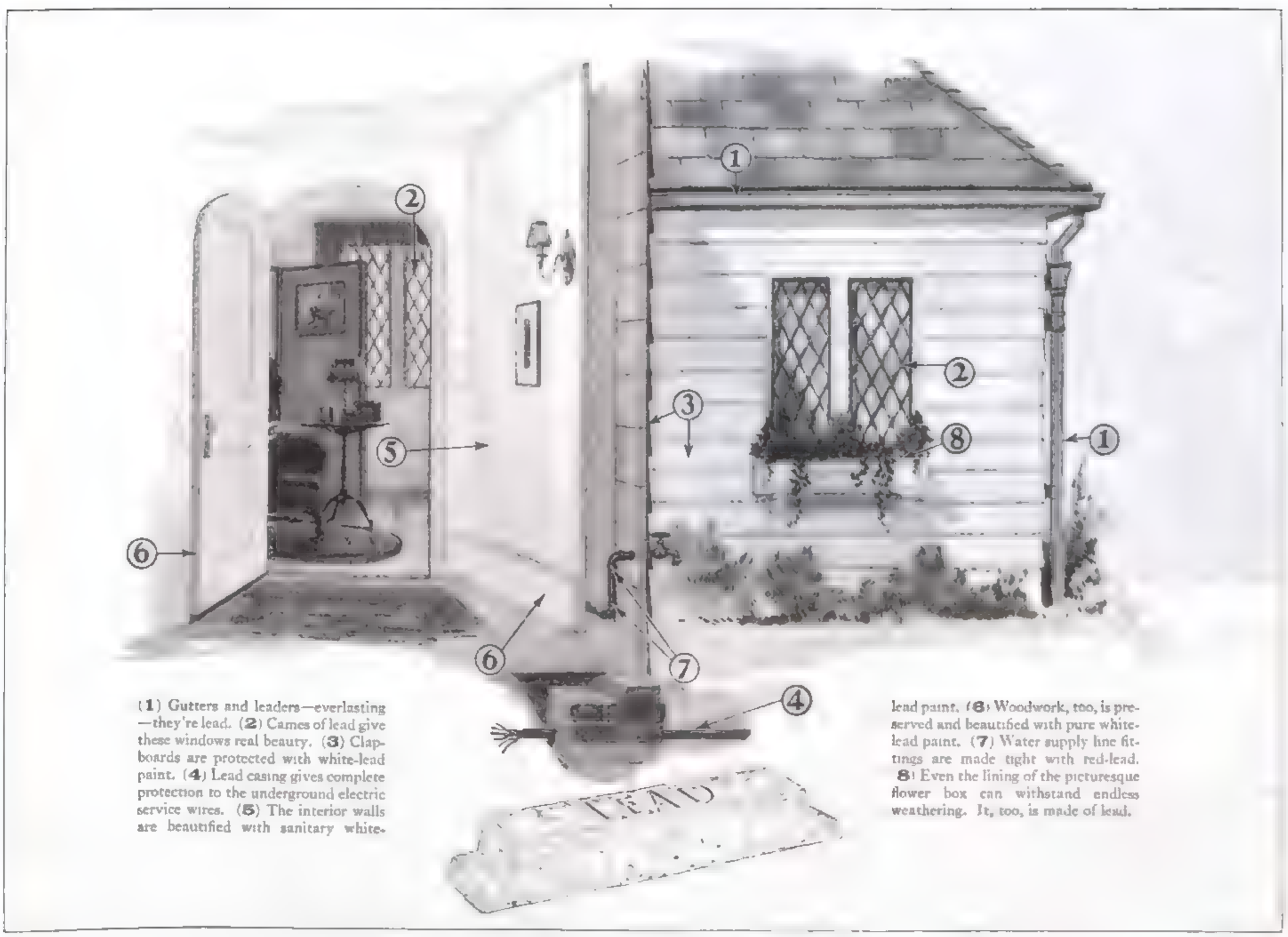
"He's dressy, all right," I says, and she turned on me and said he wasn't no more so than a self-respecting man ought to be.

Then come ladies' chain and allaman left, and when we got back Olivia says, "I don't see nothing of him nowheres, and I don't see nothing of Mr. Evans, either."

"Prob'ly went outside for a little refreshment," I told her.

"I told him one time that anybody that escorted me any place would have to take his refreshment out of the water bucket inside the house or he wouldn't have no second chance," she says, as we promenaded

Continued on Page 128



(1) Gutters and leaders—everlasting—they're lead. (2) Cames of lead give these windows real beauty. (3) Clapboards are protected with white-lead paint. (4) Lead casing gives complete protection to the underground electric service wires. (5) The interior walls are beautified with sanitary white-lead paint. (6) Woodwork, too, is preserved and beautified with pure white-lead paint. (7) Water supply line fittings are made tight with red-lead. (8) Even the lining of the picturesque flower box can withstand endless weathering. It, too, is made of lead.

Four walls . . a roof . . and LEAD

How the wonder metal of many uses helps man build for beauty and permanence

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The hand-wrought gutters and leaders, for example, are not only beautiful today; but they will also be beautiful fifty years, one hundred years, from now. Weather can't wear them. They are made of lead.

The pipes that carry the water into this house are everlasting. For they are made of lead. The connections of the cast iron drainage pipes that carry out the waste are calked with lead. And lead in still another form, red-lead, seals all the fittings of the gas and water supply pipes with the bond of eternity.

The spirit of old craftsmanship is expressed in the rustic casement windows—expressed in a form that will remain unchanged through the centuries. All the cames that hold the glass in place consist of lead.

The armored conduit which carries the underground electric service wires into the house is also proof against time. It can't rust, rot, or wear out. For lead imbues it with endless years of service.

Lead you look at but do not see

Still another form of lead, one in most general use today, is present in this modern home. It doesn't look like lead—yet it is made directly from lead and possesses the metal's superior qualities of endurance, weather resistance and protection.

You'll find it on the clapboards and exterior trim. You'll find it on the interior walls and woodwork. It is the basic carbonate of the metal, called white-lead, which makes a paint that gives both beauty and complete protection to the surface.

There are many other unseen uses of lead in this up-to-date home. Lead helps to give the glass of the electric light bulbs their transparency, also the fine glass tableware its superior brilliancy. Lead is in the glaze of the chinaware and in that of the bathtub and sink. A lead device makes it safe to telephone when lightnings play. And bearings composed of a lead-tin alloy reduce friction in the motor of the whirring electric fan.

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(Continued from Page 126

"Mabbe he thought the water would be cooler at the well, being a pitcher," I says; and then I says, "But if it's Evans you mean, here he is, a-coming in now."

"To your seats!" shouts Perry, and I swung her around before she got a sight of Orson, who seemed to be trying to conceal his face with his handkerchief as he passed into the bedroom where the coats and hats was. I didn't linger after I'd seated the lady safe, but hustled outside, where, as I suspicioned, I found Cas Dunwoody. He was seated himself, or you might say he was reclining, with his shoulders propped against the house, and, sure enough, there was refreshments. Al Powell was offering 'em. He had a pint flask that he was holding to Casimir's mouth.

"Try and swaller a little of it," he says.

Cas pushed the flask away and straightened himself up a little.

"Where is he?" he asks. "Where is the putrefied, pussylanimous pup? I ain't through with him yet."

"You've got enough to go on with, even if you ain't through," says Al. "Won't you take a little swaller?"

"My foot slipped," Cas mumbles.

"I know, I know," says Al. "It's happened to me. That's the trouble with these here dances—you can't have spikes in your shoes unless you bring a change with you. Think you can stand up now? Lend a hand, Sam."

We got him up on his feet and he stood swaying while we held him.

"He ain't here," he says, squinting around with puffed eyes. "He's quit. I knew he was a yellow quitter. Where did he go?"

"I reckon he went into the house, where he thinks he'll be safe," Al told him, and then looked at me and shook his head. "It was short, but it was sure sweet and a jim dandy while it lasted," he says. "I'm sorry you missed it. Orson didn't want to fight, but Cas was certainly insistent. Here, Cas, you can't go in the house the way you are. Come to the horse trough and let's pretty up a few first."

"I'll finish what I begun first," says Cas. "Boys, one of you loan me your gun; this way is too dog-gone slow."

That got me and Al to laughing, and we was still a-laughing as we was a-leading the sufferer to the horse trough, when a ca'm, quiet voice behind us says, "Has there been some accident? Is that Mr. Dunwoody?"

"It's all right, Miss Olivia," I says. "Yes, there's been a sort of an accident. Mr. Dunwoody's foot slipped; but it ain't serious. You go back to the house and we'll bring him in, good as ever, inside of a few minutes."

"You might let him speak for himself, if he's able," says Olivia. "Casimir Dunwoody, what have you been doing?"

Cas told her. 'Most anybody would have had to tell her when she spoke like that.

"Seemingly, I've been getting licked," he says—"for the time being," he adds on.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asks, and the tone of her voice wasn't so severe.

"I can navigate," says Cas.

"Then kindly navigate Selim into the shafts and I'll go home," says she. "Mr. Stegg will get your hat and I'll be out here, waiting, by the time you're hooked up." With that, she turns back and goes into the house, which is a-resounding with the strains of Old Dan Tucker at the moment.

The embers got into his shoe,
And land o' Goshen, how the charcoal flew!

Seemed to me that red-hot charcoal would be a-flying right shortly; but I trailed along after the lady, meek as Moses; and by her directions I got a hat for Cas that was prob'ly his, and someway she managed to get out of the house without being noticed, and in a moment or two Cas drove around and cramped the buggy while I helped her in. She pressed my hand real grateful as she said good night.

"I owe you three dances that I meant to give you, and—something else," she says to me, and then she turned to Cas.

"Well, are we a-going to start, Mr. Dunwoody?" she inquires, like an iceberg that had yielded to a feeling of curiosity.

They made a flying start, by the sound of it; but in a minute or two the moon come out bright from behind a cloud bank and I seen old Selim slack to a crawl and then leap forward again like a hornets' nest had emptied for his benefit, and he kept up that kind of a lick as far as I could see the rig.

"Cas must be a-putting the hud to him," comments Al Powell, who had emerged from a modest retirement and was a-standing beside me.

"No, he ain't," I replies. "Somebody is, but it ain't him."

I got some of the particulars of that ride home on good authority. After Selim had gone two-three miles at that heartbreaking speed, he slowed a little, and up to that time neither of the two in the buggy had said a word. Then Olivia spoke and said she was sorry she got mad.

"But that horse!" she says.

"Don't mention it," says Cas. "I'd have lammed the old son of a gun myself if I hadn't sort of sprained my thumb."

"Sprained your thumb!" she cries. "Oh, Cas! Le' me look at it!" He let her look at it, and Selim made it a walk. "You pore feller!" says Olivia. "What did that big brute jump you for?"

"He didn't jump me. I jumped him," says Cas.

"Why?"

"Well," Cas told her, "it was like this: He was taking up too much room and I shoved him to one side where he would be more out of people's way, and then he had the gall to tell me to be careful where I was shoving, so of course I give him a pressing invite outside and jumped him. First, I slapped his face."

"Quite right," says Olivia, approving. "He ain't no business being so big. And then your foot slipped?"

"A little later my foot slipped," says Cas. "I'm right sorry it broke up your evening though."

"I think you need somebody to look after you," remarks Olivia, after a moment or two.

"So I've been told," said Cas. "Giddap, Selim!"

"Oh, don't think I'm hinting," she says, with a laugh. "I wouldn't never marry a man like you. Some girls might. Alice might; but I wouldn't."

"It's just on that account, being what I am, that I don't get married," says Cas "It's for the woman's sake. Not because I couldn't, because I could. But you understand how that is. You're the onliest girl, I reckon, that does; and, speaking frank, I've had the notion at times that I might c'mit myself and ask you plump out to marry me. You got the bluest eyes I ever seen, and your hair ——"

"Yes, I know. You spoke of it before, you recollect," says Olivia. "Go on. You didn't, because ——"

"Because I mistrust myself," says Cas. "I wouldn't want to make you unhappy. But it certainly does seem 's if I'd been around with you longer than I ever was with any other girl, and without wanting to change. And as to me wanting to dance with Alice, that's foolishness. I wanted to dance with you, and not anybody else. And another thing," he says; "I don't call to mind that I ever wanted to whip a man because he danced with the girl I was going with; but that there Orson —— I mean to say that I can't help being interested in interesting girls. I reckon I was born that-away."

"Then you did jump Mr. Evans because he danced with me," says Olivia. "How foolish! Because he's pers'n'ly distasteful to me."

Cas said he didn't know as it was that, but Mr. Evans certainly did take up too much room.

"Pers'n'ly," says Olivia, as if she was talking to herself—"pers'n'ly I don't see no need of being unhappy with a man that

couldn't help being the way you are about girls, if it was his nature. Pers'n'ly, I'd make allowance and overlook things if they didn't go too far. Not that I'd marry you."

"Why not?" Cas asks her.

"For one thing, you never asked me," she replies.

"All right then, I ask you now will you marry me," says Cas. "Now go ahead and tell me the other reasons why you won't."

"I can't think of no other good reason right now," says Olivia, "so I guess I'll have to take you, Cas darling."

"So that was that," said the old bullwhacker. "They was married within a couple of weeks and the bride wore white."

"And they lived happy ever after, I presume," said Colonel Irons, after a reflective pause.

"Like the Old Scratch they did!" snarled Old Man Somarindyk.

"So far's I know, they've always been a model pair of turtledoves," said Mr. Stegg—"excepting of one trifling happenchance about two months after Cas promised to cherish and cleave to Olivia exclusive. Lars and Mis' Claussen had quit and gone on their claim by that time and Olivia was a-running her house herself. Time this happened, she was a-churning in the kitchen, sleeves rolled up on them lovely white arms of hers and the dasher a-going chug-chug-chug-chug, regular as clockwork. Cas was outside by the gate, a-talking to a neighbor who had stopped her surrey there. After a while the neighbor drove on and Cas come into the house.

"'Who was that you was a-talking to, honey boy?' Olivia asks him. 'You must have been resting your foot on the step of that surrey the best part of half an hour.'

"'It was Mis' Hogaboom, sweetheart,' says Cas. 'She's a mighty interesting little woman. I feel sorry for her, all alone in the world like she is; but I guess her husband wasn't no great shakes. I never took notice of her eyes afore. The blackest! And I bet if she let her hair down it would reach 'most to her heels. Like the raven's wing, I should call it.' He sat down in a chair. 'Was we a-talking that long, sugar lump? I hadn't no idee! Got that churning 'most done, I reckon, pet. I'm a-going to take Mis' Hogaboom over a jug of the buttermilk this afternoon sometime. She's real fond of buttermilk when it's fresh, she tells me.'

"'Here's some you can have right now,' says Olivia, and snatched the lid and dasher from the churn.

"It was a five-gallon barrel churn and three-parts full, but she hoisted it as easy as if it had been a pasteboard hatbox and upended it on Cas' head and then picked up the dasher and seemingly tried to make butter of that same fat-containing top-piece of his. For a minute or two she was a busy and active woman in that endeavor, and if Cas hadn't finally rolled under the table and got it between 'em, he would have been in worse and sorrier shape than what he was—which would have called for a bonesetter.

"'There!' says Olivia, after she'd drawed a few deep breaths. 'I know you didn't mean no harm and that you can't help it; but I'm here to see that no harm's done and help you to keep clear of it if you can't help yourself, and you can count on that. If I ever catch you looking cross-eyed at that Hogaboom woman—or any other woman you'll find out what a true helpmate you've got. I told you I'd overlook things as long as they didn't go too far. Well, they went a considerable over the chalk line that time, and if you don't keep safe on this side of it from now on, you'll know what you can expect. And now look at the muss I've got to clean up!'

"And that broke him," concluded the old bullwhacker. "He told me, a year afterward, that with Olivia he had all the different kinds of women in one. 'The best kinds, you understand, Sam,' he says. 'No need of me chasing off after variety as long as I've got her. And she's got brains too.'"

"Well," mused Colonel Irons, "there may be something in our friend Mr. Somarindyk's shingle theory, after all."

Moonlight, Lake Washington, Washington

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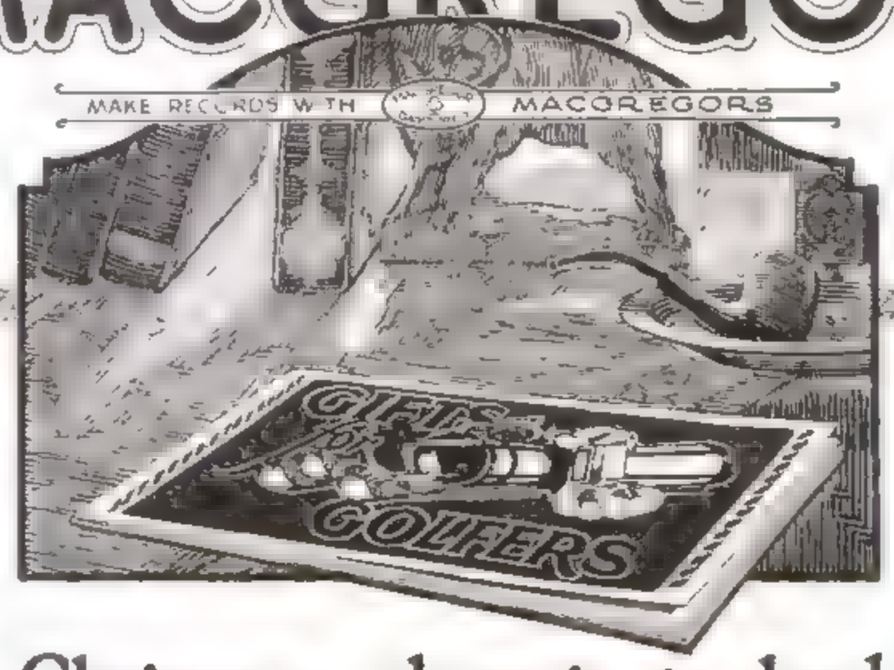

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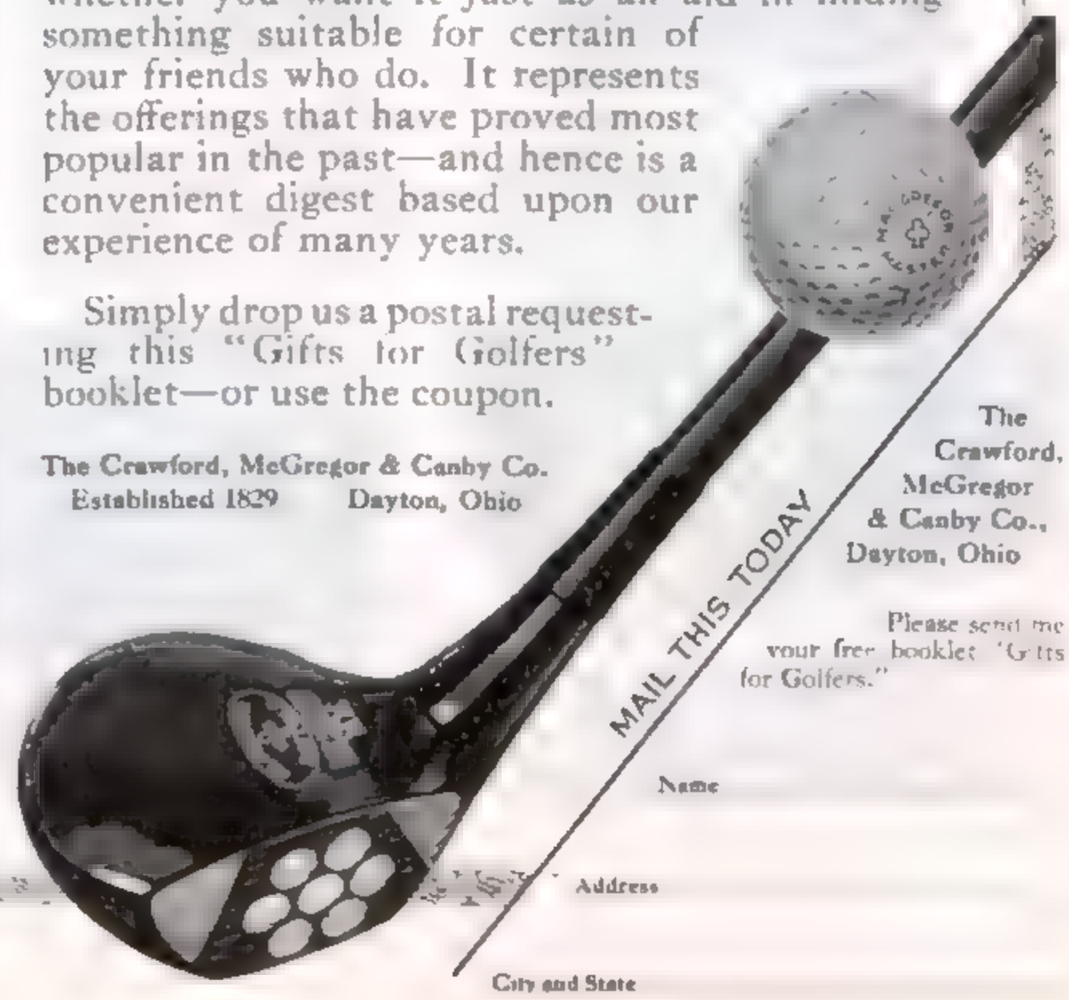

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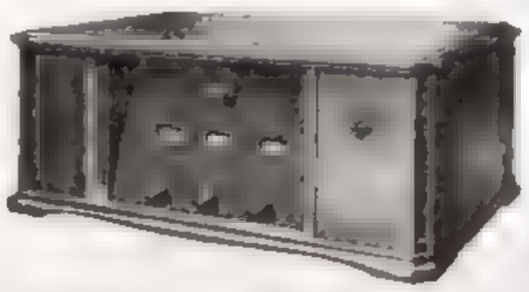

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1875 - CONN GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY - 1925

A HEAP OF HUMAN NATURE

Continued from Page 21

"Up to and including his shirt," was Weevil's high recommendation.

"Suits me," agreed Mr. Vance, and Weevil walked to where his friend sat to complete the arrangement and to meet the stranger. Then he led both to his own locker for introductions, but none seemed necessary.

"Huh!" It was Vance who uttered this gracious sound. "You, eh? Huh!"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Vance," said Clute, a trifle more urbanely. "I think we never have golfed together."

"Might's well now then. Looks like we were goin' to do a lot of other things together. What d'ye shoot?"

"You can figure me for a ninety."

"About my game —— Ten dollars a hole."

"Sure you can afford it?" Mr. Clute asked affably. "I don't want to cramp you."

"Huh!" Mr. Vance troubled himself with few of the minor or major courtesies. "Let's git goin'. I been standin' around as long as the traffic'll bear. Hey, Weevil, git me a caddie that don't snuffle."

"And me one without astigmatism," said Clute. "Explain to him that I'm able to carry my bag, but what I want's somebody to watch the ball. . . . How came you to put in these tin lockers? Should 'a' built 'em of wood. Big mistake."

"Are we playin' golf or buildin' a locker house?" demanded Vance.

They paraded to the first tee, the four players with their caddies, where Weevil and Vance won the honor.

"Gives you one honor anyhow," said the talkative Mr. Clute. "Try and get another! How far away's that bunker? All wrong. Never believed in trappin' the first hole. Go ahead, Vance, and whack it on the nose."

"When your speech is done and the applause has died down," said Mr. Vance acidly.

"Aw, shoot!" exclaimed Clute.

Vance, standing over his ball, rested his driver against his leg and straightened up, glaring.

"If you'll go over there and turn your back and watch the robins I'll drive. Fore! Know what that means, don't you?"

Mr. Vance now took his stance in earnest; carefully he measured his distance from the ball; then he thrust forward his left foot and drew back his right in a most remarkable exaggeration of that position which some ill-advised individuals believe fatuously to cure a slice. But Mr. Vance improved upon the idea. He turned his back three-quarters in the direction in which he hoped to shoot. Having done this he grasped his club in his left hand and pressed its head to the ground just abaft the ball. His right hand remained set. Slowly and cautiously, as if the leather grip was fragile as cobweb, he touched his little finger to it, and, one after the other, as a man playing a symphony on a flute, he brought the other fingers to bear. It was a long process, full of technicalities, and trying upon the beholder. But what came next was worse. Mr. Vance took a back swing too rapid for the eye to follow and swatted the ball. It started off in a southeasterly direction, hooking as it went and veering, second by second, around toward the fairway. There it landed, a good two hundred yards from the tee and rolled another ten, coming to rest in the exact geometrical middle. He waved his driver after it and danced up and down. When all these things were accomplished he turned away nonchalantly and glowered toward the distant flag. One could guess that Mr. Vance was of a nervous temperament.

"How does he do it?" said Mr. Clute, almost but not quite inaudibly.

When it came his turn he gave a splendid lesson in deliberation. First he teed his ball as if it was his intention to have it remain on that spot for life, and to stand against wind and storm. He took his stance and waggled. Just when it seemed he was about to drive, he tilted back on his heels, lifting his toes off the ground so that his intent appeared to the beholders to be to sit down suddenly and violently. He caught himself, however, and swayed forward suddenly until he stood on tiptoe. Then he settled to stability and commenced his back swing. It looked like a slow-motion movie, every inch of it exact and calculated; and then he drove. It was a sweet one and irritated Mr. Vance greatly.

"There," said Mr. Clute tactfully, "that's what form does. Look it over and weep. . . . Say, Vance, I can straighten up that hook of yours in five minutes. Look here! Just lap your hand over your club ——"

"When I want golf lessons," said Mr. Vance, "I buy 'em."

Mr. Clute, not nonplused by this brusqueness, turned to McWhinney and said audibly, "Huh, he must 'a' bought 'em off the bargain counter by the looks!"

"Look here," said Mr. Vance, "I come out here to play golf. I can't play at a political meeting. What I like is silence and a lot of it. If you want to talk about somebody's game, go off under a tree and talk about your own. Just lay off of me, and what talking we got to do we'll talk when we get back to the clubhouse."

Mr. Clute walked along in elaborate silence. You could almost hear him keeping quiet, and knew he was doing it ironically and with intent to irritate. Then, just as Mr. Vance was making his second, Mr. Clute's caddie rattled the clubs in the bag. Mr. Vance jumped.

"Who done that?" he demanded. "Whose caddie was that? Why in thunder didn't he fetch along a dinner bell? If that kid doesn't know enough to keep quiet when a man's shooting, send him back to the caddie master."

"That's my caddie," said Mr. Clute.

"Then teach him how to behave," snapped Mr. Vance.

Both old gentlemen were on the green in three, but Mr. Clute was away; he sank a fifteen-footer for a four and the world became aware of how he accomplished it.

"You can't hurry your putts," he said with an air of omniscience.

"You didn't," said Mr. Vance, who was dancing up and down with disgust. "Fifteen-foot putt took a minute a foot. I hope you don't have to try for a thirty-footer or we won't get home tonight."

"Made it, didn't I?" Mr. Clute said in his slowest and most condescending manner. "Go ahead and drop yours."

This Mr. Vance proceeded not to do, and in the words of Mr. Weevil, was fit to be tied. . . . As may readily be seen, McWhinney and Weevil ceased to exist in the foursome after the first drive; they existed merely as scenery. Vance and Clute battled each other, with all the rest of the universe forgotten.

"Say," said Mr. Vance presently to McWhinney, "is he goin' to do that all the way around?"

"That" consisted in taking at least two practice swings before every shot, in which his method differed from his opponent's. Mr. Vance was not deliberate, but rushed upon his ball as if he intended to bite it instead of hit it, and whanged away before he had taken a solid stance. When a shot went wrong for him Mr. Clute, in a kindly and fatherly voice would say, "Now, take your time. You hurried your back swing then. Shall I show you what you did that time?"

Mr. Vance bristled; he glared at Mr. Clute; he opened his mouth and closed it again, and then thrust his iron into his bag so violently he knocked it out of his caddie's hands. This made it necessary for him to use words, syllables, sentences and paragraphs on the caddie, pointing out the error of his ways.

"It wasn't the boy's fault," said Mr. Clute placatingly.

Mr. Vance stamped off in pursuit of Weevil.

"Say," he said savagely, "can't you make that windbag shut up? He's giving me the jumps. Who told him all about this game of golf anyhow? He makes me so dog-gone nervous I can't tell which way's from me."

This was apparent. As they came to the third tee and the time arrived for him to drive, he turned and faced companions and caddies.

"If you'll watch me," he said, "you'll see I'm about to drive. I don't have to holler fore or write you letters. When I come up on a tee and set up a ball, that's what I intend to do—drive. Understand?"

"We get you," said Mr. Clute.

"Then act like you did," said Vance. "Put your hand over your mouth and stand still. Don't take practice swings or recite poetry. Stand over there by the tee box and be quiet."

"Aw," said Clute, "don't take the game so serious."

Mr. Vance addressed his ball, played the flute on the grip of his driver and—Mr. Clute cleared his throat. Mr. Vance whirled as though a bee had stung him and glared.

"Now what ails you?" asked Mr. Clute.

"You did that a-purpose," said Mr. Vance. "You did it to upset me, because you know I'm a nervous man. I am nervous. Everybody knows I'm nervous. I can't stand playing golf with a consumptive."

"Who's a consumptive?" demanded Mr. Clute.

"You cough like one," said Mr. Vance. "You cough like a consumptive or like a man who needs ten dollars a hole. I can give you strokes and lick you, but I can't lick you and a case of croup. If you got the croup, why don't you stay home in bed? Eh?"

"I didn't cough," said Mr. Clute with dignity. "I may have cleared my throat, but I never coughed."

"Cleared your throat like a preacher ready to let off a sermon! How was I to know what was coming next?"

"Aw, g'wan and shoot."

"Shoot! Shoot! I'll shoot when I'm good and ready, and that won't be till I can find a second of silence to do it in."

Mr. Clute grinned patronizingly.

"Well, if silence will improve that freak game of yours, you can have all you want of it. Nothing else can help it."

Up to this point the game had been moderately amicable. There had been only that ordinary bickering to be expected when a nervous and irritable old gentleman plays the game with another old, deliberate, patronizing, talkative gentleman with a passion for telling what is wrong with your shots. But amicability ceased at this point. Mr. Vance struggled with his irascibility and McWhinney and Weevil could see it shaking him as if it had been a puppy and he a Sunday hat. He wore an apoplectic expression, his eyes popped and he shot glances of hot hatred at Mr. Clute. As for that gentleman, he withdrew with Weevil and criticized Mr. Vance's game in a whisper; but there was no mistaking what he was talking about. Both their games suffered, which added no sweetening to their dispositions.

On the third Mr. Vance's hook hooked beyond his fondest expectations and came to rest almost touching the trunk of a tree in the rough. It was an impossible shot and he glowered at it speechlessly. Mr. Clute saw fit to walk over to inspect the lie and to comment on it.

"Got a left-handed club?" he asked with interest.

"No, and I haven't a gimlet or a hatpin or a peanut roaster," said Mr. Vance passionately; "but if you'll get out of the way I'll play this with something."

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A New Day

See Pages 102, 103 and 104

"Play it with prayer," said Mr. Clute.

"Maybe you can tell me how to do it."

This was meat for Mr. Clute. He specialized in telling. There wasn't a shot in the game he could not explain, and if he had been playing with Vardon himself he would have been able to make suggestions.

"I saw Hagen play that very shot at—let's see—it was at the Engineers' in '22. He took his niblick and turned it hind side before, played it left-handed. Yes, sir, and he lifted that ball and about a square yard of "

"Will you shut up!" said Mr. Vance.

"—— turf and stones and roots," went on Mr. Clute irresistibly, "and the ball went out and up and landed about a yard from the cup. Greatest shot I ever saw."

By this time Mr. Vance had attacked his ball with a Schenectady putter, that being the instrument farthest removed from the one advised by Mr. Clute. He selected it to show his independence of thought. But he had to play it left-handed. On the sixth blow the ball moved from its safe retreat and Mr. Clute looked as if ice packs would be required for the base of his brain.

"Should 'a' used a niblick like I said," Mr. Clute observed.

"If I use a niblick it won't be on the ball," said Mr. Vance.

McWhinney and Weevil stood close together, their faces impassive.

"They seem to be gettin' on each other's nerves," said Mac softly.

"Glad the parson ain't here," said Weevil. "There's goin' to be cussin'."

For two holes there was comparative peace and Weevil commenced to worry. But he saw his chance. Mr. Vance took out his brassy to play to the sixth green and Weevil whispered to Clute, "Look at the club he's takin'. If he hits it he'll be a mile over."

This was more than Mr. Clute could resist. He lifted his voice.

"Hey," he called, "how far you think you are from that hole? Where'd you get the idea of a brassy? That ain't more'n a full mashie shot."

But Mr. Vance took no heed; he ignored Mr. Clute elaborately, but his ears were red and his cap lifted as his hair bristled. He swung at the ball as if it were Mr. Clute's shin bone and got it clean. It lifted on a beautiful line, straight for the flag. On and on it went while he gazed after it rapturously. But it neglected to pause at the green, neglected even to look down at that patch of beautiful green turf as it sailed over, heading for parts unknown. Fully seventy-five yards beyond the hole it struck and then leaped on until it came to rest finally in a bunker guarding the sixteenth green. The expression of rapture faded from Mr. Vance's face in proportion as the ball flew beyond his objective; and when full realization came, his features mirrored such a mixture of rage and chagrin as it has been the privilege of few to witness. But it had not achieved its utmost, nor did it until Mr. Clute uttered those words which of all sentences in the English tongue are calculated to provoke to homicidal madness.

"Huh!" said Mr. Clute. "I told you so!"

Mr. Vance grasped his brassy in his two strong hands and gazed about him. There was neither tree nor stone suitable to his fell purpose, which might have, but did not, save him exactly fourteen dollars, the price of the club. He could have wrecked it with one blow upon a rock, or with two at the outside if a tree had been handy. As it was, it required six rousing smashes against the sun-baked turf to get the desired result. For a minute he resembled a man with St. Vitus' dance trying to kill an active frog. But he succeeded—in the end, he succeeded so that nothing but a ragged fragment of shaft remained in his fingers.

Then, with deliberation, he walked toward Mr. Clute, before whom he paused to shake his finger. The finger trembled. He shook it again, because for the time—though he opened and shut his mouth—no words would come. But when they came they were worth waiting for.

"Hiram Clute," he panted, "you're a dang-swingled, hog-wrastled, slam-dangled golf-course pest! You've got an India-rubber jaw and a resonance cavity like a pipe organ. You know more about this game that ain't so than a she champion of the front-porch tea drinkers. It's a wonder some Christian hasn't up and killed you years ago, and I'd spend ten thousand dollars hiring lawyers to defend him if he did. . . . You're a he old maid. You're a walkin' vocabulary. You you're ——"

Mr. Clute drew near and shook his finger under Mr. Vance's nose.

"You can't talk to me like that," he said. "Nobody can talk to me that way and get away with it."

"I'm talkin', ain't I? And so far I got away with it, didn't I? Eh? And what you goin' to do about it? You're enough to frazzle the nerves of a chiny pup with blue eyes. . . . I'm through. I wouldn't play another hole of golf with you if you was the last man on earth and I had to play a twosome or roast through eternity."

"You bet you wouldn't," said Mr. Clute. "And you wouldn't 'a' played this far if I'd known what a cantankerous old walla-walla you are. Say, who turned you loose in the world anyhow? You ought to have a keeper."

"Keeper! Keeper! That's what I do need. . . . But thank heaven I got to play this game with you before it was too late. That's one thing to the good."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Mean? I mean in another week I'd 'a' been tied to you for life, worse'n as if we'd been married. I'd 'a' sat in the same office with you and run the same business with you. Sweet life that would 'a' been, I'll tell the speckled world!" He turned to address the circumambient azure and spread his arms wide. "Imagine havin' this jaw-wagglin' catterwammus tryin' to run my business for me!"

"Your business! Huh! What you call a business. And who ever give you the idea I'd take a combination of rattlesnake and wildcat in with me, eh? Well, if ever you had any such hope you can forget it. Take it from me! I've spent the last minute in your sweet-scented society that I'll ever spend."

"You bet you have," said Mr. Vance, and with that he turned his back upon the party and rushed in the general direction of the clubhouse.

Mr. Weevil followed, while Mr. McWhinney came more slowly with Mr. Clute, who explained to him how such a person as Mr. Vance should be dealt with by the green committee of a club. They rumbled as they dressed, refused to speak to each other as they passed on the way to their cars, and drove away in such twin flames of rage that the cushions of their limousines were in danger of scorching.

McWhinney and Weevil fell into each other's arms.

"I knew it 'ud work," said Weevil. "Never saw it fail."

"Lemme call Peter White," said Weevil. "Got to lift the worry offen his mind. No tellin' what a couple more days of this would do to his game."

"And we got to have that Metropolitan Cup."

"We have," said McWhinney.

And so, side by side, they went to the telephone.

"Hey, Pete," said McWhinney jubilantly when the connection was made, "we got it all fixed."

"What fixed?"

"So you can pick off the Metropolitan. Nothin' to worry you now. Take plenty of time off to practice."

"What are you talking about?" demanded the bewildered young man.

"Why, Weevil and me, we just had Vance and Clute out here to play in a foursome together—and you're set for life. Yes. Neither one of those old dodos'll ever speak to the other as long as he lives. We sure fixed it and fixed it tight. . . . And now you needn't worry about winnin' that cup for us."

(704)

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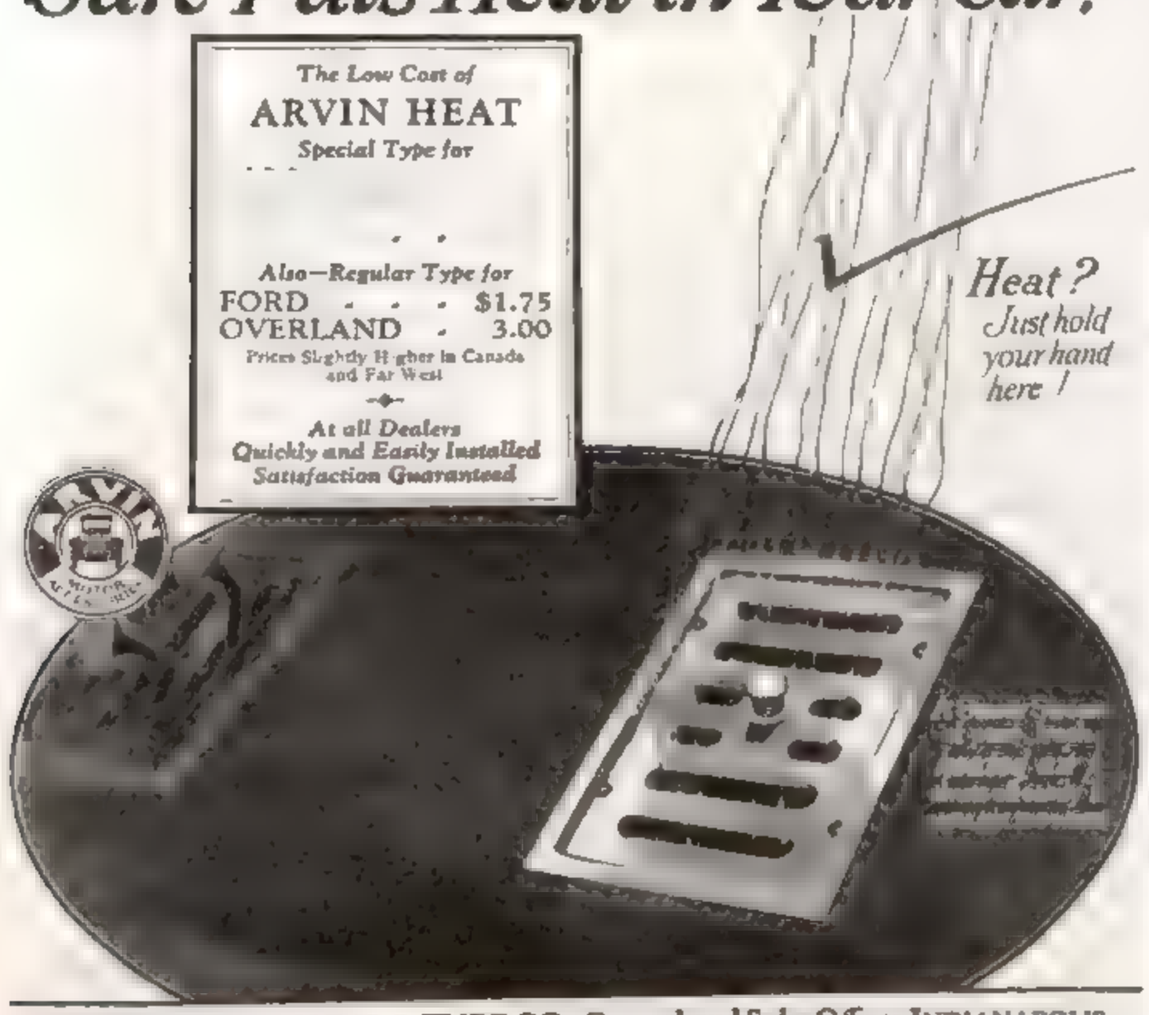

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"I wasn't worried about that exactly," said Peter.

"You weren't, eh? Well, what were you worried about?"

"My anxiety," said Peter, "was largely about my business and the girl I am going to marry. But just to make things square, I'll go out and grab your old cup for you. Lord knows, you deserve it. . . . Gentlemen, I'm much obliged, my fiancée is much obliged, my friends and relatives are much obliged – and you're a pair of gilt-edge old sports."

"Never mind that," said Mac, "but get out here and practice till you cure the hook out of your drive. And you've been grippin' your putter too tight with your right hand. Better come out this afternoon."

"Sure," said Peter, "as soon as I telephone her."

McWhinney hung up the telephone receiver.

"Telephone her!" he said sourly. "That'll take up half an hour he ought to spend on the practice green." He sighed and then remarked with depth and accuracy of perception. "By Heck, you have to have more than a bag of clubs to play golf!"

"It's surprisin', the ramifications of it," agreed Mr. Weevil.

McWhinney licked his lips.

"Let's go and play a round now; we got nothin' else on our minds."

"Yes, and move quick. I see Old Man Arkwright comin' up the drive."

"Golf," said McWhinney reflectively as they walked back together slowly to the first tee, "fetches out a heap of human nature."

"And," said Weevil, "it fetches it out where it'll do the most good."

"Yes," said Mac, "golf'll play human nature in par figures every day of the summer."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

GOOD-BY! YOU'RE LEAVING RURALTANIA!

Favorite winter sport is fighting out the war around the stove in back of Dave O'Connor's store.

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Chicken and Waffle establishments reopen in the beginning of July and Lem Norris, Chief of Police and Traffic Magistrate, doesn't shave until the ground hog does his stuff. —*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Theme and Variations

WHEN Jane goes walking in the breeze,
With what a fine delight one sees
The pink perfection of her knees.

Their beauty cannot be denied,
Seen from in front or from the side,
Or as one follows her espied.

And be she far or be she near,
One thing on breezy days is clear,
Her knees in every way are dear.

When Jane goes walking in the breeze
That with her garments plays,
The spectacle is one to please
And fascinate the gaze.

With what a fine delight one sees
The fluttering disarray
That brings those hidden symmetries
Into the light of day.

The pink perfection of her knees,
Her stockings neatly rolled—
I thank my stars that days like these
Permit me to behold.

Their beauty cannot be denied;
Nay, rather I confess
How much my soul is satisfied
To view such loveliness.

Seen from in front or from the side,
They dazzle, they allure;
'Tis well she cannot always hide
Their Phidian contour.

Or as one follows her, espied,
Still lovelier they seem;
The little curving bend inside
Is even more intime.

And be she far or be she near,
And fall the wind or rise,
Visions of knees without a peer
Still pass before my eyes.

One thing on breezy days is clear—
They prove the visions true;
Nor do I grieve if in the year
The days of calm are few.

Her knees in every way are dear,
Dearer than I can say,
And that is why with joy sincere
I greet each breezy day.

—*Jack Wilson.*

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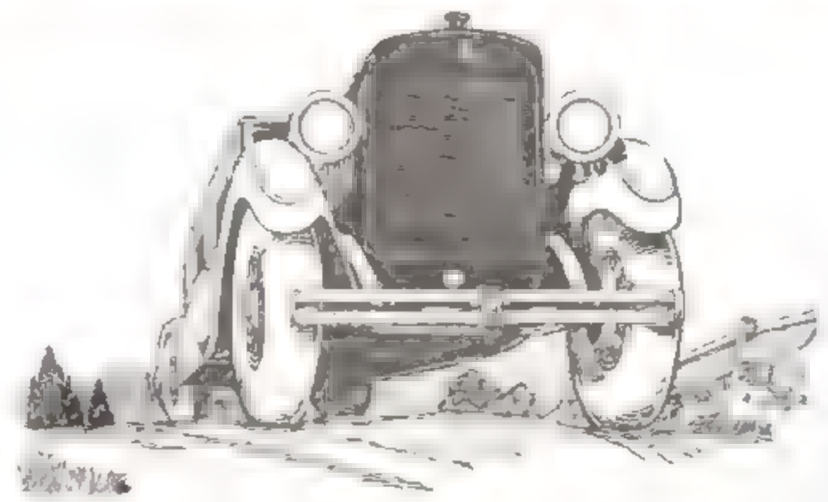

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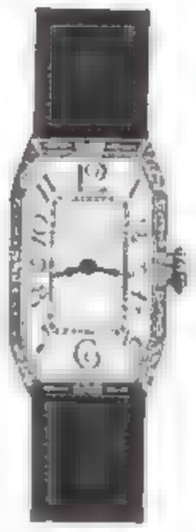

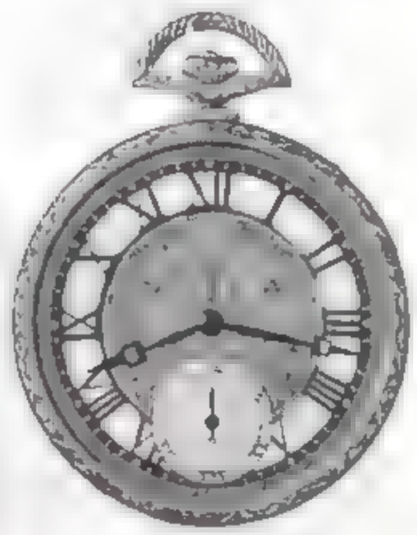

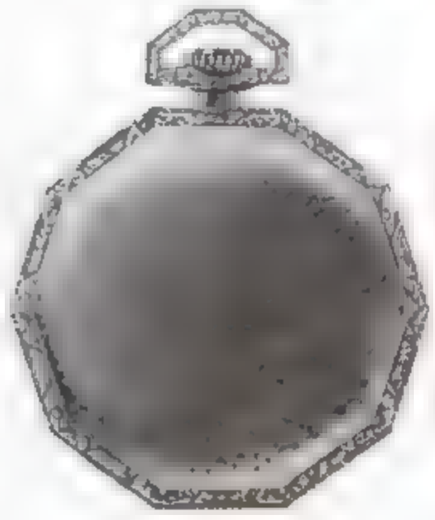

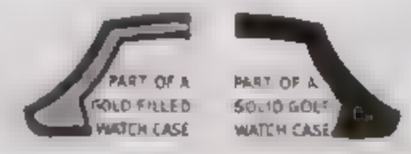

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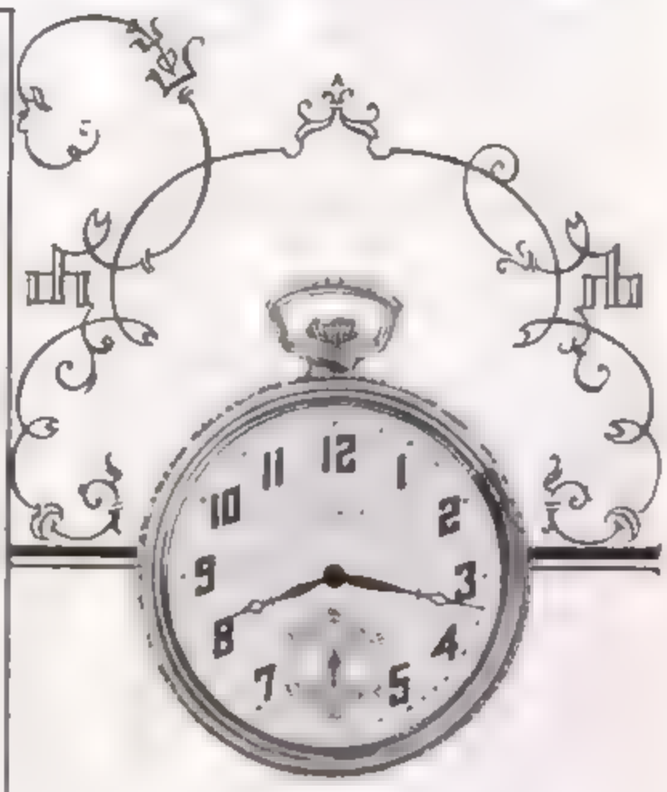
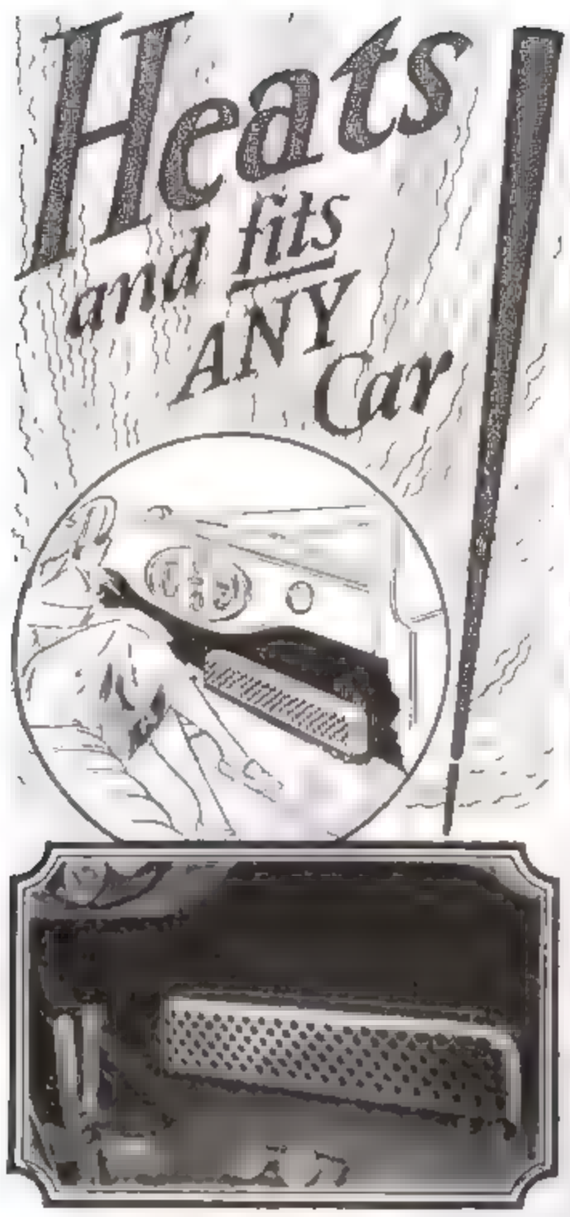
When you buy a gold-filled watch, therefore, be sure that the mark *Wadsworth Gold Filled* is stamped in the case. For you can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the marks "Solid Gold" or "Sterling."





INSTALL anywhere—on vertical dash-board as shown, back of front seat or front of either rear or front seat. Price $8.50

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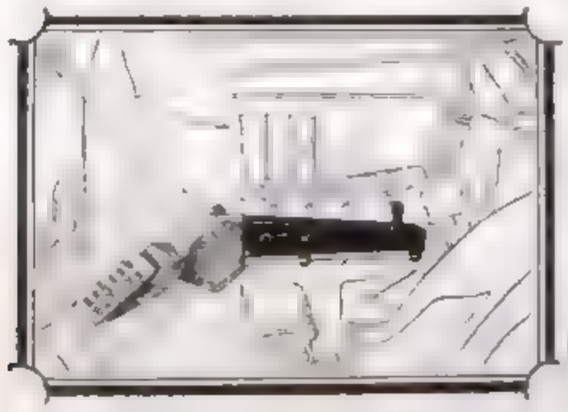
CAR HEATERS

THE KINGSTON CAR HEATER gets on the job the moment the motor starts, and makes the entire car as warm as toast! Pure, clean heat warms feet and body, rolls up from under the dash, warms the driver's hands and the whole car—and keeps it warm. Has eight feet of flexible metal tubing, is positively gas proof, and has forty lineal inches of radiation—more than any other heater we know of. Easily installed, handsome, efficient. Get one today and drive in comfort.

And Here's the Popular
Manifold Type

THE KINGSTON MANIFOLD TYPE HEATER is in use by many hundred thousand warm friends. Ford Model,



shown here, fits either new or old Ford, and gives plenty of clean heat *instantly*. Now in its seventh year, and growing more popular all the time. Install one today, and be warm at zero!

FORD MODEL *ready to install* $3.75
Chevrolet, Dodge and Overland $5.00

Insist that your dealer sell you the Kingston. If he won't we will see that you are supplied.

Kokomo Electric Company
Kokomo, Indiana

WHAT KIND O' LUCK?

(Continued from Page 17

"I didn't like the looks of her," says Mazie. "However, you can bring your bank roll along in case I change my mind."

Somehow this made me feel uneasy. In the first place, Bientot and Mazie both belonged to that same sex you hear so much about, and I've known folks to claim they's a instinctive understandin' between women which it baffles the greater intellect of the male to understand. And then she'd spoken of that bank roll as if it was already hers, and I wondered if I'd made my position sufficiently plain.

So all I lets her do after that is to pull my diamond ring off my finger—just as a pledge so's I'd be sure to remember to look her up and speak to her the next day—and then, as it's already getting light, I takes her home, simply kissing her without even saying good night.

In the morning I woke up with a considerable headache, but was glad I'd been prudent and not got myself engaged, or anything like that. What she'd told me, though, about Bientot still bothered me. I'm not superstitious, you understand, but at the same time it's simply foolish not to pay some attention to signs when they go out of their way to cross your path. So the first thing I do after getting a hot bath and a cup of coffee is to drift over to the stable and have a look at the mare.

Mr. Skinner, my owner, is there looking her over, too, and the first thing I know is that I'm feelin' sorry, somehow, that I hadn't spent the night with the stable hands, and the next is that our eyes is meetin', and his is looking away again.

"What do you think of her?" he asks, as soon as he can recover himself from the shame of being caught worrying about a race so early in the morning.

"Not so good," I answers back, "but I didn't sleep very well last night, so maybe my eyes ——"

"Look here," he cuts in, mighty sharp for him, for usually he's about as easy a boss as you'll find anywhere, "that's no right spirit to enter into a great sporting event with. Take her out and stretch her a bit. You both need some exercise."

"But," I exclaims, "if that's all she needs they's sure to be some clock hounds around, and if they sees what we've got it'll be like makin' Right of Way a present in the matter of odds."

"Never you mind the clockers or the odds either," says he. "Give the creature a little air, and don't forget to take some yourself. If I didn't know your habits I'd say you had been drinking and had spent half the night trying to prove to some skirt that Darwin was right."

I walked away, not exactly cryin' out loud but feelin' hurt, as anybody would. And it wasn't long, either, before I was more conscious than ever of havin' been correct in some of my observations. The whole lovely Mexican landscape was fairly solid with stop watches.

Owner's orders is owner's orders, however. So I give Bientot the office and we went away from there, more or less, doin' a quarter in fair form and not much worse than thirty-six seconds. But havin' associated so much with the fortune teller and Mazie the day before, I seemed to have absorbed some of their feminine instinct. Sort of psychic, if you know what that is. And this psychic instinct whispers to me that somehow I've emptied the speed bucket by only taking out that one little draft.

"I told you she was all right," says Mr. Skinner as I come in. "I've been watching you, and it was a sight for sore eyes. I don't care who saw it. You made me proud."

"In case you undone all your bettin' yesterday, I can well believe it," I says. "But if you want my opinion," I says, "Bientot ain't wastin' herself on no ambitious dreams of the future. She's livin', as you might say, in another though maybe a better world than this, right now."

"Somebody's put the Indian sign on you," Mr. Skinner laughs. "If I don't see my silks out in front today I'll know the reason why."

"Silks?" says a birdlike voice in our rear. "Is that what you call the lovely scarlet and green uniform which Stevie wears when he has a leg up?"

And there stood Mazie in the doorway, wearin' a broad-brimmed hat covered with flowers, and the sun shinin' on my diamond ring, which she had on the next to little finger of her left hand.

Now when I buy diamonds I buy diamonds, for that's the only way to keep the bankers and others from getting your money after you've made a killing by the use of your better judgment, and it made me feel queer, somehow, to see that magnificent two-carat stone on a woman. "Anyway," I thinks to myself, "it will make old Skinner cautious about shooting his line."

But what does he do but go right up to her, and say as calm as if he'd been her parent from the start:

"Why, my dear little girl! So this is the ray of sunshine that's come to cheer up daddy's declining years."

"If you're Stevie's father, it is," says Mazie, as matter-of-fact as you please. "He's been awful good to me. That's why I've come to tell him something."

"Can't you tell me, too, dear?" blithers this self-elected pop.

And Mazie pats him on the sleeve, and says, "Why, of course I can. It's about a dream I had last night about Bientot. Which is he—that pony over there?"

"She's this sixteen-hands-high dwarf," says I, nettled. "I thought you'd seen her?"

"I did, but I've such a dreadful memory for faces."

"And hers didn't look good to you," I says. "Or no, it was her ankles."

"Stevie's got a good memory," puts in Mr. Skinner, using the name as if I'd been born with it.

"I'm glad he has," Mazie contributes, shooting me a glance. "And he's quite right about Bientot. I didn't like his looks ——"

"Her looks," I corrects.

"——his looks at all," says Mazie. "And he looks even worse today than yesterday. Isn't it funny?"

"You might explain where the fun comes in," says my owner, in a tone more in keepin' with his years than any he'd used yet.

"It's my dream," Mazie tells him. "I dreamed that he was going to win. Now what would you do if your dreams went one way and your judgment went quite another?"

"I'd take the advice of an experienced man of the world," Skinner has the crust to respond—"one who knows enough to appreciate a very lovely girl when he sees one—and let the nasty old racing game absolutely alone."

"Oh, what perfectly inspired advice!" Mazie yaps back.

And before I can warn her of the danger of horse bite, she trips up to Bientot and has the old lady's muzzle in her arms and is calling her "nice horsie," and saying it was a shame for wicked little girlies to blame her for not being a sure thing when he was doing the best he could.

At this point who should crash the gate but Mrs. Skinner, and I looked to see some fur fly, or at least to have Mazie turned over to me while somebody was makin' their alibi. But Skinner brazens it out, introduces the two women with a wave of the hand which avoids the necessity of namin' names, and saunters off, the three of them arm in arm.

A little later I see Mazie alone, breezing around among the stables as though she was a bunch of flowers bein' scattered in front of herself.

And by and by when Mr. Skinner returns I once more notifies him that if he don't object to havin' his stable info innocently broadcast, why it's his funeral and not mine.

"Better go up to the hay and lie down," he advises. "And don't be too sure whom death will strike when it comes."

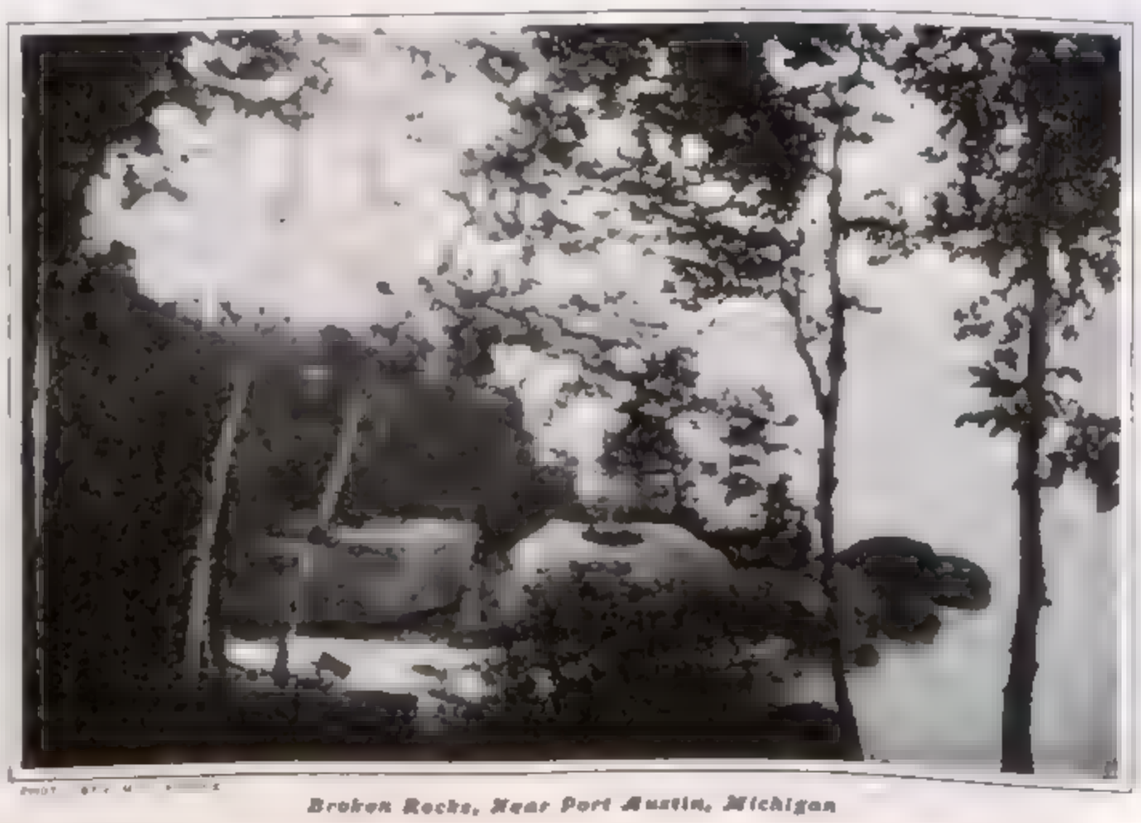
It seemed a good suggestion, for somehow I was feeling the need of forty winks, and the hayloft is where some of the stable hands has a shakedown. When I'd had my nap and was dressed, Bientot was just bein' led out.

She nickered to me as she saw me in my silks, and we had a few minutes' conversation together in horse language. The old girl seemed to be trying to tell me something.

"I know," said I, rubbing her nose. "You've got an awful load on your chest, and it hurts. But it's only responsibility, and you'll feel lots better when you've shook it off. Anyway, don't worry. I know you'll do your best."

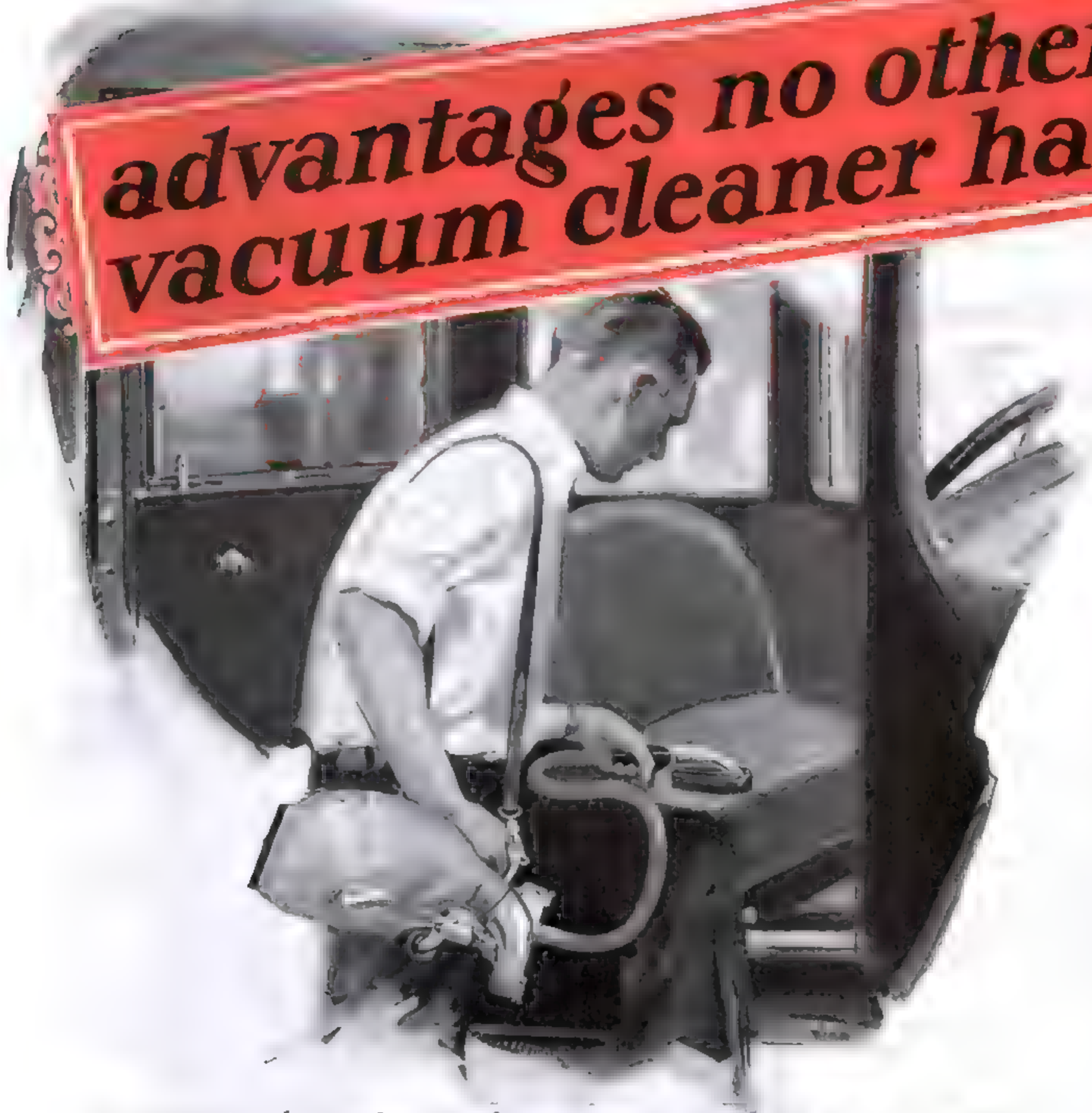
For I don't think it's right to discourage an animal by trying to make it share all your deepest and most intimate thoughts which the human mind itself sometimes can hardly stagger under. Though I was feeling better, Bientot was looking right down queer

Continued on Page 141



Broken Rocks, Near Port Austin, Michigan

advantages no other vacuum cleaner has



FREE: *A complete set of attachments which revolutionize vacuum cleaning* Worth $12

THE new Vacuette Electric is revising the standards by which vacuum cleaner performance and convenience are measured.

There are very definite reasons for this. For years this company have been the largest producers in the world of non-electric cleaners. In producing an electric cleaner the Vacuette idea was to build a cleaner that would bring new ease, convenience and usefulness.

These things have been done to a degree never before approached. Used as a floor cleaner or with stationary attachments, the Vacuette is very much like other good electric cleaners.

Of course there are mechanical improvements such as a new method of air cooling the motor, improved method of oiling, more convenient electric switch, a six blade fan for high suction, carefully designed nozzle with detachable brush, etc.

But those advantages are not most important. When it comes to cleaning the more difficult things—closed cars, overstuffed furniture, mattresses, stairs—then the new Vacuette really shows its remarkable advantages over old methods.

The long handle can be instantly detached and a small handle, very much like the handle on an electric iron, snapped on in its place. *The Vacuette then becomes a portable hand cleaner.* Used with the regular floor nozzle or with the short hose and attachments, it will clean more quickly, it will clean hard-to-get-at places more easily and more thoroughly than ever before believed possible.

The pictures on this page only tell part of the story. Study the cleaner yourself at the first opportunity. *Now you can buy a $55.00 Vacuette and the complete set of $12.00 attachments for $49.50—the introductory offer.*

Phone "Vacuette" in your town—a Vacuette will be delivered to you for free trial. Or write for our illustrated booklet, "Easier Vacuum Cleaning."

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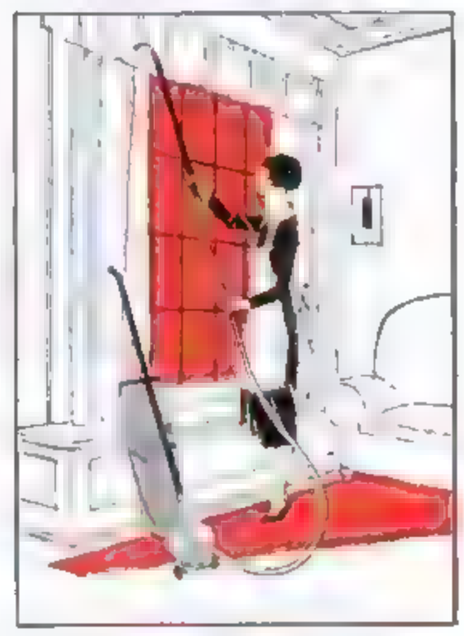
The Vacuette distributors' franchise is the most complete ever offered in the vacuum cleaning field, including both electric and non-electric cleaners. Vacuum cleaner salesmen are invited to visit the Vacuette distributor in their city and learn the astounding sales advantages of this new cleaner.

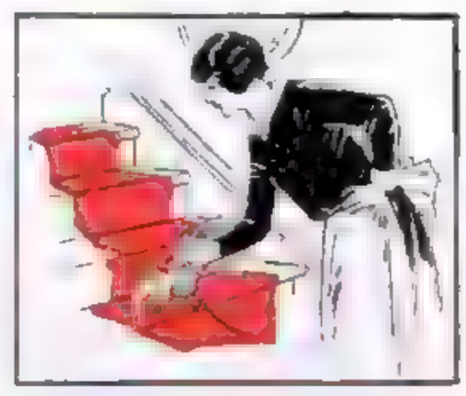
THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, *1916 West 114th Street, Cleveland, Ohio* · *World's largest manufacturers of automatic cleaners*

The Vacuette electric vacuum cleaner

No other vacuum cleaner has such a complete set of attachments as the Vacuette Electric. No other cleaner has so many labor saving uses.



The unusual high suction of the Vacuette makes thorough cleaning of draperies, walls, curtains, etc. truly possible.



It's really two cleaners in one. Just take off the long handle and you have a complete portable Vacuette cleaner. With it closed cars, stairways, mattresses and overstuffed furniture can be cleaned with surprising ease.

There is also the famous Vacuette non-electric vacuum cleaner for homes that do not have electricity. As an auxiliary cleaner for convenient everyday use it has no equal.

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But day and night, the germs of rust attack these arteries from within. Stealthily they labor, out of sight, out of reach. Without warning, they break through. Machinery, humming evenly a moment ago, is silent now. Men stand idle. Waste, disruption, loss, take the place of production.

For replacement, no doubt, genuine wrought iron will be used. After a disastrous pipe failure, you'll make sure of that. But why wait for failures to occur? They may be prevented, largely, by specifying Byers Pipe for every new installation or every extension of an old system.

The slag that surrounds the fibers of genuine wrought iron, protects it from the action of corrosive liquids and gases. The same fibers reduce the tendency to fatigue. No other metal has a similar structure. That is why Byers Pipe is so largely immune to the attacks of corrosion and crystallization that take such heavy toll in plants where cheaper pipe is used.

Many of the largest and most successful concerns—the giant rubber, cement, textile, paper, meat packing, food, and chemical manufacturing works—specify Byers Pipe as a means of preventing failures and attendant loss. Their experience might be valuable to you. Pertinent literature will be mailed on request.

Also look for name and year rolled in metal

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 *Distributors in all Jobbing Centers*
PITTSBURGH, PA.

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

(Continued from Page 138

"Why don't you scratch her?" says I, noticin' that my owner was hoverin' around.

"Can't," says he, looking serious. "The fact is, that mare belongs to my wife, and this is our wedding anniversary."

"What's that got to do with it?" says I.

"That's so, you've never been married," says he. "But she's good for place, isn't she? There's nothing on the card against her excepting Right of Way. The others are hearses."

"If she could run solitary they's nothing to hinder her coming in first," I said, "unless it's old Father Time and his scythe. However, the track is like we'd had it made to order, and it may be that the days of miracles ain't as over as they seem."

I went around to the betting ring to get a disinterested view, and there it was chalked up on a board, "Bientot, 20—1," as neat as the information on a gravestone.

No, I wasn't tempted a bit. When a consistent performer suddenly leads professional mathematicians to figures like that it gives me pause, as the saying is. For it's been a long day since I labored under the delusion that bookies point the risky ends of long shots at themselves without reliable mortal statistics to go by. The deuce of it was, I'd come out that morning with two grand in my pocket, and now they suddenly started tryin' to burn a hole in the cloth.

Understand me, I don't make a practice of bettin' against the mounts that my own two legs is about to get astraddle of. It ain't ethics, for one thing, and in my case it wouldn't often be good judgment. At the same time I don't usually come to the track with two thousand dollars, cash money, concealed about my earthly tenements.

I couldn't see how I'd happened to do it in this case till I got to rememberin' the conversation me and Mazie had had the day before, and then I began to realize that she must have let loose what they call a hypodermic suggestion in one of the more poorly patrolled precincts of my mind. And this morning it had got busy while I was still maybe more or less under the influence of that Mexican cactus cider.

I'd retired to a quiet spot behind the paddock to have a general round-up of this and certain other straggling notions, when all of a sudden Mazie herself appears out of nowhere.

"Oh!" says she, catching hold of my arm and speaking low. "I was so afraid I shouldn't find you in time. Have you got it on you?"

I looked at her coldly.

"What do you mean," I says, "by encouragin' owners to abuse their hired help?"

"Darling!" says she. "It's no time to be foolish. Didn't I have to be civil to your parents?"

"Civil to applesauce," says I. "You don't really think, do you, that the Skinners was the tourist agency that furnished my transportation into this so-called earthly sphere?"

"*Will* you give me that money?" Mazie wants to know, stamping her foot in a way that surprised me. "What I mean is that I want to put it up for you. I've been thinking all the morning how nice it would be. Then, when you win, maybe you'll feel as if it was I who did it for you."

"And if I lose?" says I.

"How can you lose if you bet on the winner?"

This put another face on matters, somehow. Mazie and me hadn't been seen much together, as far as I knew, and if ——

Well, the long and short of it is that you never can tell till you've been and put yourself to the test how many of your moral scruples is moral scruples and how many is plain fear of bein' caught at it. And it did seem a shame not to send those two grand to the stud, seeing they was already so near and all Nature apparently waitin' to give them the benefit of the higher reaches of the multiplication table.

"You're on," says I, turning to Mazie with my mind suddenly made up and confiding the bank roll to her waiting hand. "All you've got to do is to go into the betting over there. You'll see a lot of raised platforms with railings around them, and on each platform there'll be a philanthropist yelling his head off in a language you won't understand."

"I know. They're the stationers," says she.

"They're what I tell you," says I. "And the one you come to first beyond the entrance answers to the name of Bill. Tell Bill it's a two with three oughts on the right side of it, and bring the ticket to me."

"Don't I have to give him the name of the horse?" Mazie asks.

"That's a good suggestion," says I. "So suppose you go and do it. Right of Way. Do you think you can remember those fatal syllables?"

"I'm sure I can," Mazie opines.

And then I hurry to weigh in and take my place in the parade, and pretty soon everything is over but the race.

It's astonishing how a little thing like money sometimes alters your opinion of the circumstances in which you is placed. A few minutes before, I'd been thinkin' of Bientot the way a insurance company thinks of hardened arteries. But now I began to get a slant more like an undertaker's. The mare, as I've already said, is by Kingdom Come out of Firefly, but they is some doubt about the siring, the dam havin' been brought up more or less on the loose as a filly and Kingdom Come bein' only propositious, as Mr. Skinner once confided to me in an expansive moment. They's no tellin' exactly about that kind of a quadruped, and I thinks to myself that it would be just my luck if she was really first cousin to Zev or Man o' War, and sufferin' only from imagination on my part. To make matters worse, Right of Way seemed to be looking middling poorly himself by this time.

"I must be gettin' bilious or something," says I to myself again. "That stallion's as fit as a fiddler. It's my eyes."

We got a fine start. That is, Right of Way did. Bientot sort of jumped when the barrier was sprung, as if somebody had prodded her in the midst of an after-dinner snooze. And then she cursedly near balked, like as if she'd suddenly remembered hearing tell that a person comin' out of a trance ought to make sure of where they're at before trustin' themselves too much to the environment.

"It's all right," I chirps to her. "This is a race track, and they ain't no precipices in front of you, or any machine guns ambushed along the way."

For I could sort of feel the eyes of the judges borin' into my back, and couldn't help wonderin' if they thought I'd pulled in there a bit too much on the wraps. But no man in his senses, I reflected, could be suspected of trying to put over anything as raw as bearin' down on the brakes right at the start, and pretty soon I was givin' all my attention to my mount. You see, she was sort of rockin' under me one second like a boat in a head wind, and then shootin' forward the next till you'd a thought a hurricane had struck her in the stern.

"It's a struggle," I decided, "between the good old blood and some horrible deciduous disease."

And not being exactly a inhuman monster when it comes to horseflesh, all that was me went out to Bientot then and there. It was as if she felt me holdin' out a helpin' hand and yearnin' to her, for she trusts herself to flatten a bit on the back and to stick out her forefeet like she wasn't any longer afraid of the hoofs comin' off. I forgot all about my bet, and fell to callin' her baby and tellin' her that mamma was right there, she doin' her best and leanin' her heart on me just as if I hadn't been a traitor and sold her short on margin.

So we stopped playin' solitaire and got up to where they was horses on both sides of us, when I noticed that the inner struggle I've spoken of had ceased to take place, one of the parties of said contest havin' evidently taken the count, and it wasn't the tired feeling either. Realizin' which, I suddenly remembers how I'd planted the bank roll.

"Mazie ought to have known better'n to tempt a jockey to forget his duty," I says out loud. "Now what in the name of the Prince of Wales am I goin' to do?"

For there we was, the mare and me, passin' the half-mile post with the field trailin' out behind us like a comet's tail and nothing visible in front but the stallion's croup. I'd been on runaways before, but this was my first experience on the hood of a gas fire engine with the four-wheel discouragers out of commission and a charge of dynamite explodin' against the treadle of the accelerator. Bientot had simply ceased to be blood and bones. She felt more like one of these meteors or ridin' on a fourteen-inch shell must seem. And before I knew what I was doing I was sawin' on the bit in a way to yank the lenses out of a judge's binoculars. For it's one thing to sympathize with an invalid at death's door, and something else again to keep on sympathizin' when the legacy you been hopin' for begins to regain its grip, so to speak, on the hand that made it. I didn't get back to havin' the right spirit and behaving myself till we had passed a blurred something that seemed to be standin' still along the inner rail and that I knew was Right of Way stretched to his last ounce. After that

Well, you can say what you like about horse racin', but if they's any temptation to have decent feelings that's bigger'n that of comin' down the stretch all to the good I don't know what it is. You kind of forget for a second that you've done it yourself, and everything you've got goes out in a sort of glorious ache for the grand old heart that's pumping its life blood into the legs that's rompin' home beneath you.

They was such a roar from the grand stand that I thought a section must a tumbled down. But I had sense enough to pull blisters on my hands keepin' Bientot from makin' a second round of the track, and to steer her into the lane up to the paddock as soon's possible and without wearin' my laurels any more conspicuous than necessary.

And what with thinkin' of the money I'd lost and the way I'd seemed to ride that race and my funny performance on Razor Blade the day before, I spent what you might call a dirty quarter of an hour; the air, you see, havin' gone out of my chest like out of a busted toy balloon the minute the finish was history.

But they's times when judges just can't see anything, and they is apt to happen more especially when the one who's been seemin' to stand in his own light passes first under the wire. So I was permitted to go without no harsh and horny hands bein' laid on my collar bone.

"I'll see a happy owner anyway," I tells myself as I pries into Bientot's stall eventually in answer to a personal invitation delivered by one of our stable hands. "Just think what faith does to them that's got it. Backin' a twenty-to-one shot and hittin' the little disk in the center—I wonder how it feels."

Apparently it didn't feel so good, for there was Mr. Skinner bendin' down with his ear over Bientot's chest and his face—what I could see of it—as white as a pound of chalk.

"Your judgment seems to have been correct," I greets him, "and mine at fault. Next time ——"

And here I stopped. I'd been thinking that maybe, seein' the mare's earlier condition, he hadn't bet and was kicking himself. But now he lifted his face so I could see the whole of it, and such rage and hatred as was depicted thereon couldn't any more have come from a simple sense of lost opportunity than a chicken can come from a china egg.

"What do you think it is—arsenic?" I asks, bendin' my own ear to where his had been and notin' that Bientot's heart is still thumpin' like a flat wheel on the midnight limited

Continued on Page 144

Ouch
Where's That FUSE BOX?

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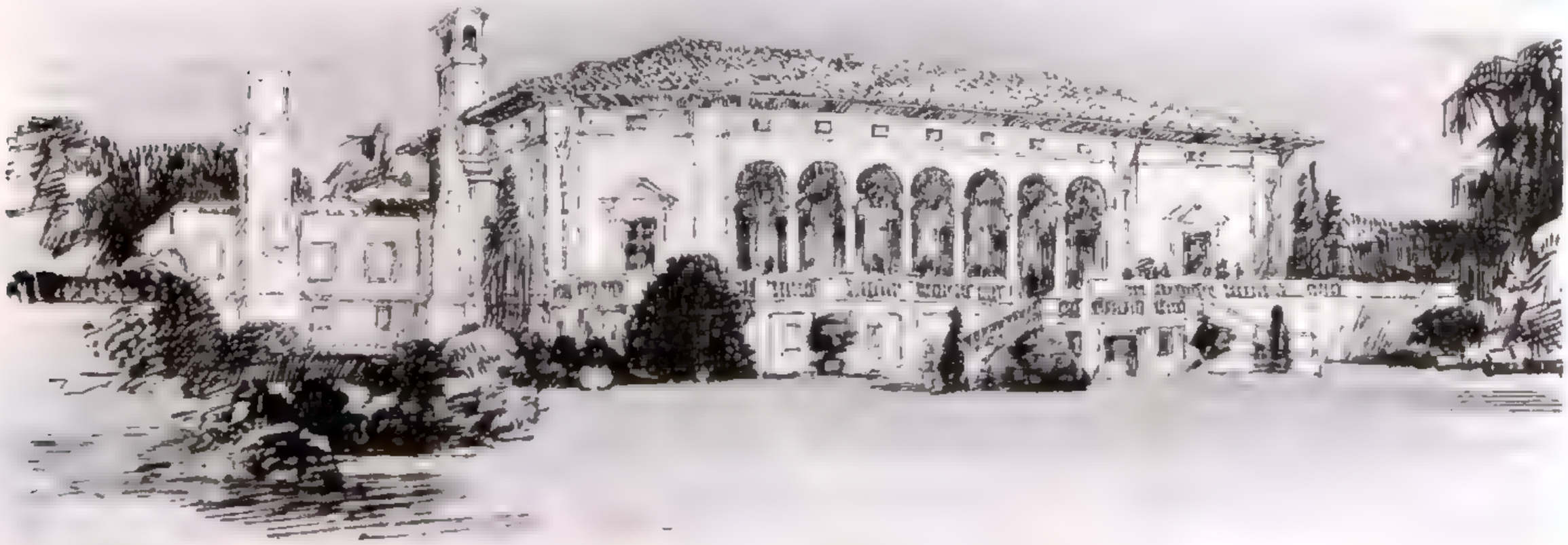
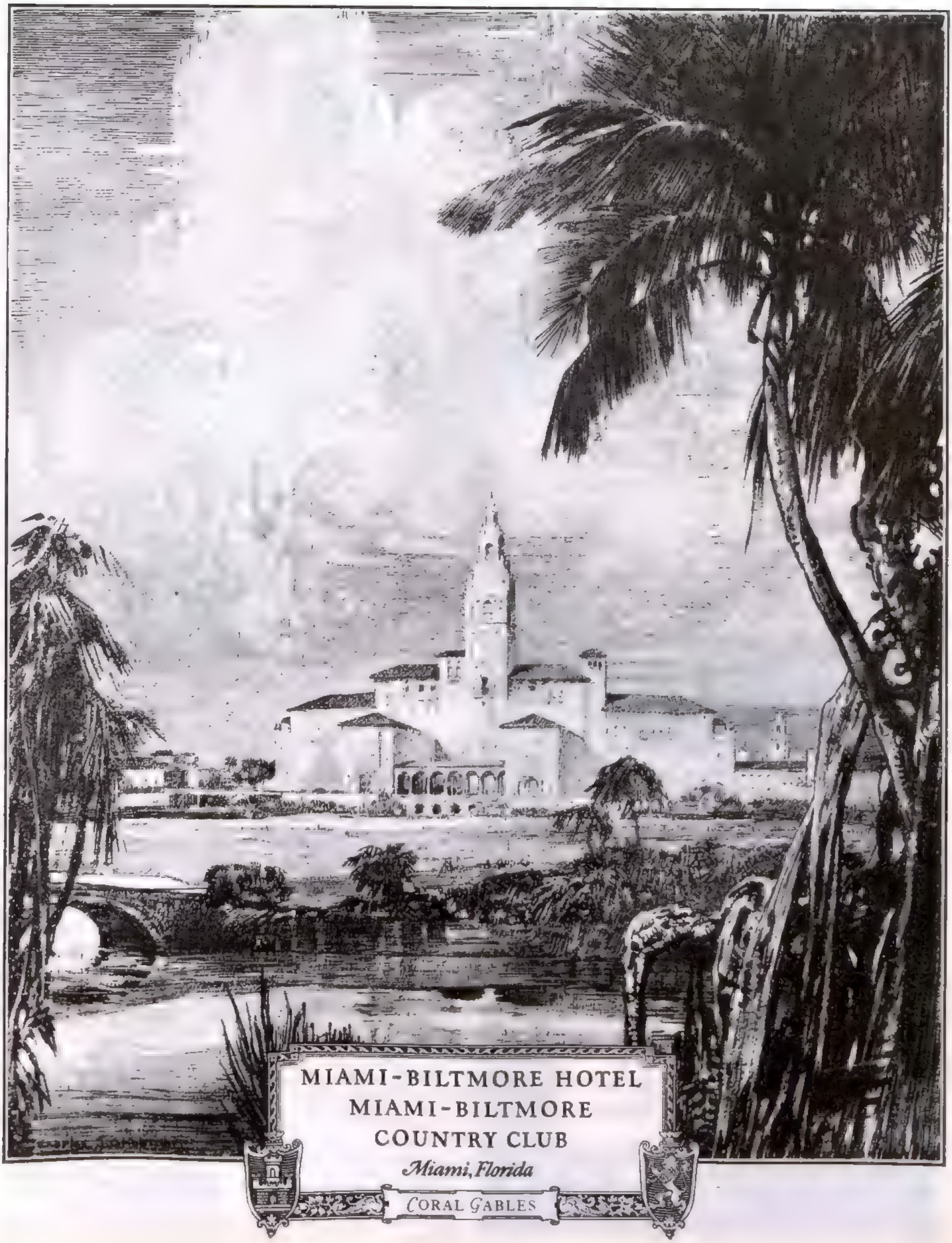
OPEN JANUARY, 1926

THE finest resort hotel in the world has been built by John McEntee Bowman in Coral Gables, Florida—Miami's most beautiful suburban city. The formal opening will take place in January. It will be a brilliant event and the outstanding social feature of the winter season in Florida. Reservations are now being accepted at the Biltmore, New York, where complete information can be secured. Every sport, amusement and diversion that distinguishes Miami as one of the most celebrated winter resorts in America is at its door. Golf is played every month in the year on its three golf courses. The Venetian Pool and other handsome bathing casinos invite the swimmer. Racing, polo and airplaning fill a sportsman's day to overflowing. Dancing, brilliant dinners and perfect music enliven the soft nights of the tropics. A marked feature in connection with this vast project will be a magnificent beach of unique tropical beauty. . . . Everywhere, the joys and pleasures of summer are added to the gayeties of a winter season. . . . Every day, spicy trade-winds and golden sunlight make their gifts of new health and vitality.

The new Miami-Biltmore Hotel is within forty hours of the principal eastern cities. Or it may be reached by four days' automobile travel over perfect roads. Its cuisine, appointments and service are as perfect as they can be made. And among the guests who will grace its first season are many of the most distinguished men and women in America.

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FLORSHEIM SHOES have the smart look you like—they make the right impression—they express the good taste of the man who cares. *THE FRAT* is one of the season's best.

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Booklet STYLES OF THE TIMES *on Request*

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Player Rolls *are* Better

No one ever tires of good piano music

ULTIMATELY you will buy a player piano, because any one can play piano music well with a player piano if they use a good player roll.

Q·R·S player rolls are made from the playing of the world's greatest Artists, combined with expert manufacturing experience and care.

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Red Radio *are* Top Tubes *Better*

Q·R·S MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 141)

"I think it's TNT," says he. "Still, perhaps you've got a better and more informed opinion."

"I bet two thousand dollars on your original dose of heroin," I comes back good and heavy. "What was it you lost when the subsequent lightning struck?"

"Look here," he returns, pulling himself together. "We're both excited and insinuating things we don't mean. I know you're honest. But all the same you never rode those last three furlongs with help from on high. The only question is, where did it come from? What stranger you know of has been near this mare since we struck this particular corner of hell?"

He was going on to say some more, but suddenly his mouth seemed to sag wide open and refuse to move. Mazie! I knew just what he was thinking of, for the same had occurred to me. Certainly she'd been around. She'd even had Bientot's nose in her arms, though I couldn't exactly see how that was either here or there.

Orders had been given to admit nobody not armed with a warrant. But Mazie had no sooner come into our minds than there she stood before us, wearin' a smile that would have got her past the door of any place not guarded by her own sect.

"Did you feed this racer anything ever?" I asks, just as a matter of form and indicatin' the sufferer with a stab of my thumb.

"Only some sugar," said Mazie, looking surprised. "Why? Is the darling feeling sick again?"

"She's on the road to survival," Mr. Skinner puts in. "But what about this sugar? You interest me strangely."

"This morning," says Mazie. "You saw me do it yourself."

"We both thought it was only kisses," says I.

"But where did you get it?" Skinner persists, in a voice too soft to sound natural.

"I got it of the nicest man."

"Stevie here?"

"No, he was a stranger. But he said he knew Stephen real well, and that was the reason he advised me not to tell anybody about the sugar, because it was against the rules, he said, to give a horse medicine on the day of a race, no matter how bad it looked."

"He said that?"

"Yes, and that Stephen was so conscientious it would be better to consult him only afterward. I thought it was a horrid, cruel rule, and Bientot looked so miserable I couldn't bear it. So I took the sugar that the man said had the medicine in it and gave it to the horsie without saying a word."

"What sort of a looking personage was this fellow?" demanded Skinner, clenching his fists but keepin' them by his sides and still speakin' low. "Could you point him out?"

"He was ever so nice looking—not handsome, I don't mean, but kind, with the softest eyes. But I don't believe I could point him out to you, for he told me he had to go North and couldn't even wait to see the race."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," says I, getting Mazie outside before the boss should forget himself.

"You're not mad at me?" says she.

"No," I says, "my harshest feelin' is one of sorrow. Howsomever, Mr. Skinner—and a number of others, probably—ain't me. So the best thing for us is to get straight out of here."

"But what about the ticket?"

"That's all right," says I. "They's still resources enough for a couple of reservations clear through to San Francisco."

"No, I mean the one you told me to get in the betting ring."

"Keep it," says I. "Maybe some day when you grow up you'll appreciate it as a souvenir. Meanwhile, though I've temporarily disabused myself of a income tax, I'm going to marry you—as a duty to humanity."

"You always were the dearest thing!" she approves. "But tell me. When you race horses, the one that comes in first—that one wins, doesn't it?"

"You've succeeded in grasping what may be termed the hidden and more difficult principles of the game," I admits.

"And when you have a ticket with the winner's name on it you go back to the man you bought it from and get money for it—isn't that the way?"

"It used to be, when I was a betting man."

"Well, then?"

"Look here," said I, as she started to pull me toward the bull pen. "Our horse didn't win."

"Bientot didn't win?"

"Yes, but she wasn't the one we bet on. That is—say, Mazie, what horse did you bet on?"

"Why, the one you told me."

"Exactly. And that was Right of Way, and they haven't finished yet counting the number of lengths he was behind."

"Not Right of Way," said Mazie, looking puzzled. "You said 'right away,' and I thought at first you meant there was a hurry. Then I remembered that *bientôt* is right away in French, and anyway I never supposed for a minute that you'd want to bet against your own mount."

"You mean—you laid out my two grand on Bientot to win—at twenty-to-one?"

"Of course I did. Here's the ticket. Have I done wrong?"

"We're doing wrong now to stand here leavin' Bill alone with his temptation," says I. "Pray the Lord he hasn't already evaporated in this heat."

He hadn't. But Bill was only an incidental and soon-forgotten detail in the clean-up that ensued. Mr. Skinner had also trusted his money to Mazie—or at least his wife had—and every cent of it was laid out as right as if a landscape gardener had done it.

"Wait a bit," says I as she was leading me from thence—for I was too weak by this time to do any more leading of my own. "Do you mean to tell me you also thought Skinner was talking French when he mentioned his preference?"

"Oh, no! It was Mrs. Skinner, and she spoke plainly enough. She doesn't slur her words like you do, dear. She favored Right of Way. But she isn't the sort of woman whose opinion I ever really cared for."

"Nevertheless, you've made her rich," says I, "and I've got to be present while you pour her ill-gotten gains into her lap."

"Why, how perfectly absurd!" Mazie exclaimed, her childish eyes widening. "She thinks she bet on the loser. I don't like Mr. Skinner either. He was too forward with me, and I shouldn't wonder if he was a grasping man who's inclined not to feed his horses quite right if you leave him alone with them. So I shall not say a word or give either of them one cent."

We had reached a place by now where they's a garage kept by a man I know. I stopped and held out my hand.

"What's that for?" Mazie asked.

"My share of the winnings—just my own, you know. I'll call it square if you make it fifty-fifty."

"But you're going to get all of the winnings, dear. And me too."

"Not any," says I. "I've decided it's too much responsibility."

"You can't give me up this way, sweetheart," says she.

"Why can't I?"

"You're in love with me."

"Let that pass."

"But it won't. Besides, I've got all the money on my person, and I guess I'm not going to have you searching me while you're not my husband."

That's how we come to get into a car and head for the line together.

"Don't worry, dearest," she whispers, after we'd ridden clear into San Diego without my saying a word. "I'm young and inexperienced, but I'll learn. And maybe I'll bring you luck."

I don't doubt but what she will, either lots of it. But what kind o' luck? That's what I'd like to know

The Christmas Gift that's different and always welcome

Special Christmas Selection now on display at Hartmann dealers'

Retailers know that quality is more than "skin-deep"

IT ISN'T difficult to make a wardrobe trunk that "looks" good. But it takes long experience—and exceptional manufacturing facilities to build a trunk that not only *looks* good—but *continues* to look good and endure under the wear and tear and strain of years and travel.

The retailer knows wardrobe trunks—knows trunk quality—he selects, out of his knowledge, for you.

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He has considered quality and value. He is giving you the best that money can buy—at a price well within reason.

Every style—every size—every finish of wardrobe trunk imaginable is in the Hartmann line. You can't go wrong with a Hartmann.

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BE SURE THE HARTMANN RED ✕ IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

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66% of Federal Sales are *Repeat* Orders

No greater tribute to quality and satisfaction can be paid any product than repeat orders. Federal owners have testified to Federal dependability by ordering Another Federal—and then additional Federals.

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Lower first cost—longer life—fewer repairs—lower operating costs—more efficiency. These are the attributes that have given Federal the prestige and leadership that it holds today.

Talk your transportation problems over with a Federal representative. You will find his advice helpful. He knows trucks. He is supported by the records of performance of more than $150,000,000 worth of Federal trucks in service today.

There is a Federal exactly suited to your business. Federal-Knight 1-Ton—Knight Motored 1½-2 Ton—Fast Express—2½-3 Ton—3½ to 4-Ton—5 to 6-Ton—7-Ton—Light Tractor—Heavy Tractor. Also, big speedy 6-cylinder model.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

GREAT FOR GENEVA

(Continued from Page 25)

eminent Leaguer evacuates it in time to catch the noon train. So we walk along the lake front, out toward a large new hotel near the League headquarters. A crowd has gathered, the roadway is roped off and there are moving-picture men about.

Maybe it's Briand, starting off to church, or the Viscount Cecil, leaving for an early morning walk. We hurry. Strange how folks always hang about for a peep at the great. But no, it's nothing like that this time. It is the start of a cross-mountain bicycle race. We stroll on to read the commemorative plaque to Woodrow Wilson on the wall below the League building. Someone calls us by name—an old friend who lives the year round in Geneva, writing books that are published in the United States. We forgather enthusiastically. We have not met since our friend left America, and we have wondered why he chose Geneva for his home.

"No, it wasn't prohibition," he insists. "It's the climate—dry, invigorating—fine for the kids. Besides, the League is here, and sooner or later everybody comes along, just like you today. You will dine with us, of course—tomorrow at eight."

When the League is in Session

We say "Of course," of course, and then he says he must get on to church

"It's Jones today," he explains. "You know—the American preacher. Today he intends to explain just why America is not in the League, and all that. His sermon is printed in both French and English. I've seen an advance copy, and the way he says 'you' all the way through—giving the reasons why 'we,' meaning the United States, do not join with 'you'—reads just as though he were addressing a plenary session."

The town is now quite astir, and we stroll in the direction of church, my friend wising me up, as he says, to the situation.

"These are uplifters," he says, pointing to a party, males and females, boarding an auto bus. "The town is full of uplifters when the League is in session. You see, there's so much on the League calendar to attract them. Quite aside from universal peace, we have the international conference against booze. That's a fair starter. White slavery and opium meetings are also attractive. This month, too, we shall have the malaria conference, the conference on unfair competition and the International Congress of Towns. Don't know what that is myself, but it's getting a fair crowd."

"What are the Leaguers doing today—going to church?"

"The minorities, yes. Some of them will be over to hear Jones. But a lot have gone on lake joy rides over to Lausanne and Evian. There's nothing doing before tomorrow, when there is a plenary session, so the secretariat is having a holiday too."

"But the big fellows of the great Powers—Briand, Painlevé, Cecil, Chamberlain—that crowd. Hard at work, eh?"

Our friend gives a queer chuckle.

"Oh, yes, very hard at work," he replies, "but not at Geneva. They are all over at Aix-les-Bains, having a conference—making arrangements for the big international powwow to arrange the security pact—with Germany, you know."

So that is it! But why not do it in Geneva, where they all were legitimately. Why the excursion to Aix-les-Bains each going on his own, as it developed, and meeting there "accidentally" or almost so? Why leave the League out?

Enlightenment is at hand. In the good old days, in the years immediately after the war, the Supreme Council of Allies, comprising only Premiers and Foreign Ministers, had a great time traveling about Europe, usually from one resort to another—the cities were not popular—"arranging things." Their countries were represented at the League sessions by earnest believers, like Leon Bourgeois of France, Sir Robert Cecil, or like the late Viviani, who always found the League rostrum an excellent setting for one of his brilliant orations. But the real molders went to Cannes, San Remo or Spa to discuss the politics of the hour.

A Happy Solution

There were resorts on the list that they did not reach. Deauville, for example, never entertained the Supreme Council, although it yearned to. But something went amiss. A stubborn person named Poincaré became Prime Minister of France, and he gummed up the works. The international show was on at Genoa at the time. A fleet of yachts was in the harbor. The King came up from Rome, and all were merry, when—when the sad news came that Poincaré wouldn't play. No, sir, he intended to remain in Paris, and if Lloyd George or anybody wanted him, they had the address. After that the brightness faded from the picture. Luckily a General Assembly of the League followed soon after, and the Premiers had a bright thought. They too would go to Geneva, each as the respected head of his country's delegation. The League was a great and mighty instrument and they were for it. Geneva was a fine place, and why had they not thought of it before—with the French frontier running close on three sides and beautiful Aix-les-Bains only a short motor ride away? Besides, it was permanent. No need to bother about the feelings of this nation or that as to whose turn it was to hold a council meeting and bear the expense. Rooms could be booked at Geneva for the same date of every year. The Supreme Council of the Allies was still intact

Sunday is always Sunday, whether in Geneva, Paris or in a country hamlet.

(Continued on Page 150)

The Plenary Session of the Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations in the Hall of Reformation, Geneva

"It's the Point"

The kind of a pen you've always needed. You will never be without MOORE'S, once you have used it. Make the MOORE your bosom friend. You can absolutely depend upon it.

"Tailor-Made Pen Points"

Our pen points are the famous Moore-Miller make, "tailor-made" in our own factory to fit your hand. Get the point that fits your hand and you'll have years of writing pleasure.

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Ask your dealer to fit you with the MOORE that will do your job. There's a MOORE for every need and every purpose.

POINTS
Fine
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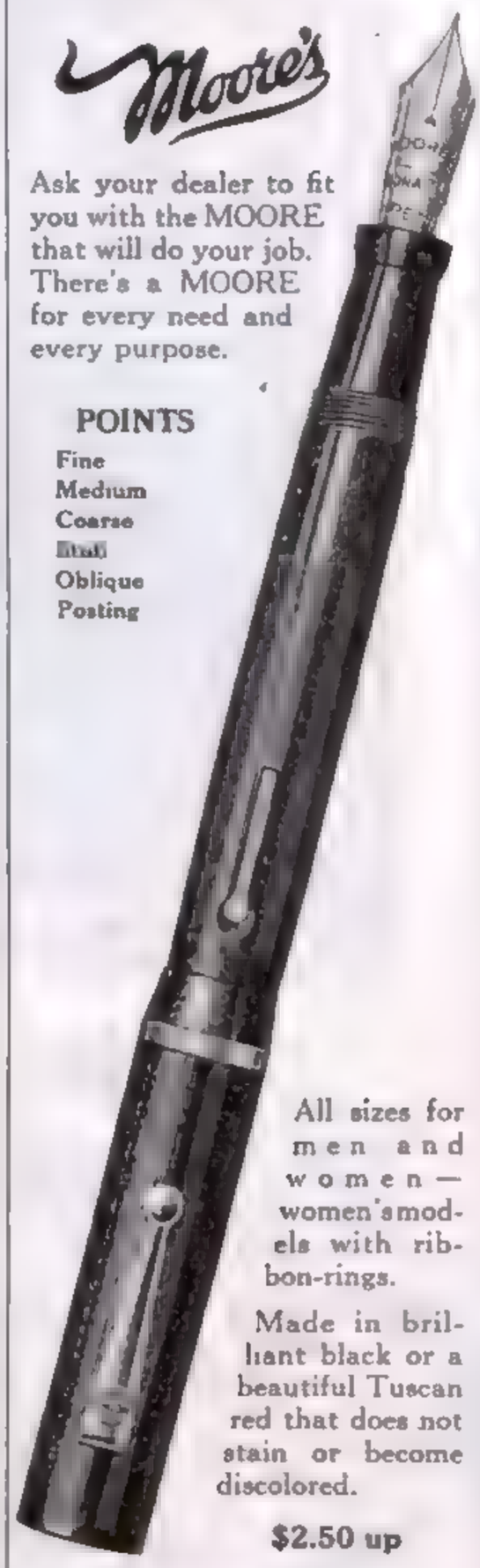

All sizes for men and women—women's models with ribbon-rings.

Made in brilliant black or a beautiful Tuscan red that does not stain or become discolored.

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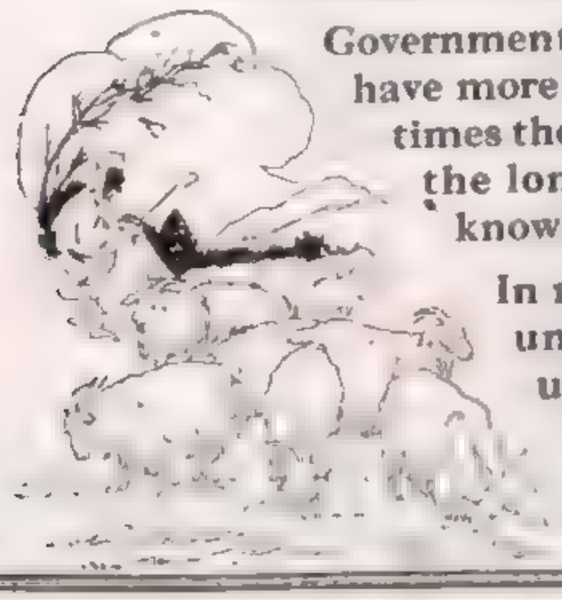
Mohair Velvet~*the*

Facts About Closed Car Upholstery

The undisputed, most practical, longest wearing and most luxurious upholstery fabric is Mohair Velvet.

Mohair Velvet, sometimes called "mohair plush," is a deep, velvety *pile* fabric woven from the lustrous, strong fleece of angora goats.



Government tests show Mohair to have more than two and one-half times the strength of wool—and the longest wearing surface known to the textile world.

In many cars you will find untested, "substitute" upholstery materials—some only suitings—others "granite" weaves which are thin, hard-surface fabrics. Such materials are not practical for closed car upholstery.

Fibres of Mohair Velvet—Chase quality—are so elastic that they spring back into position after severe, continued pressure. This *permanent* position bringing wear directly on the *top ends* of the fibres, insures long wear—no bare or fuzzy spots so common to other fabrics where the wear comes on *the sides* of the fibres.

All plushes used for upholstery are not made of mohair; those woven from vegetable fibres do not resist wear or keep their appearance as well as *mohair plushes* (velvet).

No other upholstery fabric has the enduring beauty of a first quality Mohair Velvet—Chase Velmo.

Superior Fabric *for* Closed Car Upholstery

THE HIGHEST GRADE OF MOHAIR VELVET IS CHASE VELMO

Sanford Mills, though often urged, have never lowered their standards. They have refused to produce inferior Mohair Velvets which could not be guaranteed as is Velmo.

There is a parallel between the upholstery needs of Railway Coaches and Closed Motor Cars. The fabric which has been used for seat upholstery by leading railroads for over 40 years is Chase Velmo—mohair plush. Tests by railroads have proved it unequalled for extreme service, cleanliness, economy and comfort.

Pay Only $20 to $60 Extra for VELMO and have the Finest Upholstery.

Receive Back $50 to $100 on Re-Sale.

Velmo enhances the value and beauty of any car; it is the type of fabric admired by women.

Chase Velmo is guaranteed dependably color-fast; its beautiful texture remains fresh and undimmed after years of severe service.

Chase Velmo is most sanitary; dust does not settle on its surface as in the case of hard finish materials. Delicate clothing is, thereby, saved from harm.

The peculiar pile construction of Velmo keeps the occupants from slipping from side to side while motoring and Velmo is cool and comfortable in all seasons. Velmo does not wear clothing shiny as do other fabrics not made of mohair—pile construction.

Velmo will not spot readily and if soiled can be cleansed easily with pure soap and water—neither rattan beatings nor vacuum cleaning will harm Velmo.

No fabric is the equal of Velmo in resisting wear; it will outwear any other woven upholstery material. Velmo, barring accidents, will last beyond the life of the car itself—re-upholstering being unnecessary.

Consider this—will the upholstery fabric in your closed car look good as long as the car lasts? Put this question up to the salesman and if he doubts the fact that a fabric exists which will give you this wonderful service, tell him Chase Velmo will.

CHASE VELMO—Made by Sanford Mills, Sanford, Me.

L. C. Chase & Co., *Selling Agents*, Boston, New York, Detroit, San Francisco, Chicago

Look for the Velmo Label. It identifies the Genuine Fabric. Write for Free, helpful Booklet—"A Glimpse Inside."

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Velmo

VELvet MOhair

No Fabric Its Equal for Closed Car Upholstery

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In the tropical Zone of Florida

America's "Wonder" City—Breaking All Records for Business Progress

November Opens the Miami Season

Fast de Luxe Train Service Now in Effect. Many New, Extra Fast Trains This Season.

OUTDOOR SPORTS—HEALTH AND FUN

The Climate Supreme
The Tourist's Delight
The Motorist's Mecca
The Fisherman's Paradise
The Golfer's Wonderland
The Polo Player's Pride
The Surf Bather's Joy
The Aviator's Dreamland
The Yachtsman's Rendezvous
The Tennis Player's Happiness
The Horseracing Utopia
The Hi-Li Player's Haven
The Realization of Your Anticipations
Truly the Outdoor City

BEAUTIFUL drives along Crystal Clear Atlantic Ocean and Biscayne Bay; among the Coconuts, Royal Palm, Orange and Grape Fruit Groves.

Wonderful Surf Bathing every day in the year.

America's finest yachts and the world's fastest Speed Boats, assemble in Biscayne Bay for the Mid-Winter Regatta.

Eight Golf Courses. Many splendid Tennis Courts.

Aviation—Express Cruisers of the air to Bimini, 45 minutes; Havana, 3½ hours.

Miami expects to entertain 300,000 visitors this Winter, and she has never failed to please her guests. $50,000 will be expended for musical entertainment.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S FAMOUS BAND
twice daily in Royal Palm Park
(Eighteen weeks, starting December 6th)

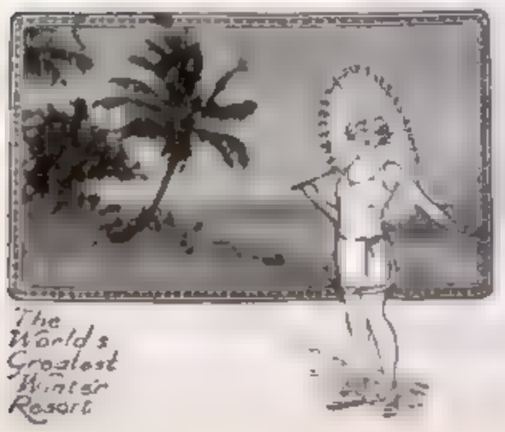
Horseracing will start its second season under the auspices of the Miami Jockey Club, sanctioned by the Metropolitan Jockey Club, covering a period of 45 days, starting in January.

Passenger transportation facilities greatly increased. Florida East Coast Railway System being double tracked. Through sleepers from all large cities. Improved direct steamship service from New York operated by the Clyde Line and Admiral S. S. Line—from Philadelphia by the Merchants and Miners S. S. Co.—from Baltimore and Philadelphia by the Baltimore and Carolina S. S. Co. The Dixie Highway along the Florida East Coast is being placed in fine condition.

Bank deposits increased from $46,000,000 in 1924 to $189,000,000 in 1925. $100,000,000 in new buildings during 1925—46 new hotels, making a total of 136, also completing 365 apartment houses, making a total of 715. Five thousand residences will take roomers.

Write for free handsome booklet, with full information

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA



(Continued from Page 147)

There is a feel to it that is different from any other day. In Geneva this is emphasized. The spirit of Geneva's great reformer, Calvin, stalks through the streets, and a chill sweeps down from Mont Blanc across the blue waters of the lake. In company with a devout Genevese, we gaze upon a latter-day monument to Calvin, surrounded by a group of the world's great uplifters—a long block of granite as high and wide as the side of a business block. We feign admiration, but we feel as dispirited as though we were before the walls of a penitentiary.

We awake next morning with a guilty feeling of relief that it is Monday, and that we will sense the rush and hurly-burly of week-day work. We are out early and over to headquarters for credentials.

An immense hotel—formerly the National—set in spacious, flower-bedded grounds, with tennis courts, is now the League's permanent residence. It is the abode of the secretariat, including one secretary from America, even though League literature advertises the United States along with Afghanistan, Ecuador, Germany, Turkey, Russia and Monte Carlo in the list of incomprehensive or unenlightened absentees. But the American secretary keeps wise to everything, in case some day the United States decided to reform.

The Hall of Consolation

The hotel is a great workshop, but somehow manages to preserve the atmosphere of a tabernacle. We step softly and we pitch our voice almost to a whisper. Everybody is busy and must not be disturbed unless the case is important. We try for a diagram of the place so as to know just where to go.

The League itself is first subdivided into six great organizations. The Assembly, which meets only in September, is subdivided into six main committees. The secretariat is composed of thirteen sections, with eleven sub-branches. The labor office is divided into five parts. The technical organizations are divided into four grand units, with four principal committees and a number of conferences held outside Geneva, such as that on Customs Formalities and Through Railway Tickets that was held in Paris. The special commissions and committees number fifteen. So, without either map or guide, our chance is only one in fifty-seven that we will get into the right place.

It is explained to us that this proportion should be reduced to one in thirty-six—just the same as roulette—owing to the fact that the labor offices and some of the technical organizations have separate buildings of their own, and that the full Assembly is too large to fit into any room of the former hotel, therefore always meets over at the Hall of Reformation, which is built on the site of John Calvin's temple.

Did you ever notice how some folks often cannot remember perfectly good and simple names—always want to say Green for Brown, and that sort of thing? Well, we hear an uplifter, over at the secretariat, forever referring to this Hall of Reformation as the Hall of Consolation. He doesn't mean it at all, for we correct him, and he apologizes. Nevertheless, he gets us into the habit and we can't get over it. We lose out at the secretariat. Our one chance in thirty-six doesn't come up, and everybody is too busy to bother with us. So we go over to the Hall of Consolation to be consoled. Maybe we will get in the front line of the sidewalk throng and watch the delegates go in. The plenary session is at ten o'clock.

The Hall of Consolation—a squarish, barnlike edifice—is sort of stuck on at the back of the Victoria Hotel. The entrance for delegates and press is through the hotel, while the visitors, ticketed for the upper gallery, go around back. Three Genevese policemen guard an empty sidewalk before the hotel. It is almost time for the session, but the crowd is late. We make to enter, but a door attendant bars the way. Unless we have a ticket to the League, or a room in the hotel—the key will be evidence of that—we are due to lose again. A happy thought—we have a rendezvous with a journalist friend in the buffet, which is the other name for the bar. The doorman knows this friend and opines that he might be in the buffet, so we win.

The bar is empty, as bars should be, especially at that hour of day. But it develops that our friend lives in the hotel, and must be either in his own room or in the press room, reading the program for the day and arranging his thoughts concerning the article that later he will cable to America. The press room is fairly full, mostly of Germans. Thirty-two German papers have representatives at the League—three more than England. Our friend has not been seen about, so we go to his room and awaken him.

"The plenary session begins in a half hour and we would like to go in," we inform him. He yawns and reaches for the bell button.

"Get up," we insist. "There is work to do—if not for yourself, then for us." He sits up sleepily. He has no intention of attending the plenary session. He has already been to a plenary session—once for an hour. He can always get the speeches later. But he has a card—two cards, as a matter of fact—and if only he can find them we may have them. Personal cards, of course, but no one looks at them. He gets up and fumbles through clothes and papers. He searches a long time and we again despair. We suggest that the curtains be drawn back so that the light of day may aid the search. But he gives a sigh of victory, dragging a ragged ticket from a trousers pocket.

We are saved; in fact, we are doubly saved, for when we return to the press room we find our own credentials awaiting us. They are delivered by an earnest young woman from the secretariat, an exceptionally earnest, capable young woman, who, it is said, knows more about the League than many of the delegates. Anyhow, as soon as she knew about us we had all we wanted—tickets, maps, diagrams, pamphlets, and even booklets that ordinarily are sold for twenty cents; everything in fact but photographs. We bought them.

The plenary session of the League of Nations. We are in the front row of the press gallery, where we can see everything. The hour has struck. The galleries are almost filled, but the seats of the delegates are almost empty. But they straggle in. President Dandurand of Canada is only twenty minutes late, and then the session is under way.

A French-Speaking Irishman

In the front row, directly beneath the rostrum, sit the French. Painlevé, back from Aix, refreshed, rosy, mustache properly waxed; Paul-Boncour, alert, smiling, restless; Loucheur, heavy, stolid, mandarinlike; Briand, shaggy, cynical, lounging, and staring at the ceiling through half-closed eyes. On the first side row, the British. Chamberlain, monocled and immaculate; Viscount Cecil, lean, elegant, earnest; the Duchess of Atholl, trim, sedate. Over behind the French, on the opposite side of the aisle, the Irish. Desmond Fitzgerald, blond, curly-haired, young but flinty; Kevin Higgins, dark, sleek, well dressed; and Diarmuid O'Hegarty, rough and sleepy. Other notables scattered throughout the room. Paul Hymans of Belgium. The aged but still stalwart Count Apponyi of Hungary, Viscount Ishii of Japan. The Abyssinian delegation giving color and the Maharaja of Patiala from India lending splendor to the scene.

There are two official languages, English and French. The speaker may elect his language, but it is then translated to the other by the official interpreter, thus dragging the session into twice the ordinary time and also wearing on the patience of everyone.

Tang Tsai-Fou of China has the rostrum. A long, impassioned plea, delivered in halting French, on the ills of his country. The delegates are uneasy. They squirm. Perhaps a resolution is coming that might seem to demand political action. But Tang Tsai-Fou wanders off on the subject of import duties. It appears that champagne and cigars are cheaper in China than elsewhere on account of the low tariff. The League breathes easier.

When the interpreter begins, there is a slight commotion in the front row. Briand is going out, climbing heavily over Loucheur and Paul-Boncour, and fumbling for his cigarette case. No need for him to hear it all over again in English, which he does not understand.

Deamond Fitzgerald has the floor. He speaks in French—beautiful, cultivated French, and the British delegation seems openly annoyed. It is apparent that they do not understand. Why can't this Irishman speak a proper language? But Dizzy Fitzgerald was raised in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and he often prefers the French language to his own. President Raoul Dandurand also is annoying. He replies to Fitzgerald in French. Coming from one of the dominions, one would think he would have sense enough to speak English. But French is quite common in Canada, and Dandurand shows his linguistic versatility.

Behind Glass Doors

Count Apponyi is on the rostrum. The old statesman speaks for more than an hour, ponderously eloquent. Those who understand French applaud the pacific tendencies of the ex-militarist. Those who do not understand fear he may be swaying the assemblage to a wrong tack. But he goes on and on, until only the galleries exhibit interest. Many delegates nod drowsily. A number wander back to the section reserved for distinguished visitors to chat with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. The voice of the speaker becomes a drone, the atmosphere is oppressive. We gaze aloft to the packed galleries. Interest there is maintained; a sort of religious fervor shows on the faces peering intently over the rail. We half expect that the speaker's peroration will call forth the Chautauqua salute—the graceful flutter of white handkerchiefs. But the voice of a journalist invites us to the buffet.

After luncheon there is a meeting of the Council at the League headquarters, in the sumptuous Glass Room overlooking the splendid park and the sparkling lake. We go there, but the front entrance is closed whenever the Council meets, perhaps that the view may not be interrupted by the passing throng, so we go in the back way. The grand corridor is packed. The council is after all the Big Ten, made up only of representatives of the great and semi-great powers. Its function, according to League law, is to "deal with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world." So, you see, it is important. The crowd has reason to be there.

We wander about the lobby, greeting old acquaintances and wondering whether So-and-So has arrived or is arriving, until we come to the closed doors of the Glass Room. Here the crowd is thicker and almost entirely feminine. We go away to visit in different offices, but as we pass again several times throughout the afternoon the same crowd is still there. Finally we pause to study it.

It is a quiet crowd. There is no scuffling or shoving. In fact, it scarcely moves. There is no talk. Every pair of eyes is fixed upon the closed doors. Everyone seems to be listening. There is an expression almost of religious rapture upon every face. Now the Council may, under League law, declare that any covenant-breaking state be dropped from the League. So we suppose that something like that is in progress, that someone had been naughty and is being properly punished. We ask in low tones what is up. But no answer—only stares, withering, pitying. We go away. We finally consult the agendum to learn that the Council sits

(Continued on Page 153)

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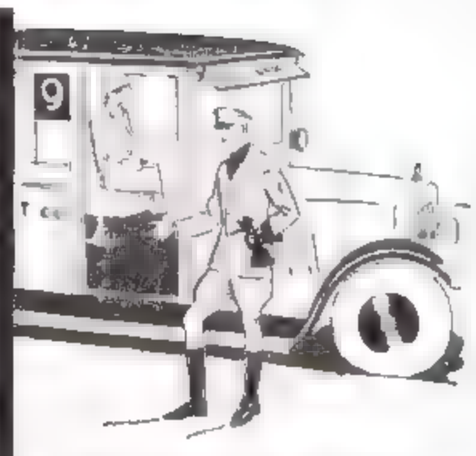

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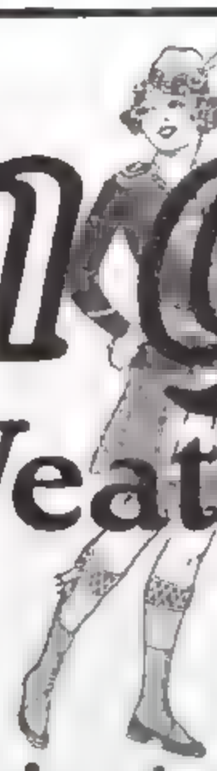

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For quality in rubber footwear and clothing buy only articles bearing the

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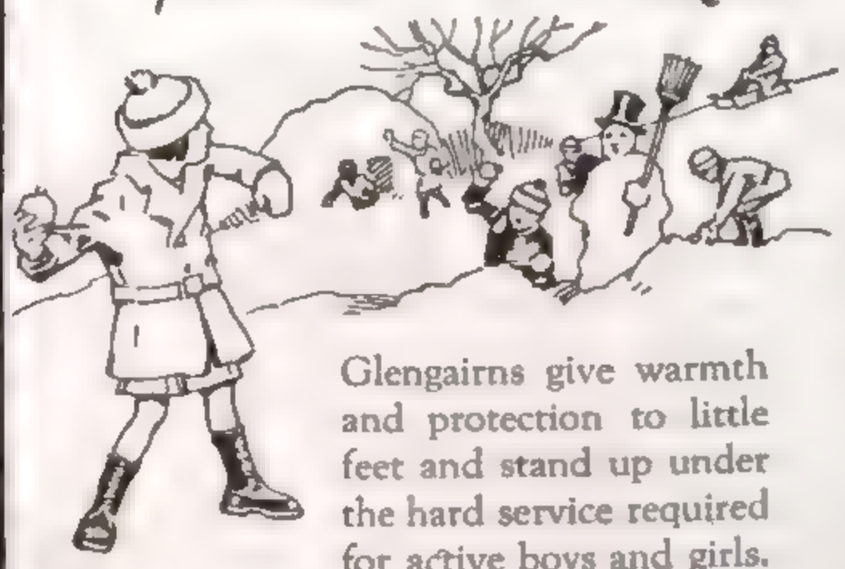

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(Continued from Page 150)

to discuss certain matters pertaining to the Saar coal basin and to draft the League budget.

It appears now that again for the year 1925 the total upkeep of the League of Nations will hover around $5,000,000, including clerk hire; but this is not considered too much when it is divided into fifty-five parts, and it is estimated that the quota of the larger nations is in no case greater than one two-thousandth of the nation's total expenditure. Of the total, about $2,500,000 is for the League itself, and the remainder for the labor office, the permanent court, and for working capital.

We drift out of the place and sit on a bench beside the lake. Beside us is a fat Genevese who stares moodily, it seems, into the crystal-clear water. He glances at us occasionally, and finally drags out a pipe.

"American?" he grunts. We admit it, and he seems to cheer up, so we start the conversation.

"Great for Geneva," we say—"the League!"

He ponders this for a moment, then says, "Well, they got one of our best hotels," gesturing back over his shoulder.

"But think, man, of the business the League brings! All these conferences—the big one once a year and the score of minor ones. There are hundreds of Leaguers alone to spend their money."

"Oh, the Leaguers!" His tone is strangely flat. "Well, you see, it's this way: Geneva is in a narrow strip of territory that sticks out from the rest of Switzerland, and the French frontier is only a few miles away, on three sides. The Leaguers benefit by the low exchange and go to France to buy. They go to Aix, or even down to Lyons."

"But are there no passport difficulties in all this crossing of the frontier at will?"

"Not for Leaguers. Everyone, down to the stenographers, carries the League card that gets them by. They are not troubled either by visas or customs, and they are repatriated every three years for a nice long holiday at home." He paused, to reflect, doubtless. "Oh, of course, don't think I am a knocker. The League does heaps of good, of course."

"Of course," we say, and we ask his further opinion on this line.

Geneva Before and After

"Well, there are lots of things in which the League is useful. All these different nationals get acquainted for one thing—sort of get wise to one another, and that, of course, helps things back home. Then they do make good recommendations—lots of them. Opium traffic and white slavery are great evils, along with alcoholism. Must be stamped out. Then there are such useful matters as tonnage measurement in inland navigation, the protection of industrial property. The Mediterranean interchange of port medical officers and the Japanese interchange of health officers and the standardization of biological products."

We wait impatiently.

"In political matters the League has been less successful up to date. It has taken a hand in the settlement of questions like the Aland Islands, Vilna, Memel, Upper Silesia, Albania, Corfu. But no great world question comes up, where the powers don't get together and decide for themselves."

"How about Mosul? That's important. It might cause war between England and the Turks. It is up before the League at this session."

"Yes. But there again the Council refuses to give judgment until a lot of technical points have been decided at The Hague. The danger remains that while the lawyers quibble, the Turks will march."

Verily, the man talks like the London Daily Mail; but again he lapses into silence, staring moodily into the water.

"But Geneva," we insisted. "You get crowds of visitors who come because the League is here."

"Visitors!" he laughed. "But Geneva always had visitors. Geneva was stylish before the League came. But the League Assembly is just at the best time of the year, so there is no room for the fashionable crowd. The Leaguers don't set the style. Geneva has the League, but it is no longer a stylish town."

He gets up and moves off heavily. We return to our hotel.

The telephone operator informs us that our friend of the day before—the one who went to church—is on the wire. He seems excited, so our tone becomes sympathetic.

"You see, we are giving this dinner tonight for you," he says, and we admit that such was our understanding. But we think there is some important League development that has called the dinner off. "But," he adds, "there is a Russian grand duchess coming—a real one—and there is the question of the seating. You won't mind particularly if she has the seat of honor?"

"My boy," say we, "we're for the grand duchess every time. Put her right up at the top and don't mind us at all. Just get us in close, and we will discuss anything with her, except the League, in fair French, bad German or good United States."

"She speaks them all," says he, "and we are going to have sweet corn on the cob."

"Many times three rousing cheers," say we. "Is it Golden Bantam or Country Gentleman?" And he says it's both, and that he had the seed sent over, special, from the United States.

Dining With the Grand Duchess

The grand duchess is all that is advertised. She naturally is down in her luck these days, like all grand duchesses, but she is very sweet about it and doesn't blame anyone, not even the League. In fact, we do not talk about the League much. There are occasional cracks, far down the table, but the grand duchess skillfully leads the talk into other channels. On the other side of us is a bride, a little French girl, and a peach. This is about her first experience in such a mix-up of nationalities, believers and unbelievers, and she is "very much intrigued" in everything as she says herself. She is settled in Geneva because of the League; or rather on account of her husband, so before long we sense what is coming.

"What does America think of the League?" she asks, unblinking.

"But we want to know what Geneva thinks of the League," we riposte. "The League belongs to Geneva now, you know."

"Oh, it's great for Geneva, whether Geneva knows it or not. What would she do without it, now? Perhaps she would commit suicide in her beautiful lake. Come, come, you must tell what America thinks."

We compromise by telling her a story that we heard that very afternoon at the hotel—a story of an American couple who lived in Geneva for years. They remained only during the season, for they were very rich and had many beautiful houses, both in America and abroad. In Geneva they gave beautiful entertainments in their exquisite chalet, the grounds of which stretched down to a private pier, where a white yacht rode proudly. Came the news that Geneva had been chosen as the permanent home for the League over many bidders. "Great for Geneva," they said, being at that moment off for the winter season at Cairo.

They returned to Geneva for the autumn season, and found the League installed and the first Assembly in full swing. They went away immediately. That winter many workmen came to their beautiful park and built a high wall that even shuts away the lake. The pier was demolished and the boat sold. The couple came back later, motoring in by night so that no one saw them. They are in Geneva now, but no one sees them. From the grounds of their home they can see across the lake and watch the snow atop Mont Blanc. But Geneva is shut out to them by the high wall. Geneva may never see them again. The Genevese say they must be crazy, these Americans.

"Now, I just wonder whether they really are," the little bride says thoughtfully.

A New Day

See Pages 102, 103 and 104

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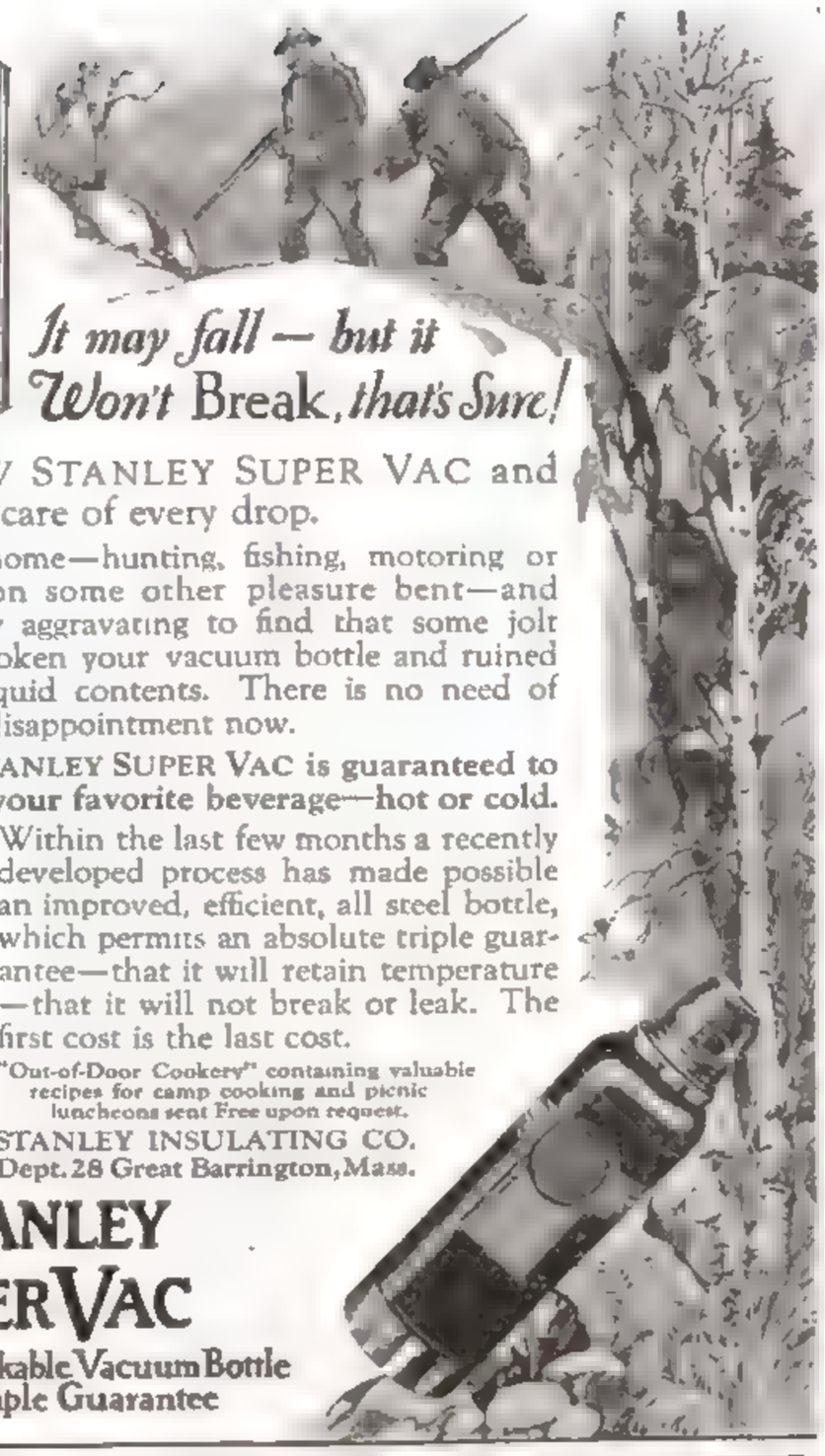

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TOMORROW'S GASOLINE

Continued from Page 5)

under which the petroleum industry developed its own specialized character and form is essential

Although the United States is neither alone nor exceptional in possessing large oil-bearing areas, it is not difficult to understand why the major development has taken place on our soil. Our production of crude at home has practically kept pace with our domestic consumption of petroleum products, and there being little excess of consumption over production, the incentive to embark on hazardous ventures in foreign fields until recent years has been small.

It so happens that Great Britain and the European nations commercially comparable to the United States, and possessing facilities for the development of such an industry, lack the raw material in appreciable quantities within their own boundaries. On the other hand, most of the countries possessing potential oil areas are without the climatic and economic advantages which have contributed to the rapid and easy development of our petroleum resources. In the general scheme of things ours has been the most favored nation in this gift of Nature.

If we turn our eyes to the northerly half of South America we will see an effective illustration of this contrast of conditions and advantages. Here are countries possessing large potential petroleum areas, but although their existence has long been recognized by men of scientific knowledge, and although of all the probable productive fields of the world these lie closest to the United States, nevertheless many obstacles to their development have been encountered. A tropical climate, lack of organized transportation except by water, and political disturbances have all entered into the problem and have confined the geological reconnaissance of these countries to relatively small and scattered sections.

Developing Foreign Fields

The part that scientifically organized transportation, fitted to the special requirements of the industry, has played in the petroleum development of the United States is but vaguely appreciated by most of us. But the visitor to those South American countries which figure in the oil maps of the world soon learns what it means. There many of the most promising structures which have been investigated by geologists—or geologized, as the oil man puts it—lie far inland. To develop a production of crude involves countless hazards, the most important of which are the construction of transportation systems through tropical jungles, provisioning, and the delivery of equipment from distant bases on the seacoast, which, in case of heavy machinery, involves enormous freight and handling charges. Scarcely less formidable is the problem of labor, which means the importation of technical and mechanical experts and the training of native workers to novel tasks. Bound up with this is the creation of sanitary conditions, a matter of much graver concern in tropical countries than in our own fields. Serious as are the obstacles in connection with these initial phases of production, the subsequent problems of bringing the crude to a market almost equal them in magnitude.

An index of the fortunate conditions under which the industry has expanded in the United States in comparison with its expansion in other countries on this hemisphere is to be found in the fact that, in the majority of our fields, commercial development, including a market for the production, has been attained in an average of six months, while it has required a minimum of as many years to bring the more important foreign fields to a similar stage. In this fundamental advantage the American motorist has from the very outset unconsciously shared and our whole industrial and social structure has benefited.

What We Owe to Gasoline

The development of a modern oil field is in no country a poor man's job, but an idea of what it means elsewhere may be gathered from the industry's experience that before an adequate return on investments in most of the foreign fields has been realized, the minimum expenditure has frequently been $25,000,000, and in certain of them double that amount. Except in Mexico and the older fields of Russia, Rumania and Galicia, there has been little competitive effort in the exploitation of petroleum resources such as prevails in the United States. In most of these other foreign fields development has been largely the result of the efforts of a single company.

Physical obstacles and the large investment of capital required for operations abroad early convinced the American industry as a whole that a dollar invested in the oil business at home would yield considerably more than a dollar spent elsewhere. The major British and European oil companies have been equally alive to this, and for the reason that we as a nation have always pursued the policy of the open door with regard to foreign participation in our petroleum development, the way of these foreign companies has been made easy.

A few years ago some of the European oil corporations, primarily formed to develop and market petroleum from fields in other parts of the world, decided to enter American territory. In 1923 one of these companies produced 35,000,000 barrels of crude in the United States, or 38 per cent of its total output. This company's activities extend to all the seven seas, but it

(Continued on Page 157)

Natives Making a Road Through a South American Jungle Over Which Supplies Can be Carried Into a Proposed Drilling Site

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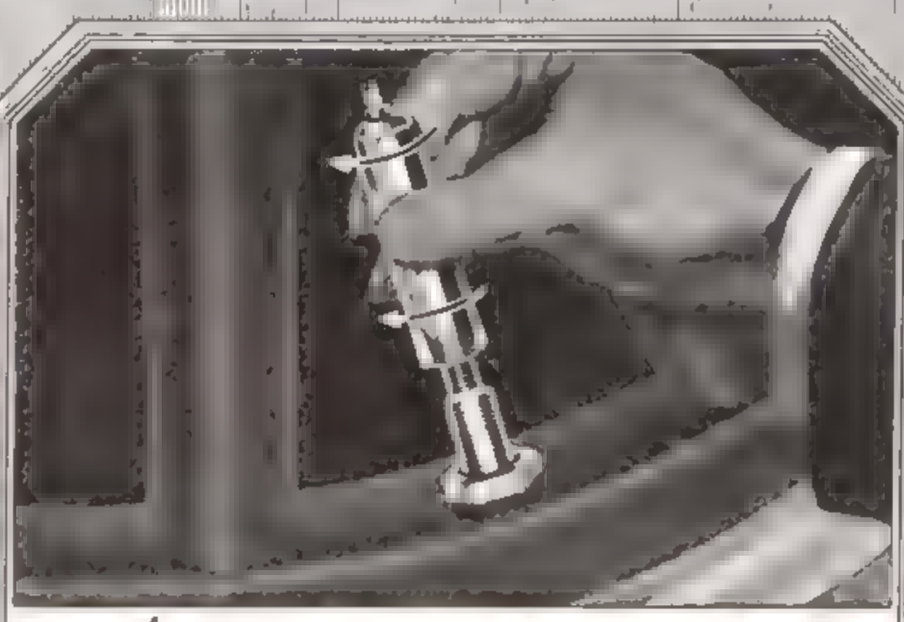
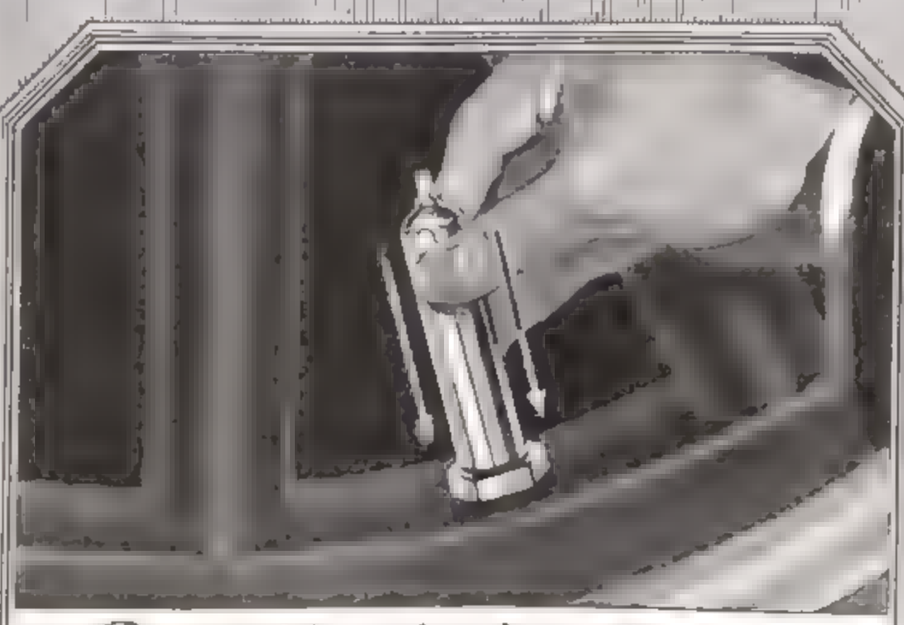
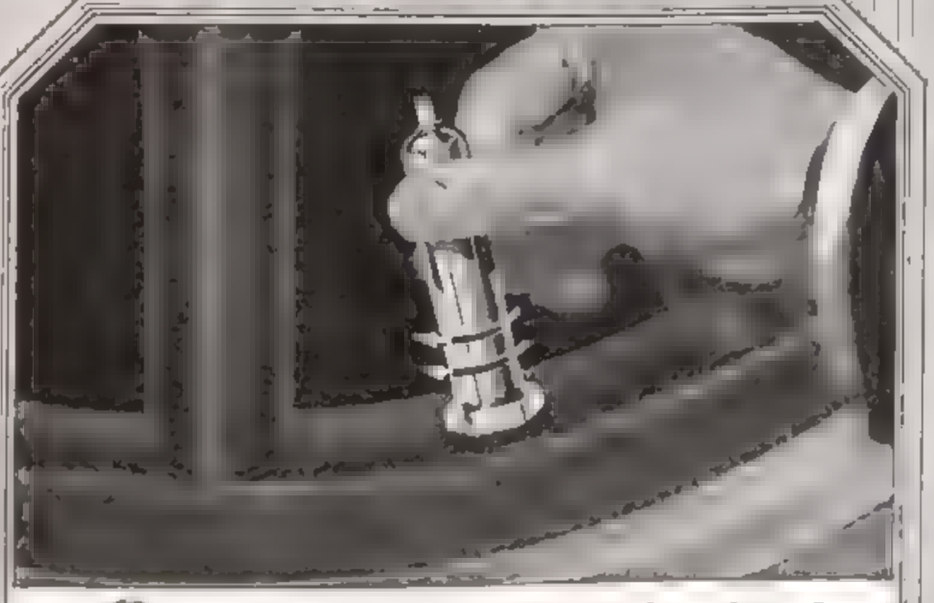


1 *Just catch the cap on the valve stem with one or two turns—it's just as simple as it sounds—*



2 *then push down as far as the cap will go—the valve cap slides inside the dust cap to fit any length stem*



3 *another turn or two to tighten and it's done. It comes off just as easy—simply reverse operation.*

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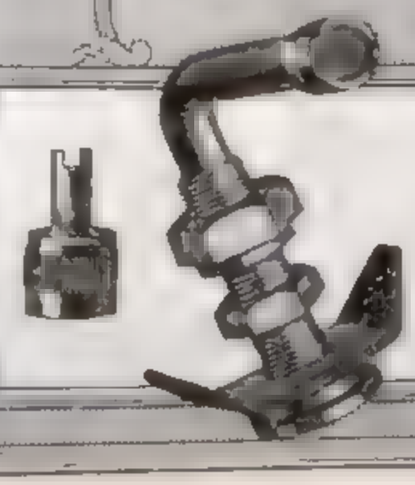
Dill valve parts are the product of a sincere desire to build the finest valve equipment that skill and careful workmanship can produce.



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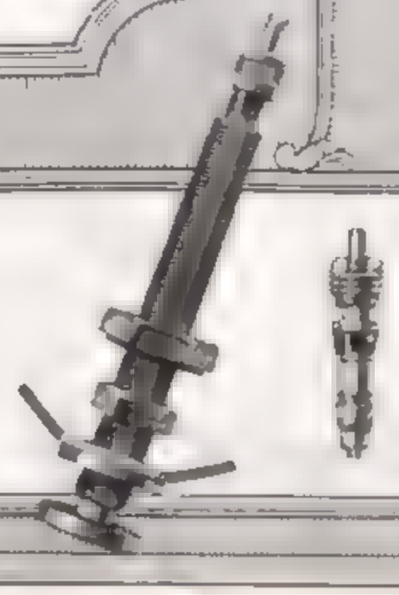
Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts



(Continued from Page 154)

is apparent that it has realized that investment in American petrolum development offers a more lucrative return than similar investments in other countries. As a result the American consuming public has enjoyed in late years the benefits of the employment of foreign capital in developing one of our basic resources.

A survey entering intimately into the conditions of life prevailing in the average household or business concern would reveal a thousand channels through which American methods and competitive effort have brought petroleum products of the highest quality at minimum cost to the door of every consumer. Thus these products have become essential commodities entering into every sphere of our existence, industrial, commercial and social.

Without consideration of the countless uses which other products of petroleum have assumed in the fabric of our industrial life, it is worth while contemplating some of the benefits to civilization which have accrued from the abundance of gasoline. It has enormously increased the radius of existence for the average man and woman. Great cities are an impressive factor in the present development of the United States, but we will all agree that the basis of our prosperity and of our civilization lies in our smaller communities and our vast agricultural domain. To these the motor car has been an incalculable boon. It has broadened the social life of isolated communities and linked it up with that of others.

It is not insignificant that in the statistics of the motor trade the greatest increases in the proportion of cars to population are recorded in agricultural states. This means that in a large measure the motor car has removed the loneliness and disabilities of rural life. For the average man and woman it has destroyed distance to a degree that no transportation devices of the past could have accomplished. Had it performed no other service than bringing an era of improved highways to supplant the primitive roads that existed at the dawn of this century, it would have justified itself.

Cracking Processes

At no time has the cost of gasoline been so high as to limit in any way its general use. It has been so universally available at a low level of price as to make possible the widespread employment of the motor car. This is why the American people consume petroleum in almost incredible volume as compared with those of other nations. In 1924 our per capita consumption was five and one-half barrels as compared with one-fifth of a barrel per capita for the remainder of the world's population, or twenty-seven times more than the average elsewhere. Thus while we produced in that year five-eighths of the world's petroleum, we consumed it in almost equal ratio. In fact, our every activity has become so dependent upon petroleum that we as a people have developed a motor nerve through which any suggestion of a materially increased price, or of a possible depletion of supply, reacts upon our national consciousness.

There has always been some apprehension as to the future supply of petroleum. The public has acquired this uneasy feeling from the oil men themselves, for only within the past few years have those engaged in the industry ceased to wonder what would happen when this or that field was exhausted. Formerly the available supply of gasoline could be measured only by the amount of crude in sight, for methods of manufacture were still primitive and the yield of gasoline obtainable was limited to the only known method of extraction—primary distillation.

Naturally there were doubts as to whether all the gasoline recoverable by this means would be sufficient to meet the constantly expanding demand. In a measure this situation was met by the development of processes for the extraction of gasoline from natural and refinery gas, and in greater part by the perfection of what is known as cracking. Although by this cracking method one barrel of crude yields as much gasoline as was previously available from two, it is doubtful if even today the average American producer, not to speak of those engaged in other branches of the industry, fully realizes the extent to which the production of crude necessary to meet our gasoline requirements has been reduced by the commercialization of the various cracking processes.

Can the Demand be Met?

Since the first decade of the oil business, scientific authorities—on the basis of the evidence before them—have been predicting an early and final exhaustion of our petroleum resources. But what these authorities failed to consider was the impelling influence of demand. The higher level of price arising from this demand was the factor they ignored, but, nevertheless, at each successive stage it has been effective in causing the requirements for petroleum to be fully met.

In as much as the problem of obtaining a sufficient amount of crude to meet the demand has always been one of economics, of price performing its normal function, by increasing or decreasing consumption, an understanding of the influence of price upon supply is necessary to an appreciation of just how the supplies of essential petroleum derivatives are to be provided in the future. The consideration of this will be clarified by a recital of the economics of the uses of petroleum in modern commerce.

Petroleum, either in its crude or finished state, is largely used as fuel—as gasoline for automotive engines; as kerosene for illumination and heat; as light distillate oils for the Diesel engine—a revolutionizing invention in itself—and as fuel oil for steam generation. During periods of overproduction much petroleum has been forced into

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You may have your choice of four different colored bulbs inside virgin white, or gorgeous multi-hued imported Pedrara Royal Onyx Balls

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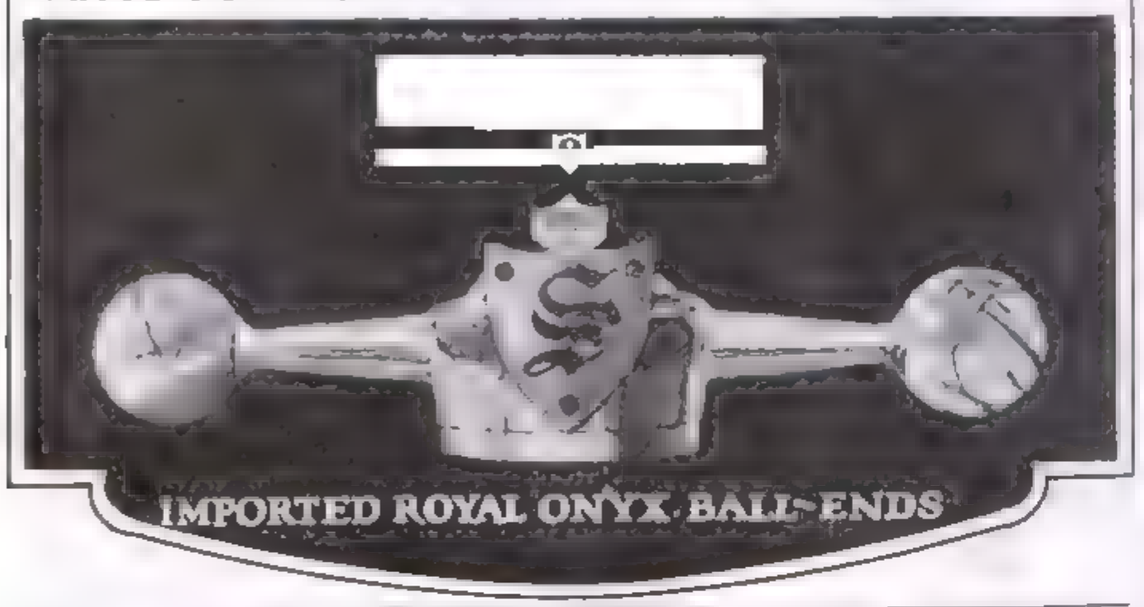

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direct competition with coal for the generation of power on land and as bunkers for cargo ships.

Since this country possesses an abundant reserve of coal, the competition of fuel oil, with a commodity the value of which is solely dependent upon its thermal efficiency, has been uneconomic, but it has been unavoidable. This competition has offered the only immediate outlet for a surplus which would have been very costly to store. At such time in the distant future, however, as the production of crude declines or consumption of products increases to the point of threatening a shortage, prices of the product will advance and consumption will decrease, beginning with those derivatives of crude for which substitutes are obtainable at a lower cost.

When the price of petroleum for power purposes becomes higher than that of coal, there will be a conversion from oil to coal, with a corresponding reduction in the consumption of fuel oil. Oil so released will be converted by the various cracking processes into products of higher value, and thus an augmented supply of gasoline will be made available. The present pressure to sell oil for use under boilers in competition with coal is due to the fact that probably one-half the 1,054,000 barrels thus burned daily has no other available market and cannot be economically stored pending the day until it is needed for the manufacture of gasoline.

There are relatively few uses in which coal cannot satisfactorily supplant fuel oil. The exceptions include naval and military requirements, the enrichment of coal gas, glass manufacture, specialized steel manufacture and certain other industrial processes. Any actual shortage of crude would result in the general displacement not only of fuel oil by coal but progressively of other products of petroleum by cheaper substitutes as the cost of petroleum advanced to a level that would give the substitutes a price advantage. The order in which petroleum would be replaced by substitutes in the remote contingency of a serious scarcity of crude is: First, as liquid fuel for steam generation on land; second, as liquid fuel for steam generation at sea; third, as gas oils and distillate fuels; fourth, as fuel for Diesel motors; and finally as gasoline.

Fuel oil would not only be the first to be affected but it is the only product of petroleum the use of which would be curtailed in the event of a marked scarcity of crude. Last year our consumption of petroleum products, including asphalt, wax, coke and similar products, was the equivalent of 796,145,000 barrels of crude. Of this quantity 644,000,000 barrels were run through the refineries, the balance being sold without first being refined. From the quantity of crude so run only 214,128,000 barrels was gasoline, or about 26.9 per cent of the total amount consumed.

Wasteful Use of Gasoline

Had there been no cracking equipment in operation last year, it would have been necessary to run 856,000,000 barrels of crude to meet the gasoline demand, or 212,000,000 barrels more than was actually run. On the other hand, had the price of gasoline justified the investment of the capital necessary to provide the industry with the requisite amount of cracking equipment, 385,000,000 barrels of crude would have sufficed to meet the entire demand for gasoline and for the necessary lubricating oils. In the latter case there would have been little if any heavy fuel oil available to come into competition with coal.

In 1918 the ratio of cracked gasoline to the primary distillation, or straight gasoline, was one barrel to six and one-half; by 1924 this ratio had risen to one barrel in three and two-thirds. This rapid growth is one of the industrial victories which have marked the history of petroleum. It is the ancient story of science and commerce transforming the by-product of yesterday into the major product of today. Such figures are impressive, for through more intensive refining the day of shortage of gasoline has been put forward to a date so remote as to be negligible from the standpoint of the motorist.

At the present time there is in America an actual overproduction of approximately 164,000,000 barrels of crude, if measured by the quantity used as fuel in 1924, for which coal could have been substituted. There is no price incentive as yet to eliminate entirely this uneconomic condition. Similarly, we are using gasoline wastefully in our motors because there has been no price incentive to improve their efficiency as to maximum results for a minimum consumption of gasoline. We have been getting along with an automotive engine which has given us but 5 per cent efficiency from the fuel used.

Defenses Against Fuel Shortage

Europe, under the stimulus of a price of gasoline swelled by duties and taxes all out of proportion to the American price, has improved the efficiency of automotive engines until it gets as much out of a gallon of gasoline as we get out of two. Our foremost automotive experts have recently expressed the opinion that our present engine efficiency could be doubled. This accomplished, the price of gasoline might travel upward without materially affecting our average expenditure for this commodity. The motoring public may view the future with equanimity if it keeps its eye on the price per mile rather than on the price per gallon.

An advance in price which would result, as has resulted many times in the past, from a deficiency in supply is the motorist's guaranty of the future. When he is told by the industry that an advance in price is due to the demand being in excess of the supply, he does not realize that the deficiency is temporary and that the increased price will operate to overcome it. Higher prices for gasoline in the future—which is something entirely different from an increase in the cost of motor transportation—would bring within the reach of the motorist several lines of defense against the depletion of his supply of motor fuel.

Some of the best business minds of the country have been recently engaged in a survey of these lines of defense and of the probable demand to be made upon them in the years to come. A Committee of Eleven, all prominent members of the American Petroleum Institute, and each a recognized authority on one or more phases of the petroleum industry, was asked to undertake this task by the institute, and it has just issued an able report on the subject.

In its conclusions the committee enumerates the several lines of defense, the first of which is the existing petroleum reserves. Our supplies of crude now come from either flowing or pumping wells, and the committee estimates that, without change in prevailing recovery methods, we can anticipate a yield from these wells and from areas these wells have proved to be oil-bearing, of more than 5,300,000,000 barrels of crude. But our stores of recoverable petroleum are not exhausted when oil can no longer be obtained by the pump or by spontaneous flow. The committee believes that when these operations have ceased there will still remain in these fields 26,000,000,000 barrels of oil, a considerable portion of which can be recovered by other methods that have already been tested and proved to be feasible.

One of these methods, which consists of flooding the apparently exhausted oil sands with water and thus flushing the petroleum into adjacent wells, has already been commercially applied in the Bradford field in Pennsylvania; and Mr. Forest Dorn, whose name has been given to one of the processes, states that the amount of oil recovered from producing areas which were nearing exhaustion is as high as 10,000 to 12,000 barrels an acre. It is further stated

(Continued on Page 161)

IN XMAS CARTONS
This 10-inch household Wood Handle TRIMO Wrench is put up in attractive Xmas cartons and makes a very practical gift for any man—particularly car owners, mechanics and the handy man around the house.

NUT-GUARDS keep the TRIMO Pipe Wrench in Adjustment

The arrow in this picture points to another TRIMO feature that makes this the preferred Pipe Wrench among householders, mechanics, farmers and American industries.

Note how these NUT GUARDS extend beyond the adjustment nut, so that when you work with the TRIMO in close quarters, or when you lay it down, the wrench stays adjusted. This is a big time-saving feature which you cannot fully appreciate until you actually work with the TRIMO.

In previous advertisements we've told you about the replaceable insert jaw in the handle which makes it possible to extend the life of this durable tool almost indefinitely and at trifling cost; we've told you of TRIMO'S Steel Frame that WILL NOT BREAK; and this third feature—the NUT GUARDS—is just another reason why you should always "INSIST on TRIMO and ACCEPT NO OTHER." Made in eight STEEL handle sizes, 6, 8, 10, 14, 18, 24, 36 and 48 inches; in four WOOD handle sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 14 inches.

At all hardware, mill and plumbing supply stores.

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America's Leading Wrench Makers
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ON WINTER'S HILLS—and there are miles of them from November to March—choose McKay traction going up and McKay safety coming down. Users everywhere will tell you that McKays *cost no more and they last.*

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McKAY TIRE CHAINS

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Remember
that
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is the name for
Better Bumpers

(Continued from Page 158)

that in areas where flooding is not practicable because of the composition of the sands or the lack of water, the use of compressed air has brought satisfactory returns, while unwatering and mining—the latter as practiced in Alsace—will add greatly to the recovery of oil from areas that no longer are productive under present methods. These billions of barrels which the Committee of Eleven believes to be recoverable by processes that are practically new constitute a second line of defense against the exhaustion of gasoline sources, and will come into use under the necessary price incentive.

The committee discusses the probable existence of undiscovered oil sands beneath the fields which are at present serving us. Improved drilling methods have now placed these deep sands within reach. The modern drill penetrates thousands of feet below levels formerly attained. Though wells deeper than 3000 feet are comparatively new, there is in West Virginia a well almost a mile and a half deep. Reviewing the possibilities of deeper drilling, the committee makes this significant statement:

"In every one of the producing areas of the United States oil will very probably be obtained in sands other than those now producing."

A formidable third line, this is; but there are yet others even potentially stronger.

Perhaps the most obvious bulwark of additional security against scarcity of crude in this country is the existence of enormous areas of land that have never been subjected to the test of detailed exploration, but in which the geological formation suggests the possibility of oil. After its study of these areas the committee states that this, the greatest of the national petroleum reserves, consists of 1,100,000,000 acres of as yet unexplored and unproved land, underlaid with sedimentary rocks that await the drill. The committee emphasizes the fact that these resources will be commercially utilized "if and when the cost of recovery is justified by the price of the products."

Foreign and Home Supplies

The extension of American activities in foreign petroleum fields—which has been accomplished in the face of all the difficulties I have enumerated—has been comparatively recent. It has, however, been fruitful, as evidenced by the fact that in 1924 more than 40 per cent of all crude production outside the United States was obtained by companies directly or indirectly American owned. There arises a natural conjecture as to the outcome should the gradual decline of present producing fields in this country fail to be supplemented by new petroleum areas and by yields from deeper sands in established fields. The location of the chief sources of supply would then be transferred to other countries, and the question has sometimes been asked whether existing companies could face such a revolutionary readjustment. Though the contingency is remote, it may be said that the machinery of the industry is of a character which could speedily adjust itself to the new conditions.

It has been an axiom of its existence that the industry should provide facilities for reaching out in pursuit of new sources of crude in the event of exhaustion of settled fields. There has seldom been a time when the industry has known what the future might bring forth, or in what direction it must go for supplies of raw material. Nevertheless, refineries, pipe lines and equipment of this character were planned with an eye to the future; and the mobile nature of the industry—its changing bases—was fully recognized by the pioneers who commenced the work of systemization more than half a century ago. Thus if the ratio between foreign and home supplies that at present prevails were ever reversed, the industry as at present organized could automatically adapt itself to the change.

An Ample Future Fuel Supply

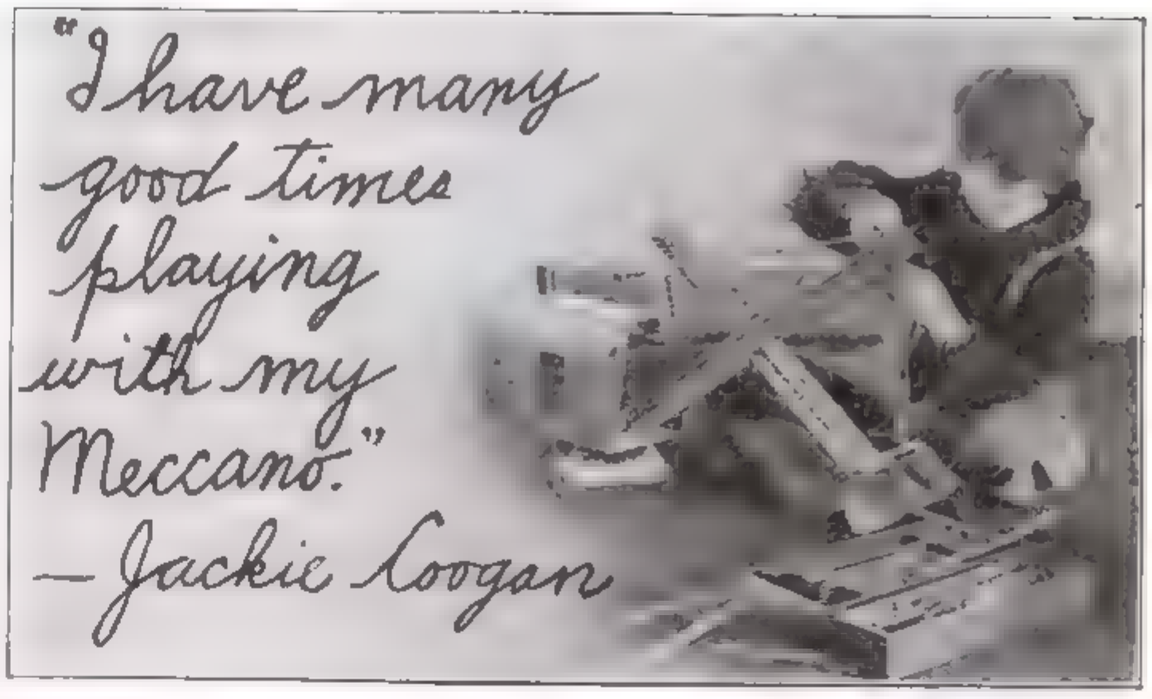
The pipe-line systems which now carry crude from the inland states to seaports could convey crude as cheaply in the opposite direction. The great petroleum tankers which have borne the Stars and Stripes into every seaport of the world could bring crude from foreign lands as easily and economically as they now convey petroleum products to other countries.

An interesting fact in marine transport is that the longer the milage the lower the per ton cost per mile. Crude could be transported from a port in the Near East or South America as cheaply as the same commodity is now moved from California through the Panama Canal to a North Atlantic port. The public may be assured that any difficulties that might arise from the necessity of going abroad for supplies of crude would not be economic.

The petroleum industry lives, so to speak, amid ever-changing scenes. Considering past experience, it is not impossible that in the future, through inventive genius in chemistry and mechanics, more efficient motors and generators may be developed that will utilize sources of energy other than gasoline. Unquestionably countless unknown inventors are seeking that goal today. Such a discovery might cause gasoline to be eclipsed as a major product, just as kerosene was relegated by electricity to a minor position.

In the light of these facts it may be claimed for the American petroleum industry that it has displayed conspicuous foresight, initiative and resource in the past, and in the face of an enormously increasing demand has made petroleum products more easily available and at a cheaper price than in any country in the world. The widespread consumption of the products has been due to their low cost. The price has produced alike the demand and the product to meet the demand, and this factor will continue to create both the market and the requirements of the future, for the resources that I have outlined will ultimately be drawn upon and utilized under the incentive of price.

A higher price immediately operates to divert the stream of petroleum into the channels of its most essential uses and so minimizes its noneconomic use in consumption. The least economic use of oil—that is, in competition with coal—is directly due to price. Price, which is always fixed by competition, finds the oil and produces it. Price controls and limits its use. As the American public signals its needs to the petroleum industry, the response will continue to be, as it has been in the past, a supply of motor fuel ample for the future requirements of the nation.



HAVING a choice of all construction toys, Jackie selected Meccano, the original and "The Daddy of them all." More than once Jackie has been known to dash off between pictures to finish a Meccano model which he has designed himself.

Your boy, too, can share in this Meccano fun. He can build towers, cranes, bridges,—anything his heart desires. It's as easy as building with blocks.

Made First—Made Better—Builds Most

Meccano has such a variety of parts—that's why it will build more models than any other toy. Other toys have copied some of these parts but only Meccano has them all. Don't be fooled, be sure to get the genuine Meccano.

In every Meccano outfit is a big book full of pictures of models. The fun begins as soon as your boy opens his set.

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These two Books sent FREE

"The Magic Carpet"—that carries boys to the wonderland of Meccano joy and model-building.

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Both books sent free to your boy for the names and addresses of three of his chums. Put No. 26 after his own name for reference.

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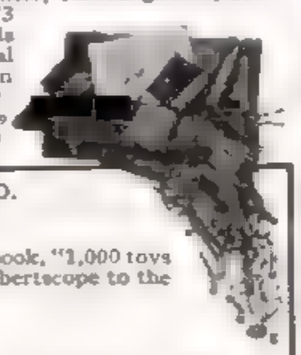
Sign this coupon and I will send my new free book about the new Erector, "One Thousand Toys in One," also a present, the Mysterious Gilbertscope.

Super Erector No. 7—$10

THE most popular Erector Set—contains powerful electric motor, new Erector boiler, steam shovel, base plates, curved girders, assortment of gears—473 parts, builds 533 models—with 64-page manual in colors. Packed in wooden chest. Price $10. Other Erector Sets from $1.00 to $50.00



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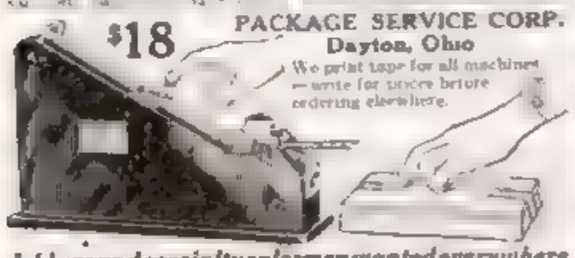

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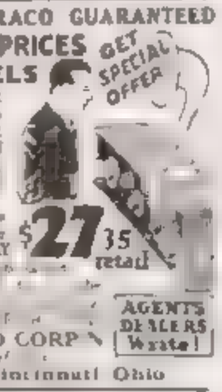

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LOWEST PRICES ... genuine Silent L. C. Smith—

5 Year Guarantee.

GIVEN WITH YOUR MACHINE ...

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.

FAMOUS L.C.SMITH

THE FOOTSTEP

(Continued from Page 9)

"I repeat," said the expert with patient emphasis, "it is not the type of case we handle."

Reginald Baker had not arrived home the next morning as had been expected. He had been shunted off to the north among the hard woods, and a telegram failed to reach him until two days later. Then he came by airplane. There was something staunch about Baker in a storm. He went to the Corlears people, who did handle this type of case. But they had a polite excuse.

II

CAPTAIN BROADBILL, he of the delicate, confidential and strictly private detective agency, had been kept waiting for half an hour in young Baker's anteroom along with a dozen others, when young Baker came in late and in a hurry and not bothering to use his private door, but plowing through the morning levee without a look. The waiting chairs stirred expectantly, but Baker had already disappeared, and the pneumatic bumpers of two doors thumping gently behind him notified the listeners that he had taken refuge in his private-audience chamber. There was a long silence. Broadbill, the delicate, confidential and strictly private, turned his capacious visage on his elbow neighbor and surveyed him gingerly. He was a dapper little fellow from the architect's office, with a roll of sketches. The detective knocked the neighboring elbow; he covered the loose corner of his mouth with a discreet hand and remarked, in a voice audible to all the room, "He thinks he is the Angel Gabriel." Getting no reaction, he added to the empty air, "I've got a waiting line of my own."

He arose, took his hat and moved threateningly to the exit. The clerk at the desk continued writing, the chair warmers relaxed, as if relieved at the prospect of being one less. Captain Broadbill got as far as the water bottle. He paused to quench his thirst from a dainty paper cup. Then he returned to his place and sat down. More silence. The buzzer sounded, causing a general start. The clerk emerged from his pencilings and gave Captain Broadbill a curt nod. Broadbill dusted himself off for the audience, and as he passed on in he gave the envious group a broad wink.

Baker was a man of, say, thirty-five. He presented the general effect of the man whom commercial artists strive so successfully to depict in collar advertisements. His wife was thirty-five years his senior. People invariably added this qualifying clause in speaking of Baker, as if it were only fair to the third person of a transaction to put this card on the table, no matter what others they held in the hole. His wife, the great Velma Ilseng, had retired to private life with a fortune to match her fame. But nothing now remained of the diva's voice except her records, which were capitalized in six figures. This suite of offices in the Bourse Building represented Velma Ilseng, Inc., with Baker as chief of staff. The waiting list in the entry room any morning was evidence of the ramifications of the incorporated legal person of the extinct singer. Baker was, always had been, a high-priced man; yet his stewardship had been so successful, not only for his wife but for her married children as well, that it was generally admitted that she had, as usual in all her dealings, struck an exceptional bargain.

Captain Broadbill, the delicate, confidential and strictly private, closed the last door behind him, tiptoed across the room to the witness chair, his hat dangling loosely in one hand. Baker was too well bred for Broadbill and made the detective ill at ease; but Broadbill had enough insolence to bridge the gap. He waited.

"Have you anything to report to me, Broadbill?" asked Baker.

Broadbill, after a moment's thought, shook his head and smiled.

"No," he said, and stared straight into the gaze of the man at the desk.

"You have been on the case six weeks," said Baker.

"Yes; six weeks Thursday."

"What steps have you taken?" asked Baker.

Broadbill contrived an admirable expression of surprise.

"None," he said. He drew the lazy breath of a fat man in a chair that fitted him. "You didn't expect me to do anything, did you?"

There may have been an instant of breathless thought on the part of the well-dressed man at the desk, but the keen eyes of Broadbill failed to detect it.

"No," said Baker. He touched the buzzer for the next visitor. The door opened and the little architect came in on the heels of the clerk.

"Good morning, Sutro," said Baker, nodding. He got up slowly. "Put in your final statement, Broadbill," he said. "Our vouchers go out Thursdays. If you get it in before then you will have your check this week."

"Final?" said Broadbill, as if in mild surprise. "Oh, no," he expostulated good-naturedly, "I expect to be on your pay roll for some time to come."

The amiable Baker shook his head the while he was unrolling the sketches from the architect's; they were the preliminary draft of plans for a sun parlor for the house at Manhasset.

"Unfortunately, no," he said, smiling. He turned to his clerk. "See that Broadbill's account is closed this week without fail," he said. Broadbill was on his feet, kicking out his baggy trousers. He dropped an expressive eyelid over his left eye for the benefit of the little draftsman, who flinched. "Oh, I don't lie awake nights worrying how to collect what you owe me, Mr. Baker," he cried expansively; and with this amiable tribute to the financial rating of the husband of Velma Ilseng, he took his departure, a deep-sea roll to his gait.

Baker was saying, as the door shut, "This means we shall have to go into the south wall, doesn't it?"

"It will have to be tied, yes, sir," said the draftsman.

"Curious. I hadn't thought of that."

The architect said nothing. His thoughts were cynical. He had supposed that that was just what Baker was scheming to do—to mutilate that wall. It had been the gossip of the drafting room.

Baker shook his head.

"No, we can't disturb it now," he was saying; and, as if everybody in the world didn't know about that wall by this time, he went on, still studying the sketches: "We broached that wall last September to move in a safe for my wife's jewelry. Last month somebody moved the safe out again without so much as nicking the wall paper. Until we find out how he did it, we shall have to leave that wall undisturbed."

His tone was the easy conversational one that made him so many friends among the lesser folk who came to him shivering in awe at the thought of his importance in big affairs. The little architect knew all about the baffling robbery, of course; it was—had been for weeks—one of those notorious unprinted stories that newspaper readers glean between the lines. To hear it thus casually referred to by the young husband whom everybody was whispering about was too much for the little architect. He was leaning forward, rapt, his eye gleaming with eagerness. Baker turned to him, and Sutro, abashed in having his thoughts surprised in his face, dropped his eyes in confusion. There was a pause. Baker was frowning and handing back the sketches.

"That is all," he said. "We will hold everything in abeyance for the time being. Thank you very much for letting me see the drawings."

(Continued on Page 165)

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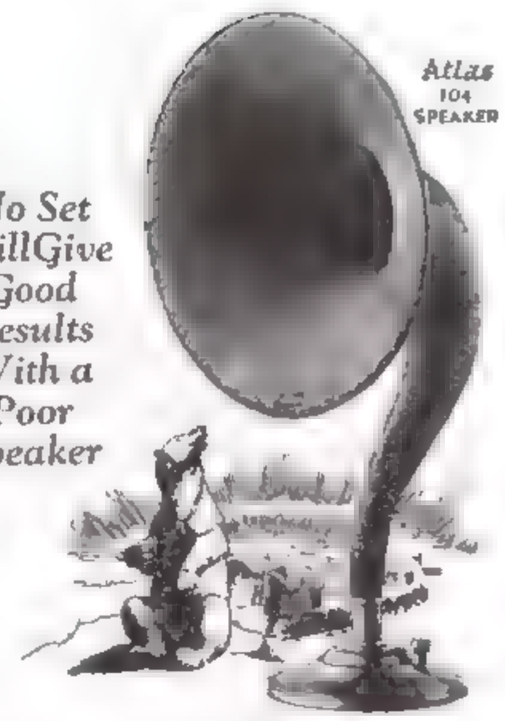

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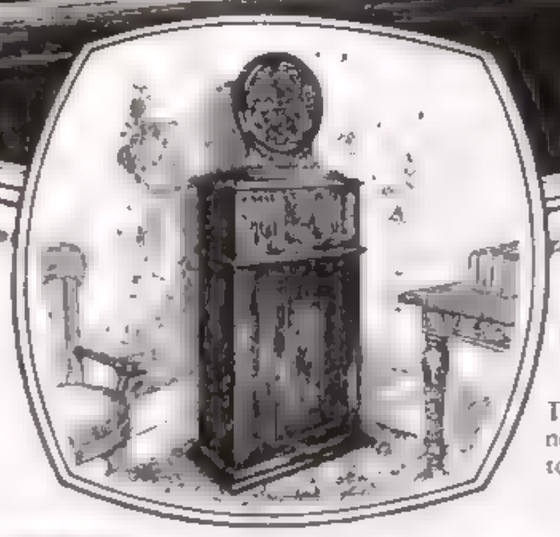

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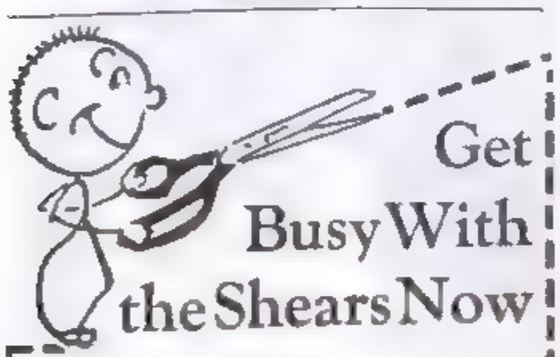

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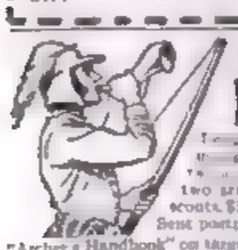

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(Continued from Page 162)

When the man had gone Baker sat for some time frowning at his paper weight, a fragment of Balaklava cannon that Victoria Crosses are made of; it was one of his wife's gifts—in her career of thirty years on the Continent she had accumulated many odd things. He picked up the bit of metal and examined its fractures minutely, as if they alone claimed his thoughts. His mind traveled to the waiting list in the entry room. Most of these people he didn't know. But he knew why they had come. Recently people got in to see him on the flimsiest pretexts, apparently just to look at him, hear him talk, as if his recent notoriety had marked him as something more—or less—than a man.

He told his clerk to turn the callers over to the office manager, and putting on his hat he left by his private door. As he drove uptown he smiled with a hard-drawn grimness at the thought of those people who waited so patiently. He caught sight of himself in the mirror of the car, and he examined his own features curiously to see if he, too, could detect something there to excite the morbidly curious. There was nothing to distinguish him from the common herd. Yet he was aware that should a newspaper announce that Reginald Baker would call at the district attorney's office at ten in the morning, hundreds of people would be jostling about the door just to get a glimpse of him; if they did see him their day would be made thrilling by the mere fact. Does guilt, crime, notoriety, blame, suspicion stamp the person of its victim with some intangible symbol visible to all eyes but his own—like the black smear on his nose which identifies the villain in a Chinese play? He laughed harshly.

His car drew up in a side street in the old residential Fifties. Oliver Armiston, the householder, was surprised to receive this visit from Reginald Baker, with whom the exigencies of city life had restricted him to a nodding friendship for several years past. Years ago they had been intimate enough. Armiston had known Baker at school. Even then he had stood out among his fellows as one predestined to success. First he had been secretary to a money baron. Then he had been invited into an important directorate, and as its youngest member straightway became its most distinguished. The success myth grew up about him before he was thirty. Then he had married Velma Ilseng. And now, this notorious robbery!

Oliver led the way into his study and pushed over a paper box of cigars. Old Buddha, as big as a mountain, sat there toasting his august shins. Buddha listened with a tight mouth to many strange confidences in this room. Armiston, as a fiction writer, in his day had created rogues so plausible that rogues in real life had followed their lead and the police had politely asked him to desist. It was then that Deputy Parr, the versatile man hunter, had stepped in to make use of Oliver's hectic imagination to solve some of his most baffling mysteries. Results had been so startling in several instances that the chief of the detective bureau regarded him as clairvoyant.

"I haven't seen much of you lately," said Armiston.

"Doubtless you have followed me in the papers," said Baker.

Baker had always been in the newspapers. Never seeking publicity, yet he possessed the knack, or the curse, of first-page prominence in the day's news. It was the success myth translated for breakfast-table consumption.

"I have come for your help," said Baker. Oliver nodded and waited. "Oliver," went on the husband of Velma Ilseng, "you are the first man who has looked me in the eye for weeks. It is a curious thing that when a man harvests contempt and opprobrium, his fellows avoid his gaze. Not an hour ago a man walked into my office and informed me that he expected to blackmail me for some time to come. Not in so many words, but his meaning was unmistakable. A few nights ago in a theater the comedian got a big laugh in a trance-medium act by asking the spook if it could move a ton safe through a stone wall without his wife finding out. Oliver, I have become a gag. People point me out in the street as the man who robbed his wife of her jewels." He paused, smiling grimly, but his eyes were agony.

"And your wife?" Armiston said. It was some time before Baker replied.

"That is the most painful part of it," he said. "She is sailing for Europe on twenty-four hours' notice."

"She usually winters at Baden, doesn't she?"

Baker shook his head.

"Not on twenty-four hours' notice," he said.

"And Roger, your stepson?" asked Oliver.

"Roger was to have spent the winter with me, with his children, at Manhasset. This morning he telephoned—or his man telephoned—that he had taken a house in town. He is sending down for his things, not coming for them himself. At breakfast his sister, Mrs. Sarien, spent an hour trying to explain to me palatably why the rats were leaving the sinking ship. Oliver, is it that you don't know," he cried abruptly, "or is it that you do not believe it?"

"What?"

"That I robbed my wife! Isn't it obvious to you that no one could have gone through the hocus-pocus of dematerializing that safe without my connivance? It seems perfectly clear to everyone else. Every newspaper I pick up blares it at me between the lines. They have a smart way of putting forth their innuendoes, their unprintable stories! I wonder how many poor devils the newspapers have driven to death by the stories they print between the lines. There is no fighting back. You can't pin them down to a word that is actionable. Yet it is there for every fool to read and gloat over. They love to see the bubbles burst. A man is a poor judge of his own acts," he mused absently. "We are apt to warp our consciences into place as we go through life. I suppose there is no scoundrel, no matter how black, who does not somehow justify his own acts. I try to stand aside and look at it dispassionately, to judge myself as I would judge others. I ask myself not am I a thief, but have I done anything to justify the world in his belief that I am a thief."

Oliver was fingering his single white lock.

"What was in the safe?" he asked suddenly.

Baker started irritably. He laughed mirthlessly.

"The inventory has been printed a thousand times," he said. "Every street-corner loafer knows the list by now."

"The jewelry?"

"Yes! Yes, man!"

"Did you see it there?" persisted Oliver.

"No. I never saw the safe."

"Did your wife see the jewels in the safe?"

"Yes," almost barked the distraught man. "She signed for it. They were delivered from the safety-deposit vault by armored car."

"How was it delivered? In packages?"

"Yes."

"Did she open the packages?" queried the author.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I see what you are driving at," said Baker. "It's no use, Oliver. There isn't a chink anywhere that you can pry a doubt into. The stuff was sealed by old Telfen himself, years ago, when it was insured. The seals were intact."

"Why did she not open the packages?" insisted Oliver.

"It was an ordeal that she dreaded," said Baker. "These were the mementos of her career. It is a terrible thing to live beyond your fame. These things were symbols of her great triumphs. They were mostly gifts—from kings and queens." He shrugged. "She had all Europe at her feet. She dreaded to stir the ashes. It was with the greatest reluctance that she brought

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herself to the decision to dispose of them. She asked old Telfen to come down, to be with her when she confronted them—confronted," he repeated oddly. "She continually used that word 'confront,' as though she were a guilty person about to face her accusers. A foolish qualm, you may say. But it existed in her mind. These artists are all poets."

"How long were they there?" asked Armiston.

"About ten days, I think."

"Did anyone know of it?"

"I had especially cautioned her not to speak of it to anyone. No one but old Telfen." He shrugged away this absurdity. "She had gone to him about two weeks before, made an appointment with him for the day she came back from Lakewood. You don't suspect old Telfen, do you, Oliver?" Baker's set features, for the first time, relaxed. Oliver shook his head.

"Let us assume," said Armiston, "that there was nothing in the packages when they arrived, that the seals had been broken and counterfeited."

Baker laughed harshly.

"If you please to do so," he said idly. He looked up. "Then why would the counterfeiters give themselves the trouble of dematerializing an empty safe?" he demanded.

"To accomplish just exactly what they succeeded in accomplishing," said Armiston—"to make it appear that you robbed your wife. They have done that, haven't they? There isn't a chink, as you say, into which you can pry a doubt. You are almost ready to doubt yourself."

Baker was silent. This man doomed to success was hard and fast aground, like a great ship fast on a shoal. He would live on forever, a monument of error.

"Has the insurance company paid?" Oliver asked.

"No." Baker looked significantly at Armiston. "They are making their own investigation."

"And this blackmailer? Who is he?"

"A miserable rat named Broadbill."

"I know him," said Oliver. "Nothing to worry about. His whole business in life is capitalizing suspicion. He makes a very good living at it. Reggie, will you give me a week?" he asked.

Baker took his hat and arose. He laughed sardonically. They clasped hands. He departed.

III

"ORDERS," said the elegant Stetson, who took two hours to his morning toilet, "are absolute. He is not to be approached unless he is seated at his desk."

He indicated with a nod the cluster of waiting little chairs about the rare table on the slight dais in the corner of the vast gallery. Behind his idol's mask he was secretly examining Oliver Armiston, annoyed that he could not quite recall him. This person had an air about him, what with that distinguished white lock and a slender aestheticism, and his clothes were undoubtedly well cut.

Armiston considered the situation; and, as usual when he considered, he fixed his eye on the person who happened to be at hand, Stetson in this instance; he looked on and through him as though the things he saw existed, if they existed at all, only for his eyes. Stetson squirmed inwardly under the impact of the stare. Finally he took refuge in speech.

"You have personal business with Mr. Telfen?" he asked.

Oliver nodded, still staring vaguely through the elegant impresario of this feast of jewels.

"I am entirely in his confidence," suggested Stetson delicately. "He is old, old. We try to spare him routine as much as possible. If you would tell me the nature of your business ——" said Stetson, and he paused, leaving the sentence to finish itself.

Oliver turned on his cane and surveyed old Ludwig at his occupations: there he sat as plain as day and as inaccessible as a fish in a glass tank. Oliver swung around again and eyed the elegant Stetson speculatively. He leaned closer, pinioning the man with his stare.

"I am of the police," he said in a low tone, his lips scarcely moving.

It was the first time in his career as the occasional assistant of the great Parr, the man hunter, that Armiston had ever gone so far as to brevet himself with authority. In the titivating confidence of this moment no great harm could come of his presumption. He was feeling his way. He had dropped in to look things over, to test an unknown quantity, *x*, with various reagents; to see, for a start, if he could narrow it down to a known genus.

Stetson stood like a man galvanized. He seemed for the instant incapable of utterance. Oliver reached out and touched his arm in caution, to forestall an outburst.

"Easy!" breathed Armiston. "Don't let anyone suspect us. Listen to me. I must have a word with him. There must be no possibility of my being overheard. Do you understand?"

"Police?"

Stetson seemed finally to have found his tongue. Still the idea seemed incomprehensible, a sacrilege.

"Police? Here?" he muttered, looking about with wild eyes. Oliver nodded confidentially.

"It involves the house," he said. "I must see him at once."

Stetson's eyes moved to the old man behind the bars, oblivious of the impending catastrophe—for police, here, spelled catastrophe, desecration. He appeared to defer. His eyes wandered to the clock; finally they came to the little dais, and then to Armiston. He motioned him to follow.

"Come," he said; "this will be the place. You can be waiting here for him. He usually comes about eleven."

"We will not be disturbed?" said Oliver.

"I will see to it personally," promised Stetson.

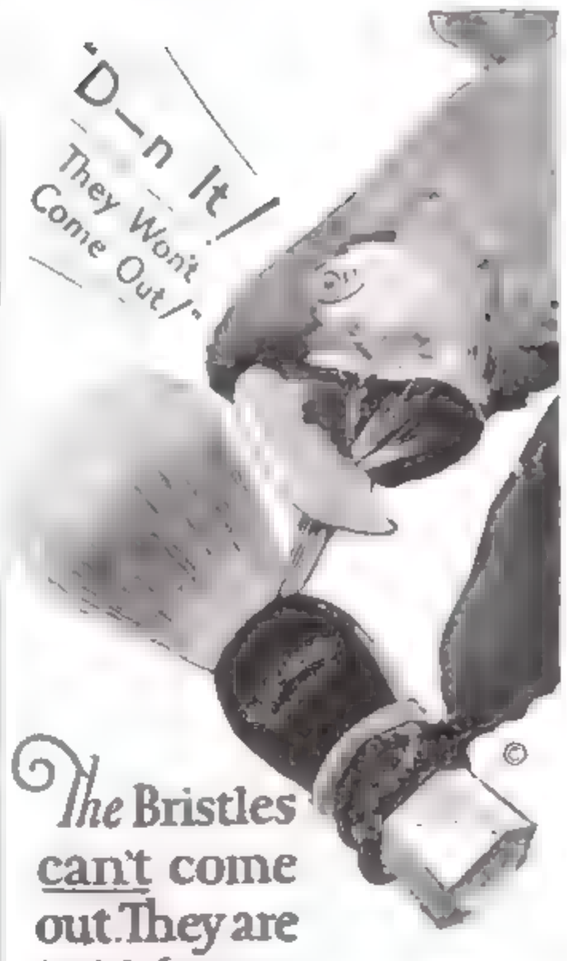
He moved off, assuming a careless air. Fortunately, it was not the brisk hour. The place was empty, save for the few distinguished salesmen, attired like Stetson in correct morning wear, who busied themselves over their separate concerns. Very cleverly the efficient Stetson moved from one to another, and with a suggestion here, an order there, gradually herded them into the far corners. A red-headed girl appeared against the opposite wall from behind a bronze screen, and Stetson, approaching her with the magnificent tread of an undertaker at a funeral, said something that caused her to vanish. Oliver waited. The clock intoned the hour; and the addict of gems, recalled from his oblations by the sentinel of time, arose from his chair, where he crouched over a steel drawer; jingling a bunch of keys, he opened the gate and let himself out like a jailer; he turned the key in the lock, smiling to himself over some pleasant image that he had not quite banished. He approached the dais on slippered feet, and perceiving Armiston he gave him a sharp look and a formal nod of greeting as he sat down. Only privileged people were permitted at this table, and he trusted the efficient Stetson for that. Ludwig Telfen opened the drawer and busied himself replacing some curious objects that lay on the desk.

"I am of the police," said Armiston, leaning forward and speaking in a tone scarcely audible to the old man. The hand that was lifting a jade paused for a moment in air, then continued its task.

"The Velma Ilseng robbery," said Oliver, very low and distinct. He watched the room in a mirror that hung on the bars of the golden cage; Stetson had moved offstage; there was a sepulchral calm in the picture. The old man picked up with a pair of tweezers a paste stone, a replica of a famous diamond and placed it in a case which he transferred to the drawer. Oliver leaned farther over the table.

"The gems were stolen in transit," he whispered. The old man was looking at a cameo, a thing of no great value, but with

(Continued on Page 166)



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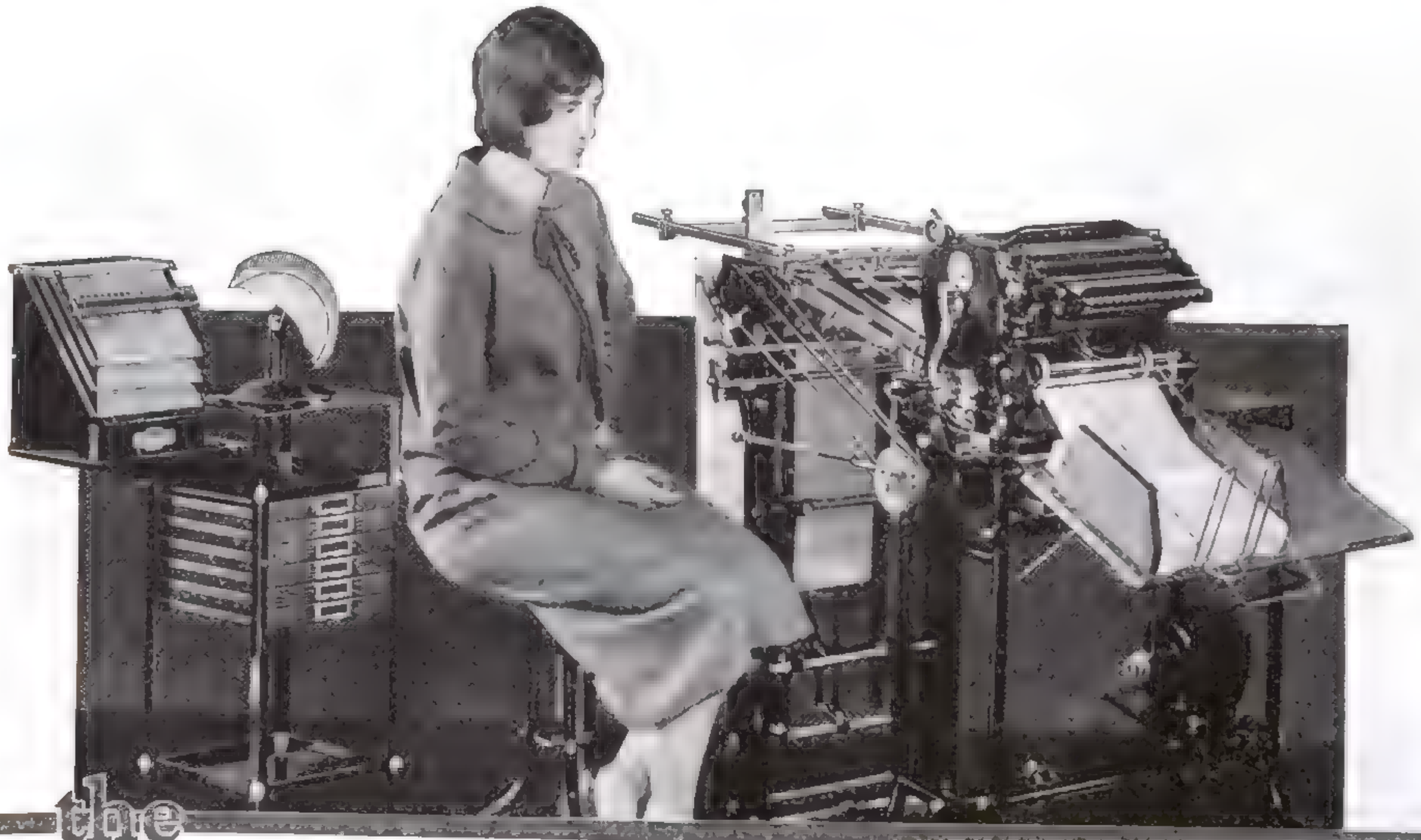

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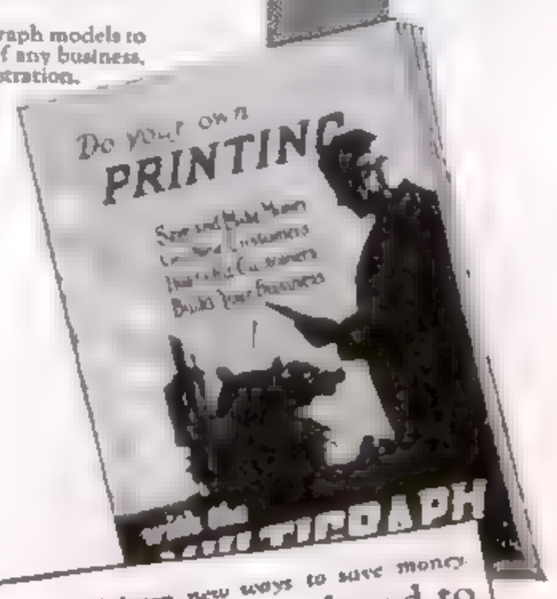

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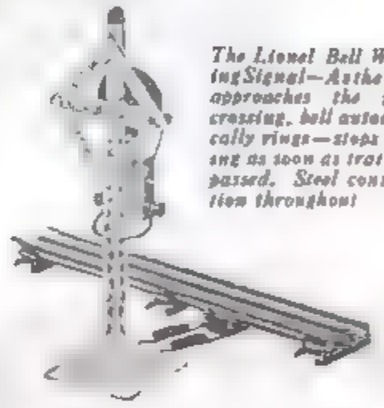

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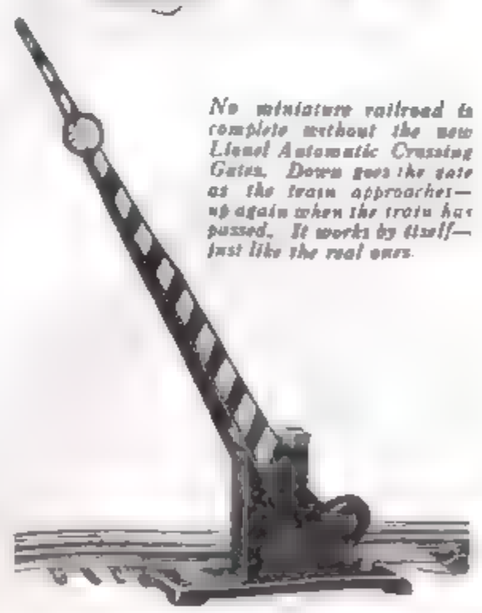

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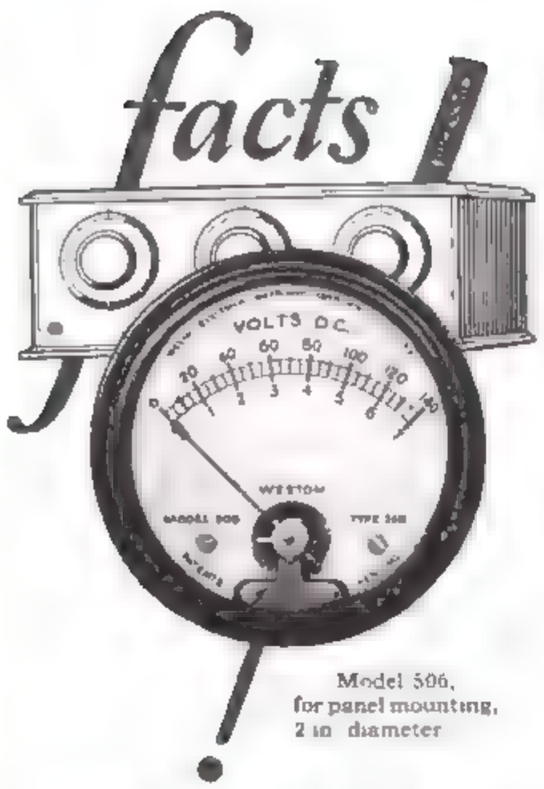

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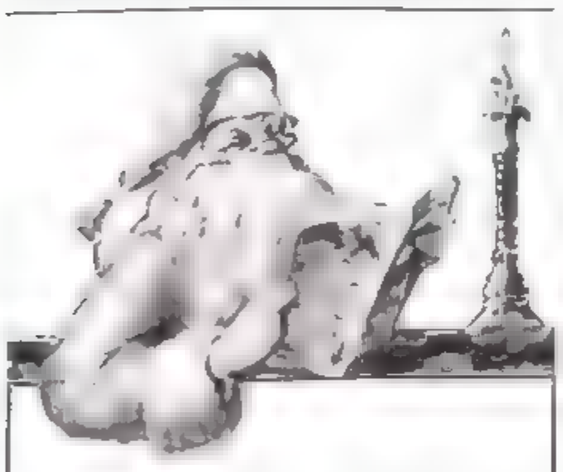

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How can you get it? Why, that's one of the delightful features of this offer—you can earn money so easily, right in your own locality, in your spare time. And every penny it costs to find out about it is just for the stamp to mail this good-news-bringing coupon.

Box 1624
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I have extra money for Christmas?

Name

Street

City State

(Continued from Page 166)

an interesting history. Oliver said, scarcely moving his lips, "Your seals were tampered with. Counterfeit packages were delivered."

There was a long silence. But for a slight, almost imperceptible lift of the eyelids, Oliver might have believed that he had been talking to a man stone deaf. Telfen after a time shut the drawer and leisurely arose; he hooked a hand through Oliver's arm to take him with him, and they started off together like father and son. Telfen brought him to a pause in front of a marble fragment of Rodin, and smiling over it, felt the thing with fingers that did not quite touch it

"You are from Deputy Parr?" said the cunning old man. "I recollect you now. You were here with him the night of the robbery of the Dolgoda pearls." The lapidary sighed. That famous instance had very nearly cost him his philosophy of life, so cleverly had a confidence woman duped him on that occasion.

He urged Oliver on to a sacred case filled with Cellini mementos, and he leaned over it, tracing with his finger on the glass, as if explaining the contents.

"What does he wish me to do?" he asked as he bent forward.

"Nothing," said Oliver. "He wanted you to have word of it. He will keep you informed."

"He is a very able man," said the old lapidary, "but sometimes I think"—he tapped his forehead, smiling—"he has flights."

They paused at a fresh group. It was slow progress across the room, for they must pause, and pause again, to explain to a barbarian that one must be a dreamer to dwell in these marble halls. Finally they came to the street door, which obediently rotated on its axis, and as Oliver admitted himself to the stile to be conveyed into outer air the old man waved a courteous farewell to him.

"Parr," said Oliver Armiston, addressing the fiercely scowling visage of the great policeman, "I have been amusing myself with a little qualitative analysis this morning. I have been applying reagents to an unknown solution, *x*. It might be anything. The mathematical possibilities are infinite. With the aid of my reagents, red, blue and green drops, however, I am enabled by simple tests to isolate it as to genus, then as to family group. Once having determined the family group, I seek to identify the individual. And I think I've got him," he added dryly.

Parr said nothing.

"I have just come from the Whispering Gallery. You recollect the Whispering Gallery?" asked Armiston.

Parr's great head turned on his massive shoulders like a gun turret.

"Telfen's?" he said curiously.

"Telfen's," acquiesced Oliver. "Do you recall the old man in his dotage may be addressed only when he is seated at a certain table, on a raised dais? Do you remember why?"

Parr stirred uneasily in his chair.

"There's a trick echo, isn't there?" he said. "He has a stenographer hidden in the mezzanine to take every word down in black and white. That's what you are driving at, isn't it?"

"Correct," said Armiston. "So there can never be any dispute as to any transaction enacted at that desk. Now listen, Parr." Oliver was plainly in his best vein. "I walked into Telfen's today with my mind clean, sensitized for impressions. I was accosted by a man named Stetson."

Parr nodded. He recollected this elegant gentleman very well as a functionary he had had to reckon with in an episode in the career of the notorious Sophie Lang, a confidence woman.

"It might have been anybody else," continued Oliver. "As I say, I was dealing with an unknown quantity. I was very mysterious. I could see him trying to place me. He didn't remember me. So I took out one of my little vials—I am speaking in allegory now, Parr—say, some of the red drops. I put a drop in his ear—a word. I whispered it. 'Police!' He reacted instantly!"

"To what?" queried Parr mildly.

"Fear!"

Oliver sat back, preening himself. Parr grunted.

"Certain families, in the table of human elements," said Oliver, continuing his metaphor, "react to that reagent, fear. The mere sound of the word, uttered at an unexpected moment, causes a change of color. This man went pea green!"

Parr, rubbing his bristly chin, was examining in great detail the ceiling above his head. He was groping, but he had no clew.

"And then what?" he rumbled impatiently.

"Well, having isolated my specimen and identified him as a member of the fear family, I feed him another drop—that is, I whisper in his ear again. I tell him I must have a word with Telfen, with no possibility of its being overheard."

"And how did the specimen react, professor?" drawled Parr.

"Beautifully!" cried Armiston. "It all goes to show the exactitude of qualitative analysis. He set me down in the one spot in that room where he himself could overhear every word I said. Do you recollect the lay of that room? There is a bronze screen and partition in one corner, diagonally across from the Whispering Table. Behind that screen there is a little stairway leading up to the cubicle on the mezzanine where the stenographer sits. Well, that's where he went, quite casually."

Parr brought his chair down slowly to all fours.

"What did you tell Telfen?" he demanded.

"I told him that Velma Ilseng's jewels were never delivered," said Armiston: "that Telfen's seals were tampered with, and dummy packages substituted. Parr, that safe was removed to cover up the fact that the robbery occurred in the armored car that made the delivery."

Parr sat silent a long time. He shook his head.

"No," he said. "They wouldn't take a chance on the packages being opened and inspected on delivery."

"But they didn't take a chance," interjected Oliver. He beamed. "They knew that they wouldn't be opened. Velma Ilseng went to old Telfen two weeks before the robbery—and at that same table asked him to be there when she opened them. They would lie in that safe for ten days unopened. That would place the robbery indisputably in the house."

"How do you know that?" demanded Parr fiercely.

"I have seen the transcript of the testimony," smiled Oliver. He told how old Telfen, in a moment of childish enthusiasm, had presented the diva with the typewritten transcript when she asked him if she had been saying anything foolish. Parr pondered.

"Stetson?" he muttered. He was dubious. The man had too assured a position to attempt such a coup.

"This jewelry had been shut away for twenty-five years," said Oliver, as if guessing the thought passing in Parr's mind. "It would be difficult to identify it—that is, the stones, if they were removed from their settings."

"The girl would be involved, of course," snarled the pessimistic Parr.

"A red-headed woman—a Russian, I think," agreed Oliver. Parr smiled.

"They say a Russian woman is equal to three ordinary females," he remarked dryly. He touched a button. A shabby little fellow named Pelts, who seemed to have been cooling his heels outside for such a summons, appeared and stood uncomfortably under the portentous scowl of the great man.

"Look up the members of the armored-car crew in the Ilseng robbery," he said. "See if one of them was blind at that time."

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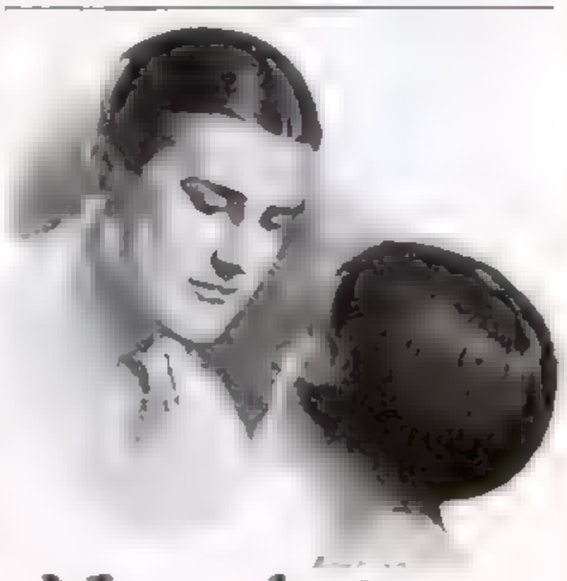

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"I was very much pleased with the new style and materials in the monthly publication of *The Country Gentleman*."

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"We consider your paper a valuable asset to agricultural journalism."

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"This paper, I find, is well known and popular among the growers and citrus men here, and is asked for by callers in the office where it is kept."

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Blind?" queried Oliver, puzzled.

"That safe was cut up by a torch," said Parr. "Those fellows usually wear goggles when they use a torch. The old hands get careless. They take a spell of blindness for their carelessness now and then. Get along, Pelts."

Again Parr touched the button. This time a man named Morel came in—a handsome man, whose specialty was women.

"Morel," said the deputy, "there is a red-headed stenographer at Telfen's. See if you can get her bumped in a street accident on her way to work some morning and kept in a hospital unidentified for a day or two."

Morel was gone. Parr was on his feet, pacing the room, on the qui vive now. During Oliver's discourse he had been skeptic enough; now he was a bigoted convert.

"Sometimes, Oliver," he said, "when you leave me I feel for my watch to see if I still have it. I lay back on the oars in this Ilseng case. It had all the earmarks of a family job. You have caught the thief!" he cried, aiming a pistol finger at Armiston.

Oliver was not so sanguine. Parr brushed his objections aside. It was a mere matter of gathering up the loose ends now. His eyes twinkled.

"Now I will take down my little red bottles," he said. "Having isolated the specimen, we will feed him some more drops. We will let him worry a couple of days over this woman disappearing. Then we will put a clumsy man on his heels as a shadow, so that he will know it. Then I will call on him."

"But you can't accuse him until you get something more definite to go on!" protested Armiston.

"Ha-ha! I won't accuse him," laughed Parr. "I will let him react to my little drops—let him accuse himself. I will call on him some night. I will announce myself as Deputy Parr-r-r! Police! He knows who Parr is! They all do." The deputy's jaw shut with a snap. "When he comes in, I will stare at him right between the eyes. I'll keep on staring. I won't say a word. He'll talk! Oh, they all talk! Just give them the gaff. Oh, simple, very simple!" Parr waved an airy hand.

Four nights later Parr mounted the steps and rang the bell of Stetson's house, one of those old frame structures that still cling precariously to the sidehill above the river in the Heights section. He gave his name to the servant with a ringing snap—and he spelled it, for fear she would fail to get it. He went in and sat down and waited—and waited. Finally he heard a step on the stairs—Stetson coming down. The step faltered, halted. There was something eerie about its hesitancy. Parr could almost see the man trying to hearten himself for the interview, moistening his lips, swallowing painfully, trying to steel his nerves that were turned to water. Finally the step came on again. Whatever doubts might still have assailed the man hunter, that lagging footfall had dispelled. Whatever flicker of courage the doomed man may have summoned in that faltering moment, fell from him like a cloak before the stern accusation in the visage he confronted. It proved pathetically simple. He made a clean breast of it—the jewels had been sent to Amsterdam for recutting before being offered for sale. Stetson thought the woman had played him false.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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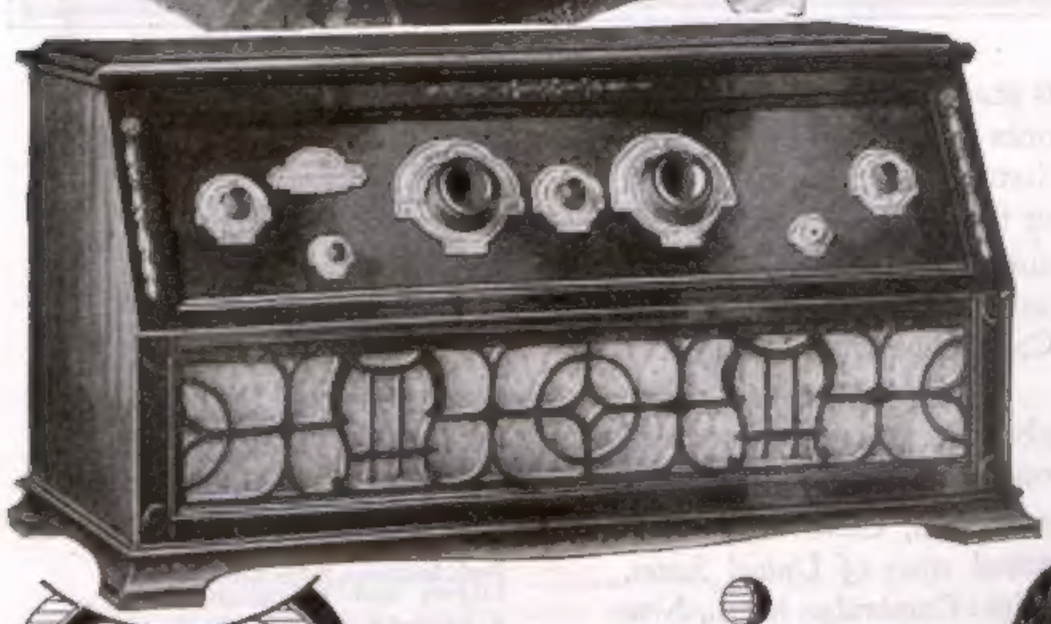

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Bon Ami *—"Hasn't scratched yet!"*

"Say, but that sock is small so—"

"I'll just look around a little and—"

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Series II

There are two chief reasons why this camera makes particularly good pictures.

As you open the camera, the lens snaps into position. Here is one evidence that Kodak simplicity has been further simplified.

First—The lens is the famous Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* that cuts sharp and gives you snappy prints and enlargements.

Second—The shutter is the accurate Diomatic that shows you on its dial the correct exposure to make under the existing light conditions, and then times that exposure exactly.

Sharp pictures, correctly exposed, *must* be good pictures. That's why the 1A, Series II, is a camera you'd like to get or be glad to give.

Price, $26 at your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*